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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

V.—A BUFFALO-HUNT BY THE KAMITI.

HEATLEY'S RANCH comprises twenty thousand acres lying between the Rewero and Kamiti Rivers. It is seventeen miles long, and four across at the widest place. It includes some as beautiful bits of natural scenery as can well be imagined, and though Heatley—a thorough farmer, and the son and grandson of farmers—was making it a successful farm, with large herds of cattle, much improved stock, hundreds of acres under cultivation, a fine dairy, and the like, yet it was also a game reserve such as could not be matched either in Europe or America. From Juja Farm we marched a dozen miles and pitched our tent close beside the Kamiti.

The Kamiti is a queer little stream, running for most of its course through a broad swamp of tall papyrus. Such a swamp is almost impenetrable. The papyrus grows to a height of over twenty feet, and the stems are so close together that in most places it is impossible to see anything at a distance of six feet. Ten yards from the edge, when within the swamp, I was wholly unable to tell in which direction the open ground lay, and could get out only by either following my back track or listening for voices. Underfoot, the mud and water are hip-deep. This swamp was the home of a herd of buffalo numbering perhaps a hundred individuals. They are semi-aquatic beasts, and their enormous strength enables them to plough through the mud and water and burst their way among the papyrus stems without the slightest difficulty, whereas a man is nearly helpless when once he has entered the reed-beds. They had made paths hither and thither across the swamp, these paths being three feet deep in ooze and black water. There were little islands in the swamp on which they could rest. Toward its lower end, where it ran into the Nairobi, the Kamiti emerged from the papyrus swamp and became a rapid brown stream of water with only here and there a papyrus cluster along its banks.

The Nairobi, which cut across the lower end of the farm, and the Rewero, which bounded it on the other side from the Kamiti, were as different as possible from the latter. Both were rapid streams broken by riffle and waterfall, and running at the bottom of tree-clad valleys. The Nairobi Falls, which were on Heatley's Ranch, were singularly beautiful. Heatley and I visited them one evening after sunset, coming home from a day's hunt. It was a ride I shall long remember. We left our men, and let

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Heatley and a buffalo path.

Showing how the enormous strength of the buffalo enables him to burst his way among the papyrus stems which grow to a height of over twenty feet.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the horses gallop. As the sun set behind us, the long lights changed the look of the country and gave it a beauty that had in it an element of the mysterious and the unreal. The mountains loomed both larger and more vague than they had been in the bright sunlight, and the plains lost their look of parched desolation as the afterglow came and went. We were galloping through a world of dim shade and dying color; and, in this world, our horses suddenly halted on the brink of a deep ravine from out of which came the thunder of a cataract. We reined up on a jutting point. The snowy masses of the fall foamed over a ledge on our right, and below at our feet was a great pool of swirling water. Thick foliaged trees, of strange shape and festooned with creepers, climbed the sheer sides of the ravine. A black-and-white eagle perched in a blasted tree-top in front; and the bleached skull of a long-dead rhinoceros glimmered white near the brink to one side.

On another occasion we took our lunch at the foot of Rewero Falls. These are not as high as the falls of the Nairobi, but they are almost as beautiful. We clambered down into the ravine a little distance below and made our way toward them, beside the brawling, rock-choked torrent. Great trees towered overhead, and among their tops the monkeys chattered and screeched. The fall itself was broken in two parts like a miniature Niagara, and the spray curtain shifted to and fro as the wind blew.

The lower part of the farm, between the Kamiti and Rewero and on both sides of the Nairobi, consisted of immense rolling plains, and on these the game swarmed in almost incredible numbers. There were Grant's and Thompson's gazelles, of which we shot one or two for the

Heatley with two leopard cubs he caught.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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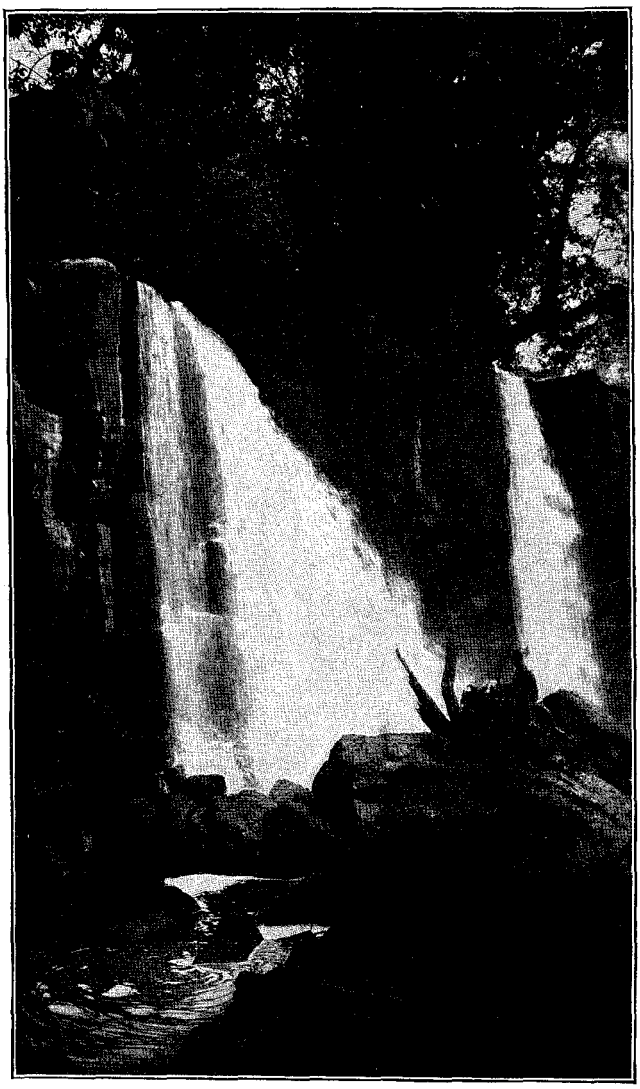
table. There was a small herd of blue wildebeest, and among them one unusually large bull with an unusually fine head; Kermit finally killed him. There were plenty of warthogs, which were to be found feeding right out in the open, both in the morning and the evening. One day Kermit got a really noteworthy sow with tusks much longer than those of the average boar. He ran into her on horseback after a sharp chase of a mile or two, and shot her from the saddle as he galloped nearly alongside, holding his rifle as the old buffalo-runners used to hold theirs, that is, not bringing it to his shoulder. I killed two or three half-grown pigs for the table, but I am sorry to say that I missed several chances at good boars. Finally one day I got up to just two hundred and fifty yards from a good boar as he stood broadside to me; firing with the little Springfield I put the bullet through both shoulders, and he was dead when we came up.



Falls on the Rewero River.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

But of course the swarms of game consisted of zebra and hartebeest. At no time, when riding in any direction across these plains, were we ever out of sight of them. Sometimes they would act warily and take the alarm when we were a long distance off. At other times herds would stand and gaze at us while we passed within a couple of hundred yards. One afternoon we needed meat for the safari, and Cuninghame and I rode out to get it. Within half a mile we came upon big herds both of hartebeest and zebra. They stood to give me long-range shots at about three hundred yards. I missed once and then wounded a zebra, after which Cuninghame rode. While he was off, I killed first a zebra and then a hartebeest, and shortly afterward a cloud of dust announced that Cuninghame was bringing a herd of game toward me. I knelt motionless, and the long files of red coated hartebeest and brilliantly striped zebra came galloping past. They were quite a distance off, but I had time for several shots at each animal I selected, and I dropped one more zebra and one more hartebeest, in addition, I regret to add, to wounding another hartebeest. The four hartebeest and zebra lay within a space of a quarter of a mile; and half a mile further I bagged a tommy at two

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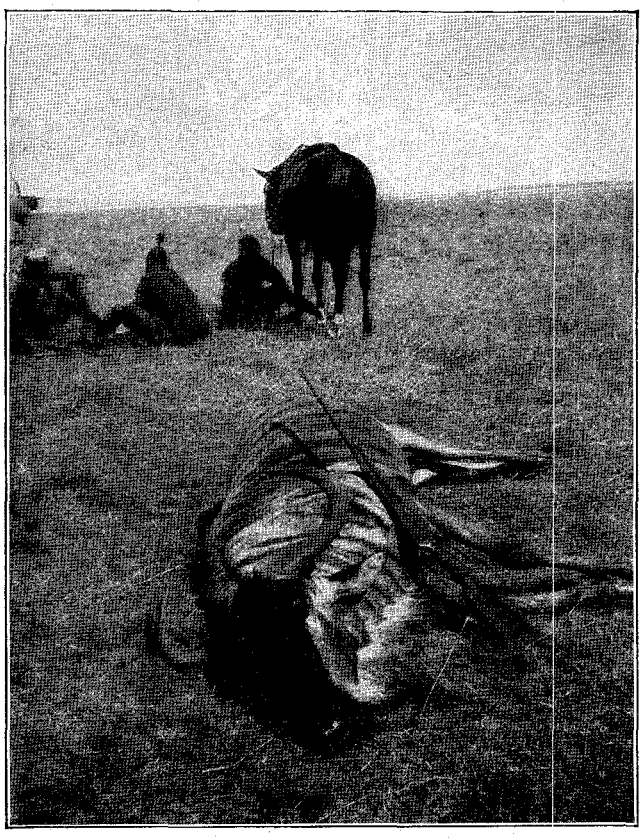
hundred yards—his meat was for our own table, the kongoni and the zebra being for the safari.

On another day, when Heatley and I were out together, he stationed me among some thin thorn-bushes on a little knoll, and drove the game by me, hoping to get me a shot at some wildebeest. The scattered thorn-bushes were only four or five feet high, and so thin that there was no difficulty in looking through them and marking every movement of the game as it approached. The wildebeest took the wrong direction and never came near me—though they certainly fared as badly as if they had done so, for they passed by Kermit, and it was on this occasion that he killed the big bull. A fine cock ostrich passed me and I much wished to shoot at him, but did not like to do so, because ostrich-farming is one of the staple industries of the region, and it is not well to have even the wild birds shot. The kongoni and the zebra streamed by me, herd after herd, hundreds and hundreds of them, many passing within fifty yards of my shelter, now on one side, now on the other; they went at an easy lope, and I was interested to see that many of the kongoni ran with their mouths open. This is an attitude which we usually associate with exhaustion, but such cannot have been the case with the kongoni—they had merely cantered for a mile or so. The zebra were, as usual, noisy, a number of them uttering their barking neigh as they passed. I do not know how it is ordinarily, but these particular zebra, all stallions, by the way, kept their mouths open throughout the time they were neighing, and their ears pricked forward; they did not keep their mouths open while merely galloping, as did the kongoni. We had plenty of meat, and the naturalists had enough specimens; and I was glad that there was no need to harm the beautiful creatures. They passed so close by that I could mark every slight movement, and the ripple of the muscles under the skin. The very young fawns of the kongoni seemed to have little fear of a horseman, if he approached while they were lying motionless on the ground; but they would run from a man on foot.



Wildebeest bull shot by Kermit Roosevelt at Kamiti.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

There were interesting birds, too. Close by the woods at the river's edge, we saw a big black ground hornbill walking about, on the lookout for its usual dinner of small snakes and lizards. Large flocks of the beautiful Kavirondo cranes stalked over the plains and cultivated fields, or flew by with mournful, musical clangor. But the most interesting birds we saw were the black whydah finches. The female is a dull-colored,

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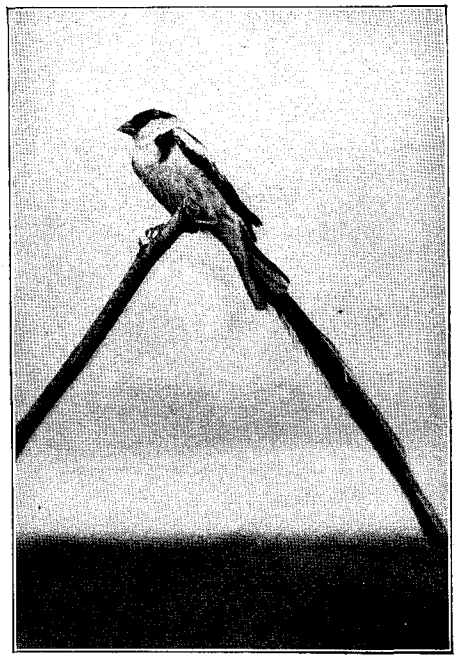
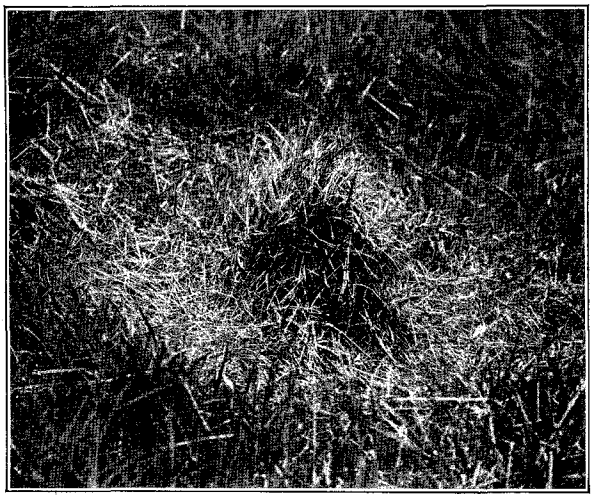
ordinary-looking bird, somewhat like a female bobolink. The male in his courtship dress is clad in a uniform dark glossy suit, and his tail-feathers are almost like some of those of a barnyard rooster, being over twice as long as the rest of the bird, with a downward curve at the tips. The females were generally found in flocks, in which there would often be a goodly number of males also, and when the flocks put on speed the males tended to drop behind. The flocks were feeding in Heatley's grain-fields, and he was threatening vengeance upon them. I was sorry, for the male birds certainly have habits of peculiar interest. They were not shy, although if we approached too near them in their favorite haunts, the grassland adjoining the papyrus beds, they would fly off and perch on the tops of the papyrus stems. The long tail hampers the bird in its flight, and it is often held at rather an angle downward, giving the bird a peculiar and almost insect like appearance. But the marked and extraordinary peculiarity was the custom the cocks had of dancing in artificially made dancing-rings. For a mile and a half beyond our camp, down the course of the Kamiti, the grassland at the edge of the papyrus was thickly strewn with these dancing-rings. Each was about two feet in diameter, sometimes more, sometimes less. A tuft of growing grass perhaps a foot high was left in the centre. Over the rest of the ring the grass was cut off close by the roots, and the blades strewn evenly over the surface of the ring. The cock bird would then alight in the ring and hop up to a height of a couple of feet, wings spread and motionless, tail drooping, and the head usually thrown back. As he came down he might or might not give an extra couple of little hops. After a few seconds he would repeat the motion, sometimes remaining almost in the same place, at other times going forward during and between the hops so as finally to go completely round the ring. As there were many scores of these dancing-places within a comparatively limited territory, the effect was rather striking when a large number of birds were dancing at the same time. As one walked along, the impression conveyed by the birds continually popping above the grass and then immediately sinking back, was somewhat as if a man was making peas



The whydah finch.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Whydah birds' dancing-ring.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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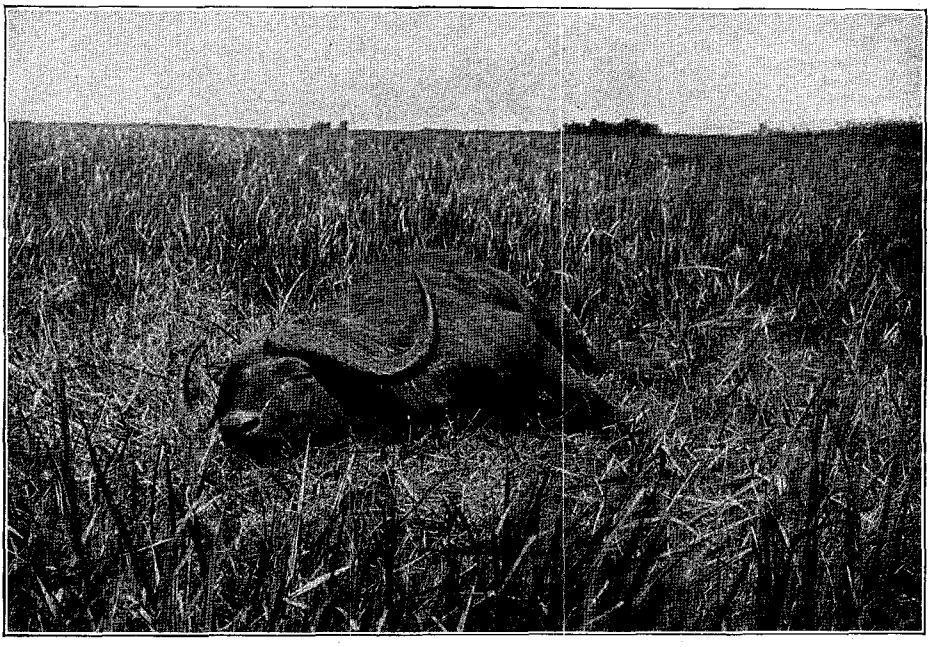
jump in a tin tray by tapping on it. The favorite dancing times were in the early morning, and, to a less extent, in the evening. We saw dancing-places of every age, some with the cut grass which strewed the floor green and fresh, others with the grass dried into hay and the bare earth showing through.

But the game we were after was the buffalo that haunted the papyrus swamp. As I have said before, the buffalo is by many hunters esteemed the most dangerous of African game. It is an enormously powerful beast with, in this country, a coat of black hair which becomes thin in the old bulls, and massive horns which rise into great bosses at the base, these bosses sometimes meeting in old age so as to cover the forehead with a frontlet of horn. Their habits vary much in different places. Where they are much persecuted, they lie in the densest cover, and only venture out into the open to feed at night. But Heatley, though he himself had killed a couple of bulls, and the Boer farmer who was working for him another, had preserved the herd from outside molestation, and their habits were doubtless much what they would have been in regions where man is a rare visitor.

The first day we were on Heatley's farm, we saw the buffalo, to the number of seventy or eighty, grazing in the open, some hundreds of yards from the papyrus swamp, and this shortly after noon. For a mile from the papyrus swamp the country was an absolutely flat plain, gradually rising into a gentle slope, and it was an impossibility to approach the buffalo across this plain save in one way to be mentioned hereafter.



Third buffalo bull shot in the swamp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Probably when the moon was full the buffalo came out to graze by night. But while we were on our hunt the moon was young, and the buffalo evidently spent most of the night in the papyrus, and came out to graze by day. Sometimes they came out in the early morning, sometimes in the late evening, but quite as often in the bright daylight. We saw herds come out to graze at ten o'clock in the morning, and again at three in the afternoon. They usually remained out several hours, first grazing and then lying down. Flocks of the small white cow-heron usually accompanied them, the birds stalking about among them or perching on their backs; and occasionally the whereabouts of the herd in the papyrus swamp could be determined by seeing the

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Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt with the first buffalo.

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flock of herons perched on the papyrus tops. We did not see any of the red-billed tick-birds on the buffalo; indeed, the only ones that we saw happened to be on domestic cattle. At night, the buffalo sometimes came right into the cultivated fields, and even into the garden close by the Boer farmer's house; and once at night he had shot a bull. The bullet went through the heart but the animal ran to the papyrus swamp, and was found next day dead just within the edge. Usually the main herd, of bulls, cows, and calves, kept together; but there were outlying bulls found singly or in small parties. Not only the natives but the whites were inclined to avoid the immediate neighborhood of the papyrus swamp, for there had been one or two narrow escapes from unprovoked attacks by the buffalo. The farmer told us that a man who was coming to see him had been regularly followed by three bulls, who pursued him for quite a distance. There is no doubt that under certain circumstances buffalo, in addition to showing themselves exceedingly dangerous opponents when wounded by hunters, become truculent and inclined to take the offensive themselves. There are places in East Africa where as regards at least certain herds this seems to be the case; and in Uganda the buffalo have caused such loss of life, and such damage to the native plantations, that they are now ranked as vermin and not as game, and their killing is encouraged in every possible way. The list of white hunters that have been killed by buffalo is very long, and includes a number of men of note, while accidents to natives are of constant occurrence.

Mr. Roosevelt and buffalo cow shot by him in papyrus grass.

Showing the danger and difficulty of buffalo hunting, when your game may be only five yards away.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The morning after making our camp, we started at dawn for the buffalo ground, Kermit and I, Cuninghame and Heatley, and the Boer farmer with three big, powerful dogs. We walked near the edge of the swamp. The whydah birds were continually bobbing up and down in front of us as they rose and fell on their dancing-places, while the Kavirondo cranes called mournfully all around. Before we had gone two miles, buffalo were spied, well ahead, feeding close to the papyrus. The line of the papyrus which marked the edge of the swamp was not straight, but with projections and indentations, and by following it closely and cutting cautiously across the points, the opportunity for stalking was good. As there was not a tree of any kind anywhere near, we had to rely purely on our shooting to prevent damage from the buffalo. Kermit and I

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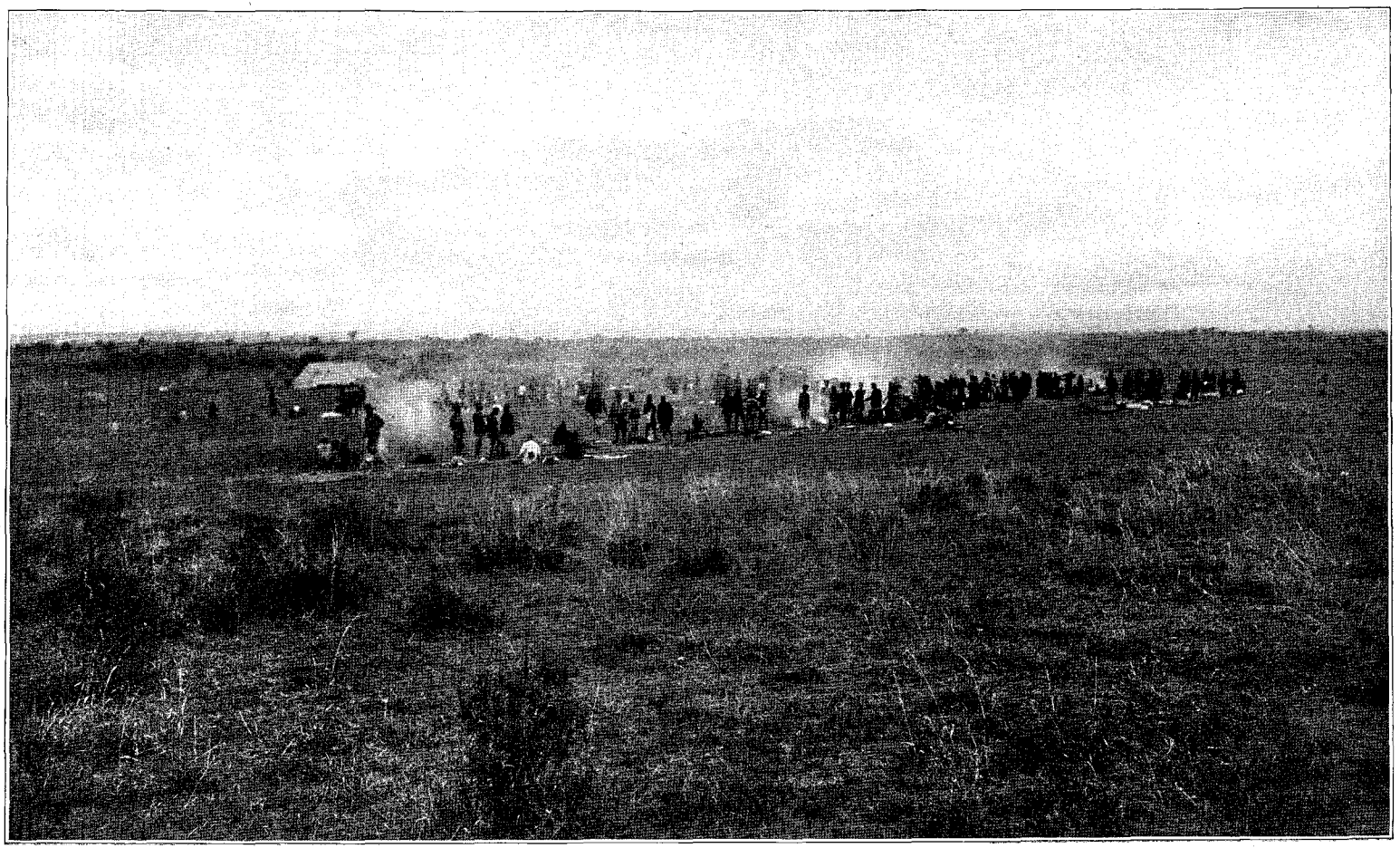

Breaking camp at Kamiti.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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had our double-barrels, with the Winchesters as spare guns, while Cuninghame carried a 577, and Heatley a magazine rifle.

Cautiously threading our way along the edge of the swamp, we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the buffalo before we were perceived. There were four bulls, grazing close by the edge of the swamp, their black bodies glistening in the early sun-rays, their massive horns showing white, and the cow herons perched on their backs. They stared sullenly at us with outstretched heads from under their great frontlets of horn. The biggest of the four stood a little out from the other three, and at him I fired, the bullet telling with a smack on the tough hide and going through the lungs. We had been afraid they would at once turn into the papyrus, but instead of this they started straight across our front directly for the open country. This was a piece of huge good luck. Kermit put his first barrel into the second bull, and I my second barrel into one of the others, after which it became impossible to say which bullet struck which animal, as the firing became general. They ran a quarter of a mile into the open, and then the big bull I had first shot, and which had no other bullet in him, dropped dead, while the other three, all of which were wounded, halted beside him. We walked toward them, rather expecting a charge; but when we were still over two hundred yards away they started back for the swamp, and we began firing. The distance being long, I used my Winchester. Aiming well before one bull, he dropped to the shot as if poleaxed, falling straight on his back with his legs kicking; but in a moment he was up again and after the others. Later, I found that the bullet, a full-metal patch, had struck him in the head but did not penetrate to the brain, and merely stunned him for the moment. All the time we kept running diagonally to their line of flight. They were all three badly wounded, and when they reached the tall rank grass, high as a man's head, which fringed the papyrus swamp, the two foremost lay down, while the last one, the one I had floored with the Winchester, turned, and with nose outstretched began to come toward us. He was badly crippled, however, and with a soft-nosed bullet from my heavy Holland I knocked him down, this time for good. The other two then rose, and though each was again hit they reached the swamp, one of them to our right, the other to the left where the papyrus came out in a point.

We decided to go after the latter, and, advancing very cautiously toward the edge of the swamp, put in the three big dogs. A moment after, they gave tongue within the papyrus; then we heard the savage grunt of the buffalo and saw its form just within the reeds; and as the rifles cracked, down it went. But it was not dead, for we heard it grunt savagely, and the dogs bayed as loudly as ever. Heatley now mounted his trained shooting-pony and rode toward the place, while we covered him with our rifles, his plan being to run right across our front if the bull charged. The bull was past charging, lying just within the reeds, but he was still able to do damage, for in another minute one of the dogs came out by us and ran straight back to the farm-house, where we found him dead on our return. He had been caught by the buffalo's horns when he went in too close. Heatley, a daring fellow, with great confidence in both his horse and his rifle, pushed forward as we came up, and saw the bull lying on the ground while the two other dogs bit and worried it; and he put a bullet through its head.

The remaining bull got off into the swamp, where a week later Heatley found his dead body. Fortunately the head proved to be in less good condition than any of the others, as one horn was broken off about half-way up; so that if any of the four had to escape, it was well that this should have been the one.

Our three bulls were fine trophies. The largest, with the largest horns, was the first killed, being the one that fell to my first bullet; yet it was the youngest of the three. The other two were old bulls. The second one killed had smaller horns than the other, but the bosses met in the middle of the forehead for a space of several inches, making a solid shield. I had just been reading a pamphlet by a German specialist who had divided the African buffalo into fifteen or twenty different species, based upon differences in various pairs of horns. The worth of such fine distinctions, when made on insufficient data, can be gathered from the fact that on the principles of specific division adopted in the pamphlet in question, the three bulls we had shot would have represented certainly two and possibly three different species.

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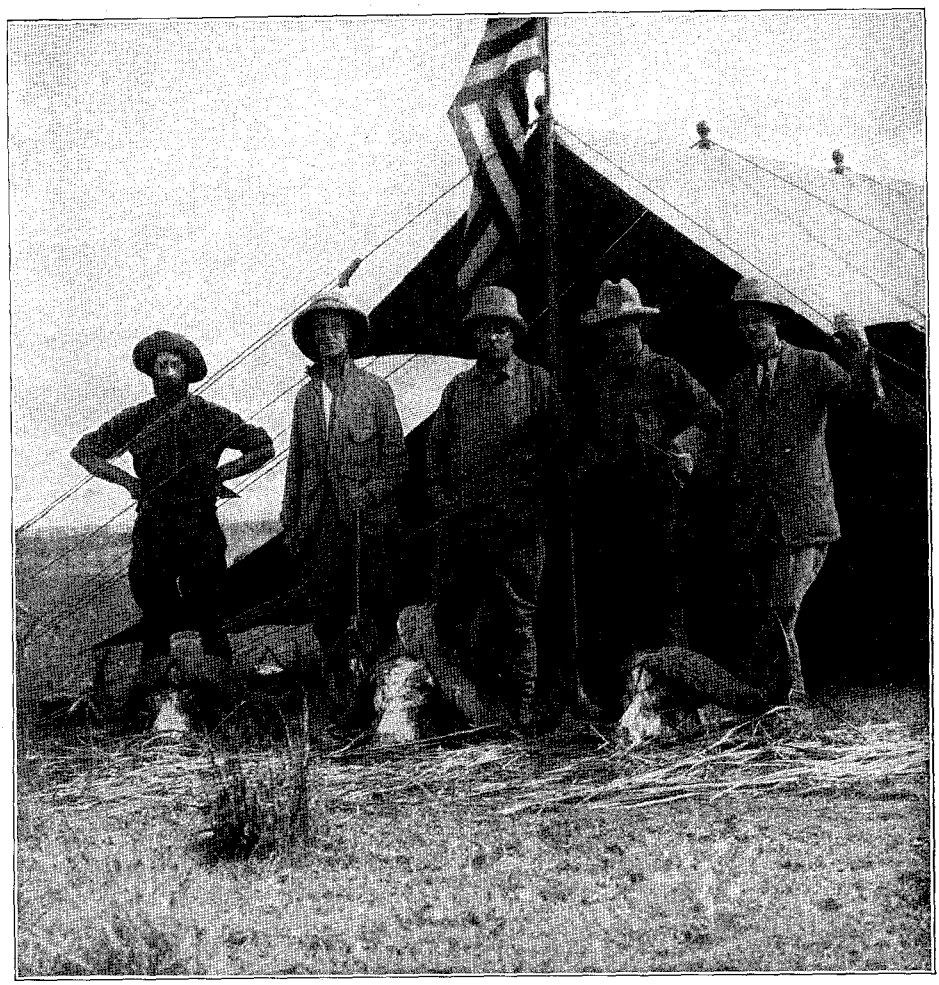

Cuninghame, Kermit, Mr. Roosevelt, Heller, and Heatley at Buffalo Camp.

Heller was soon on the ground with his skinning-tent and skinners, and the Boer farmer went back to fetch the ox-wagon on which the skins and meat were brought in to camp. Laymen can hardly realize, and I certainly did not realize, what an immense amount of work is involved in getting and preparing the skins of large animals such as buffalo, rhino, hippo, and above all elephant, in hot climates. On this first five-weeks' trip we got some seventy skins, including twenty-two species ranging in size from a dikdik to a rhino, and all of these Heller prepared and sent to the Smithsonian. Mearns and Loring were just as busy shooting birds and trapping small mammals. Often while Heller would be off for a few days with Kermit and myself, Mearns and Loring would be camped elsewhere, in a region better suited for the things they were after. While at Juja Farm they went down the Nairobi in a boat to shoot water-birds, and saw many more crocodiles and hippo than I did. Loring is a remarkably successful trapper of small mammals. I do not believe there is a better collector anywhere. Dr. Mearns, in addition to birds and plants, never let pass the opportunity to collect anything else from reptiles and fishes to land shells. Moreover, he was the best shot in our party. He killed two great bustards with the rifle, and occasionally shot birds like vultures on the wing with a rifle. I do not believe that three better men than

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Mearns, Heller, and Loring, for such an expedition as ours, could be found anywhere.

It was three days later before we were again successful with buffalo. On this occasion we started about eight in the morning, having come to the conclusion that the herd was more apt to leave the papyrus late than early. Our special object was to get a cow. We intended to take advantage of a small half-dried water-course, an affluent of the Kamiti, which began a mile beyond where we had killed our bulls, and for three or four miles ran in a course generally parallel to the swamp, and at a distance which varied, but averaged perhaps a quarter of a mile. When we reached the beginning of this water-course, we left our horses and walked along it. Like all such water-courses, it wound in curves. The banks were four or five feet high, the bottom was sometimes dry and sometimes contained reedy pools, while at intervals there were clumps of papyrus. Heatley went ahead, and just as we had about concluded that the buffalo would not come out, he came back to tell us that he had seen several, and believed that the herd was with them. Cuninghame, a veteran hunter and first-class shot, than whom there could be no better man to have with one when after dangerous game, took charge of our further movements. We crept up the water-course until about opposite the buffalo, which were now lying down. Cuninghame peered cautiously at them, saw there were two or three, and then led us on all fours toward them. There were patches where the grass was short, and other places where it was three feet high, and after a good deal of cautious crawling we had covered half the distance toward them, when one of them made us out, and several rose from their beds. They were still at least two hundred yards off—a long range for heavy rifles; but any closer approach was impossible, and we fired. Both the leading bulls were hit, and at the shots there rose from the grass not half a dozen buffalo, but seventy or eighty, and started at a gallop parallel to the swamp and across our front. In the rear were a number of cows and calves, and I at once singled out a cow and fired. She plunged forward at the shot and turned toward the swamp, going slowly and dead lame, for my bullet had struck the shoulder and had gone into the cavity of the chest. But at this moment our attention was distracted from the wounded cow by the conduct of the herd, which, headed by the wounded bulls, turned in a quarter-circle toward us, and drew up in a phalanx facing us with outstretched heads. It was not a nice country in which to be charged by the herd, and for a moment things trembled in the balance. There was a perceptible motion of uneasiness among some of our followers. "Stand steady! Don't run!" I called out. "And don't shoot!" called out Cuninghame; for to do either would invite a charge. A few seconds passed, and then the unwounded mass of the herd resumed their flight, and after a little hesitation the wounded bulls followed. We now turned our attention to the wounded cow, which was close to the papyrus. She went down to our shots, but the reeds and marsh-grass were above our heads when we drew close to the swamp. Once again Heatley went in with his white horse, as close as it was even reasonably safe, with the hope either of seeing the cow, or of getting her to charge him and so give us a fair chance at her. But nothing happened and we loosed the two dogs. They took up the trail and went some little distance into the papyrus, where we heard them give tongue, and immediately afterward there came the angry grunt of the wounded buffalo. It had risen and gone off thirty yards into the papyrus, although mortally wounded—the frothy blood from the lungs was actually coming out of my first bullet-hole. Its anger now made it foolish, and it followed the dogs to the edge of the papyrus. Here both Cuninghame and Heatley caught a glimpse of it. Down it went to their shots, and in a minute we heard the moaning bellow which a wounded buffalo often gives before dying. Immediately afterward we could hear the dogs worrying it, while it bellowed again. It was still living as I came up, and though it evidently could not rise, there was a chance of its damaging one of the dogs, so I finished it off with a shot from the Winchester. Heller reached it that afternoon, and the skin and meat were brought in by the porters before nightfall.

Cuninghame remained with the body while the rest of us rode off and killed several different animals we wanted. In the afternoon I returned, having a vaguely uncomfortable feeling that as it grew dusk the buffalo might possibly make their appear-

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Porters dancing when breaking camp at Kamiti.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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Heller preparing to send off game heads of the first five weeks' shooting.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ance again. Sure enough, there they were! A number of them were in the open plain, although close to the swamp, a mile and a half beyond the point where the work of cutting up the cow was just being finished, and the porters were preparing to start with their loads. It seemed very strange that after their experience in the morning any of the herd should be willing to come into the open so soon. But there they were. They were grazing to the number of about a dozen. Looking at them through the glasses I could see that their attention was attracted to us. They gazed at us for quite a time, and then walked slowly in our direction for at least a couple of hundred yards. For a moment I was even doubtful whether they did not intend to come toward us and charge. But it was only curiosity on their part, and after having gazed their fill, they sauntered back to the swamp and disappeared. There was no chance to get at them, and moreover darkness was rapidly falling.

Next morning we broke camp. The porters, strapping grown-up children that they were, felt as much pleasure and excitement over breaking camp after a few days' rest as over reaching camp after a fifteen-mile march. On this occasion, after they had made up their loads, they danced in a ring for half an hour, two tin cans being beaten as tom-toms. Then off they strode in a long line with their burdens, following one another in Indian file, each greeting me with a smile and a deep "Yambo, Bwana!" as he passed. I had grown attached to them,

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and of course especially my tent-boys, gun-bearers, and saises, who quite touched me by their evident pleasure in coming to see me and greet me if I happened to be away from them for two or three days.

Kermit and I rode off with Heatley to pass the night at his house. This was at the other end of his farm, in a totally different kind of country, a country of wooded hills, with glades and dells and long green grass in the valleys. It did not in the least resemble what one would naturally expect in equatorial Africa. On the contrary it reminded me of the beautiful rolling wooded country of middle Wisconsin. But of course everything was really different. There were monkeys and leopards in the forests, and we saw whydah birds of a new kind, with red on the head and throat, and brilliantly colored woodpeckers, and black-and-gold weaver-birds. Indeed, the wealth of bird life was such that it cannot be described. Here, too, there were many birds with musical voices, to which we listened in the early morning. The best timber was yielded by the tall mahogo tree, a kind of sandalwood. This was the tree selected by the wild fig for its deadly embrace. The wild fig begins as a huge parasitic vine, and ends as one of the largest and most stately, and also one of the greenest and most shady, trees in this part of Africa. It grows up the mahogo as a vine and gradually, by branching, and by the spreading of the branches, completely envelops the trunk and also grows along each limb, and sends out great limbs of its own. Every stage can be seen, from that in which the big vine has begun to grow up along the still flourishing mahogo, through that in which the tree looks like a curious composite, the limbs and thick foliage of the fig branching out among the limbs and scanty foliage of the still living mahogo, to the stage in which the mahogo is simply a dead skeleton seen here and there through the trunk or the foliage of the fig. Finally nothing remains but the fig, which grows to be a huge tree.

Heatley's house was charming, with its vine-shaded veranda, its summer-house and out-buildings, and the great trees clustered round about. He was fond of sport in the right way, that is, he treated it as sport and not business, and did not allow it to interfere with his prime work of being a successful farmer. He had big stock-yards for his cattle and swine, and he was growing all kinds of things of both the temperate and the tropic zones: wheat and apples, coffee and sugar-cane. The bread we ate and the coffee we drank were made from what he had grown on his own farm. There were roses in the garden and great bushes of heliotrope by the veranda, and the drive to his place was bordered by trees from Australia and beds of native flowers.

Next day we went in to Nairobi, where we spent a most busy week, especially the three naturalists; for the task of getting into shape for shipment and then shipping the many hundreds of specimens—indeed, all told there were thousands of specimens—was of herculean proportions. Governor Jackson—a devoted ornithologist and probably the best living authority on East African birds, taking into account the stand-points of both the closet naturalist and the field naturalist—spent hours with Mearns, helping him to identify and arrange the species.

Nairobi is a very attractive town, and most interesting, with its large native quarter and its Indian colony. One of the streets consists of little except Indian shops and bazaars. Outside the business portion, the town is spread over much territory, the houses standing isolated, each by itself, and each usually bowered in trees, with vines shading the verandas, and pretty flower-gardens round about. Not only do I firmly believe in the future of East Africa for settlement as a white man's country, but I feel that it is an ideal playground alike for sportsmen, and for travellers who wish to live in health and comfort, and yet to see what is beautiful and unusual.

A wart-hog.

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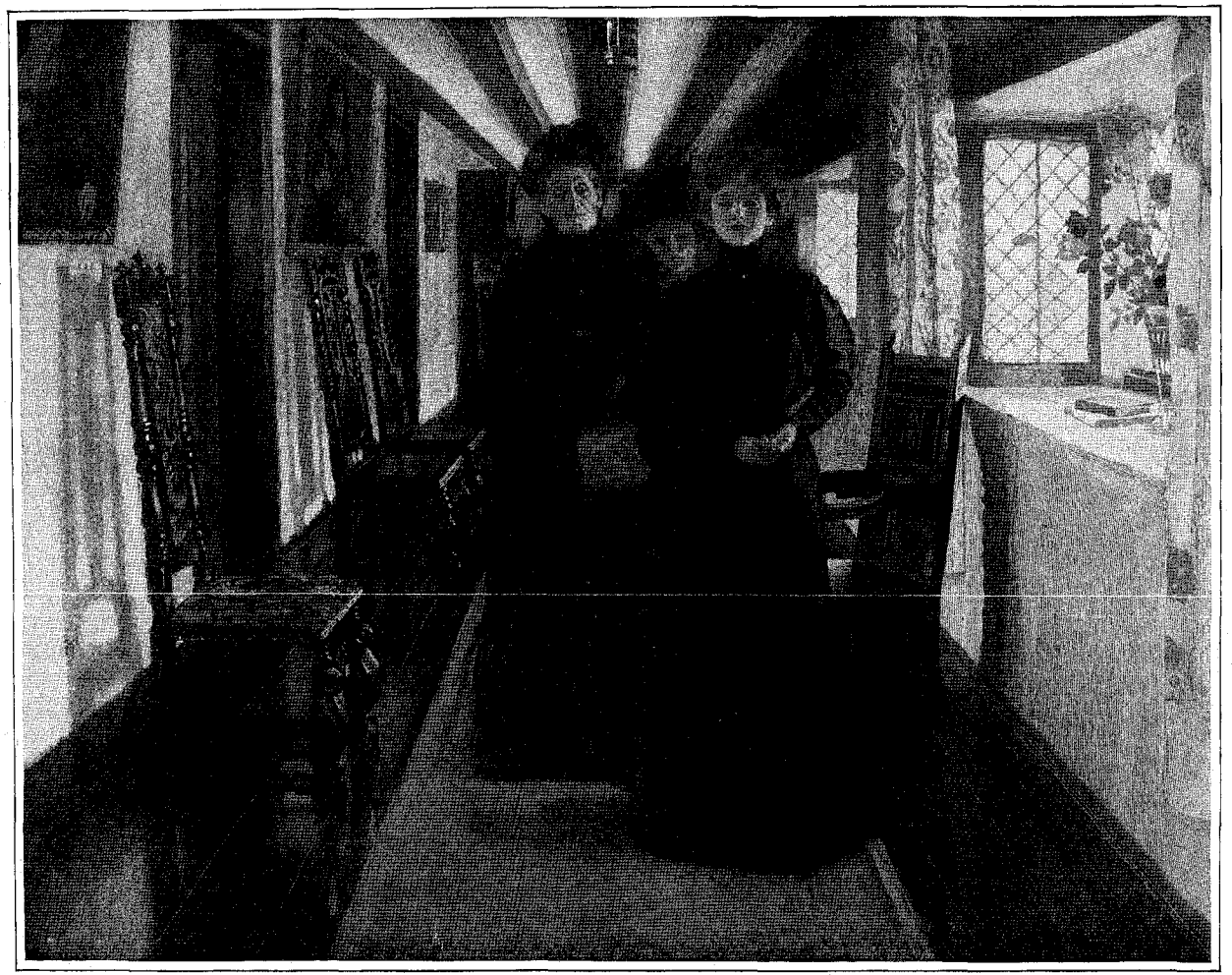

Drawn by Frank Craig.

The housekeeper! This—person!—Page 152.

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II

SANCHIA AT WANLESS HALL.

I

A TELEGRAM was handed to her as she came in from the garden, her broad-brimmed straw hat in her hand and a bunch of fritillaries nodding in her blouse. That dates and places her at once: the time was April, and she was fond of curious flowers. She stood in the doorway to get the sunset glow upon the missive, and was herself ensanguined and enhanced, a sunny-haired, low-breasted young woman of middle height, rather faintly colored, wholesome to see, with a bowed upper lip, and clear, gray-blue eyes of extreme directness and candor. A trick of looking you full, of considering you and her answer together, she had; a mild, steady beam, a radiance within the orb which told of a hidden glory. Her brows were level, eyebrows arched; her bust, though set like Aphrodite's of Melos, was full. The curving corners of the bow of her lips assured her the possession, even when she was most serious, of a lurking smile. Taking off her gardening gloves, that she might break the red envelope, she disclosed a pair of fine, white, nervous hands, and pointed fingers which wore no rings.

The address, which she was careful to read before she tore the envelope, was:

Miss Percival, Wanless, Felsboro.

Opening then, she read as follows:

"*Home to-morrow seven people Ingram.*"

If she frowned slightly, it was a mere approach of the fine eyebrows to each other. She certainly smiled—wisely and meditatively, without showing her teeth. She touched her chin—a rounded, full chin—with the telegram as she looked up at the maid who brought it.

"I must see Mrs. Benson about this. It's from Mr. Ingram."

"Yes, Miss Percival."

A friendly desire to share the puzzle was now manifest in the clear eyes.

"You see, Minnie, it might mean one of two things, and I'm not quite sure which of them it does mean." She looked again at the message with amused interest; but one could not have said whether she was amused at her interest, or interested in her amusement. That was part of Miss Percival's charm—that she was always baffling you.

But Minnie, the maid, was demure and monotonous under the attack of friendly desires. "No, Miss Percival," she said; and added, "I'm sure I couldn't say." She stood aside from the doorway as the young lady entered the billiard-room, saying as she went, "Ask Mrs. Benson to come to my room, Minnie, please; and tell Frodsham I should like to see him directly he comes to-morrow morning."

She heard Minnie's "Very well, Miss Percival," as she disappeared, smiling still, and with a slight heightening of color. When her color rose, it rose evenly, flooding her face and neck with the dawn-hue. There were no patches or streaks of flame; she showed, as it were, incandescent.

She crossed the hall in the deepening dusk, a fine, littered room, where a great log-fire revealed the tall portraits of ladies and gentlemen of long ago—sportsmen with spaniels at their feet, general officers in scar-

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let, pointing through smoke the direction of the enemy, a judge in ermine and full-bottomed wig, a lady in white satin, leaning against a broken column in a park and backed by a brewing thunder-storm; and as she went her way, gave a couple of glances to right and left, picked up a Bradshaw from a side-table, stooped to put a tiger-skin straight. She continued down a long corridor, swinging her hat, and entered an open doorway at the extreme end. By the way she tossed the hat on to a chair and stirred the crackling logs with the point of her shoe, it was to be supposed that she was in her demesne. Standing with a foot on the fender, she presently fell into a reverie, and presently reopened and reread her telegram. Certainly she was smiling, and certainly her color was enhanced.

The room, though business-like, was feminine. It had a Chippendale bureau between the windows, its pigeon-holes stuffed with papers; but there were flowers upon it, and elsewhere many photographs and pictures evidently chosen by the tenant. The *Dante* from the Bargello was one, the three headless *Fates* of the Parthenon another; the *Hermes* and the *Sophocles*, all in autogravure. It had a piano and a small bookcase containing the poets in green morocco, a uniform set. Elsewhere, in a larger bookcase, were miscellaneous volumes, by no means all novels, though novels there were. One shelf was filled with household books: cookery, bee-keeping, poultry, the dog in health and disease, the horse, the flower-garden, botany, British edible fungi, the world of vegetables, were some of the subjects treated of. Below the bookcase was a row of japanned tin boxes, carefully lettered in white paint. House accounts, garden accounts, stable accounts, one read. A fourth bore the words, "Wood Sales and Miscellaneous."

If you were alone, waiting in the room, you would glance at the photographs perched about, like alighting butterflies, upon piano and mantel-shelf and occasional table. You would pass over, I believe, the children on ponies and in sailor suits, that elderly, ample lady, brooched and in black, beaming under the status of Grandmamma, that gaitered gentleman with a square-topped felt hat upon his head and grizzled whiskers below his ears, in favor of a group of five girls in black muslin and lace, sisters evidently, prosperously together, an uncommonly happy five. They look on good terms with themselves and with each other. They look frankly at you out of the frame —and how they must have dazzled the photographer, with their five pair of bright, uncompromising eyes! Hands rest easily upon familiar shoulders, elbows on knees. One of them smiles outright, two are very ready to smile, one is more serious, as becomes the eldest of five; and one is round-cheeked and solemn: the baby.

Miss Percival and her sisters, it's clear. One can't mistake the rounded chin, the level brows, the promise of womanhood. Women should always be photographed in evening dress if, like the Misses Percival, they have nothing to hide. But now to pick out our Miss Percival. You will observe that the young ladies' names are neatly printed beneath their persons.

Even if I were sure of dates, I should not insist upon the serious one. So far as I can judge, the photograph is some eight or ten years old. I go by the style of hair-dressing which it shows, and by the name of the photographer, who signs from Wigmore Street. He is out of date; fashion has deserted him. Then that grave, watchful young goddess, who sits enthroned with her nymphs about her, must be a great deal older than our lady of this room, of the doubtful smile and friendly desires. She has the sedate air of eight-and-twenty, and by this time must be thirty-six or even more. She is Philippa, anyhow, we read. Who comes next? Here is Hawise, standing behind her of the throne and the centre, with a hand on her bare shoulder. She is laughing, sleepily; she is distinctly pretty, but distinctly, also, fat. She cannot be the owner of this room.

There's a taste for names in the Percival family; we have Philippa, Hawise. Now for the seated pair, one on either side of Philippa; they are Melusine, who has a long neck and a very demure look, and a great deal of hair, and Victoria, who, having just tossed back her mane, lifts her chin and glimmers at you through half-shut eyes. Her lips laugh snugly, at some mischief meditating. Neither of these can be our lady, who must therefore be the last and youngest, this child of eighteen or so, round-cheeked, round-eyed and serious, with critical lids, like those of the Farnese Hera, and a beautiful mouth: Sanchia-Josepha, crouched on the floor at

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the feet of Philippa. A charming bevy of maidens—Philippa, Hawise, Melusine, Victoria, Sanchia-Josepha; ten years ago happily sisters and rich in promise, looking out boldly at the veiled years ahead of them. Ten years ago? Call it eight, and you make our Miss Percival, say, six-and-twenty by this time.

There are many other photographs, of girls and women, most of them; but here is a man, dignified by a place apart upon the bureau. He occupies one side of it by himself, balanced by the sisters at the other. A youngish man in yeomanry uniform, he appears only in torso. He has the smooth head of a soldier, and rather a low, but very square, forehead. His eyes are smallish, and set deep. They look to be gray, light gray, but may be light blue. He has a good nose, high-bridged, large, thin, and practically straight. Such noses are seldom perfectly straight, and his is not. I observe that he has curled his moustache with the tongs, so that it is well away from his upper lip. If I had been he, I should not have done that. It is too much trouble—and if a man takes pains about his toilette, those pains ought not to be evident. Moreover, the mouth is by no means this young man's best feature. There is a twist, the hint of a snarl in the upper lip. The lower protrudes. The gentleman is the least in life underhung. Consider his chin. It has the jut of the Hapsburgs, of Charles the Fifth's, not pronounced by any means, but undoubtedly there. Firmness, or perhaps obstinacy, hard judgment, an uneven temper, a leaning to autocracy, I read in this portrait. There is no signature, nothing to tell you who he is. Certainly, no Percival.

I call your attention to one more photograph, in marked distinction to others of your notice. Those were, in every sense, full-dress affairs; this one, in all senses, undress. It is the work of an amateur, you can see at once; small, rather blurred to begin with, not perfectly focussed, and fading now towards the end of all such gear. It represents a bareheaded young lady in a white gown, pinned very high. She is standing in a pond, with the water well over her knees. One hand keeps her balance with a pole, the other grasps a streamer of water-weed. Floating beyond her upon some kind of raft is a man, bareheaded also, in a white sweater with a rolling collar. His face is shadowed—you can see that his hair, black and straight, falls over his eyes. He is raking up the weed with his hand, his arm bare to the shoulder. Below is written, in a round, sprawling hand, "To Sanchia from Percy." Both the workers are intent upon their task, with no idea that they are posing. The girl has a Greek face, and a very fine pair of legs, heedlessly displayed. The man is as thin as a gypsy. Out of the dark in which his face is hidden gleam his white teeth. A classical, rather than romantic, scene. The absence of draperies suggest it; but the absence of self-consciousness is conclusive.

But I keep Miss Percival too long at the fender. She had been standing there for some minutes after her entry, first rereading her telegram, next stroking her chin with it. She was thoughtful still and smiling. Once she looked over her shoulder through the window to the dying day and lightly sighed. The time was April's end, and had been squally with violent storms; but the last onslaughts of the north-wester had routed the rain-clouds. The day was dying under a clear saffron sky, and a thrush piped its mellow elegy. Miss Percival heard him, and listened, smiling with her pale lips and eyes which the serene light soothed. Her lips barely moved, just relaxed their firm embrace, but no more. She held the light gratefully with her eyes, seemed unwilling to lose a moment of it, wistful to be still out-of-doors. Again she lightly sighed, and presently resumed her downward gazing at the fire.

Knuckles quavered at the door. She straightened herself, turned, and called out definitely, "Come in." Mrs. Benson stood before her, vast, massive, black-gowned, cloudy for trouble, a cook.

There was instantly to be observed in Miss Percival's lifted head and eyes the same frank appeal for interchange of sentiments as had been manifested to Minnie the maid. Her brows were smoothed out, her smile became less dubious; her intention to be friendly was deliberately expressed. But truth will have it that, just as before, Mrs. Benson's guard turned out at the same moment, as at a signal. To vary the figure, her vedettes, in touch with the advancers, fell back upon the main body.

If the young lady perceived this, she did not cease to be amiably disposed. "Oh, Mrs. Benson," she said, "I've had a telegram."

Mrs. Benson, with strict non-committal,

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lifted her eyebrows to "Well, well!" It was as if she implied that such things were to be expected in a world full of trouble. "So I hear, Miss Percival," she grimly said.

"It's from Mr. Ingram, you know."

"Ah, well—" Mrs. Benson could have been heard to sigh; but among the many things which Miss Percival chose to ignore, this sort of thing was one. Trouble to her, always, was a signal which braced the nerves and sinews.

"It's to say—but I think you had better read it." It was held out unfalteringly, while Mrs. Benson dived for, opened, wiped, tested, and fixed her spectacles. These operations concluded, it was received as might have been a dangerous explosive.

Punctuating as she went, Mrs. Benson read, "*Home to-morrow—seven people—Ingram.*" Then she looked, confirmed in her omens, over the rim of her spectacles. "Seven people, Miss Percival! A house-party! And, as you may say, at a moment's notice. Dear, dear, dear!"

Miss Percival remained cheerful. "Oh, I don't read it like that," she said, went behind Mrs. Benson, and read over her shoulder, pointing the words with a pencil still wet from her mouth, "'Home to-morrow, seven—with people—Ingram.' That's what it must mean, of course." She spoke wooingly, but Mrs. Benson was not to be won.

"Then, why does he say 'Seven people,' Miss Percival? Why does he say that?"

"But he doesn't, according to me." She laughed. "He is telling us the time of his train. How could we meet him and his people if he didn't?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Benson, heavily prepared for the worst, "how could we? That's where it is, you see. But of course he wouldn't think of *us*."

"But he does, you know. He has. He says that he will have people with him. That is to prepare us." Mrs. Benson's fist crashed into the paper.

"How many people, Miss Percival? How many people? Why, seven, of course! What else could it be? And where's the fish to come from for seven people? And what about maids and valets? Does he count up the likes of them? He's not Mr. Ingram if he does. Not he! Nor his father before him. And what's Frodsham going to do about carriage room for seven—and the servants as well—and the luggage and all? Dogs, very likely; dogs and cats, and parrots. Who knows? I've seen 'em bring scritch-owls and hawks on their wrists before now. Oh, they'll do anything, some of 'em—anything to be looked at. That's what it is; they want looking at. And I'd look at 'em if I had my way!"

Mrs. Benson, shining with indignant heat, had to be pacified. She required much tact, the exercise of a low and musical voice. It cooed upon her like a dove's. Miss Percival used her hands, too, and in the end had one of them on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. The charm worked. Dinner should be cooked for five or six; Frodsham should meet the seven-four from London with the omnibus and luggage-cart. There would be no dogs at this time of year. Parrots were urged upon her again, but tentatively. She chuckled them away, musically, with real relish for the picture. She was sure there would be no parrots. Now, she must see about the bedrooms—but Mrs. Benson peered round into her glowing face.

"And what about your supper, Miss Percival? It's just upon ready. And there's a sweetbread."

Miss Percival almost caressed the ridiculous, good soul. Her arm remained about her shoulder, her hand touched it. "How nice of you! I'll go and get ready at once. Then I'll see what rooms we had better have. Wasn't it lucky we did the drawing-rooms last week?"

Gloom gathered again. Mrs. Benson thought that some people didn't deserve their luck. It was clear to whom she referred; certainly not to Miss Percival, for instance. But the young lady, with really extraordinary simplicity, replied that surely Mr. Ingram deserved credit for having well chosen his ministers. "Yourself," she said, "for the kitchen, and me for the hall." She exploded this little bomb with some heightening of color.

Mrs. Benson, glancing at her sideways, observed the blush and was scared. She blinked. Miss Percival's blush deepened.

In the awkward pause that ensued the friendly hand was about to be removed, when Mrs. Benson, with an effort which did honor to her resources, said: "We all have our troubles, Miss Percival, else we shouldn't be here, as the Bible says. The good book! Well for them as read therein. Now, only this afternoon Mr. Menzies was

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talking to me about things at large, and he says, 'Mrs. Benson, what's to be done with Struan Glyde?' quite sudden. So I says, 'And what should be done with such a one, Mr. Menzies, but wallop him?' and he shakes his head and says, 'He's on the cata-rampus, ma'am—in one of his black fits. Tells me to go my way and let him alone; then turns his back.' Now, what about such troubles as that, Miss Percival?"

Miss Percival looked serious, but not especially interested. Her eyes looked before her, but seemed not to see anything. She asked: "What did Mr. Menzies say to him next?" but if she was interested, it was not in that matter.

Mrs. Benson brandished her voice. "Ha, you may well ask me. 'No, my man,' he says, 'but 'tis you that must go mine while I'm head gardener at Wanless,' he says. That's what Mr. Menzies told him, the elderly man that he is—and now look at this. Young Glyde turns his back upon him, with no more notice taken than you or I would have of a flea on the arm. Insolence, that is. Downright insolence to an elderly man. Ah," said Mrs. Benson with tightening lips, "if you come to troubles!"

Miss Percival's tone was sympathetic, if her eyes were still sightless. "Really! I'm very sorry. I'll see Mr. Menzies about it to-morrow, and, of course, I'll talk to Struan. He *is* difficult—it's very tiresome of him. I saw him this afternoon, but had no notion of all this. I can't think how it is. Nerves, I suppose. He's a human creature, you see, as well as a gardener."

Mrs. Benson was incapable of seeing such a possible combination; her explanation was simpler. Human! She scorned him. "Bad blood," she said with energy; "bad, black, gypsy blood. He'll be murdering one of us in her bed in a day or two. You see if he don't."

Miss Percival did not deny the suggestion. She considered it rather—its effect, its effectiveness. "Struan is tiresome, of course," she presently said, "but I do think he has tried to restrain himself lately. He promised me he would." She turned her full gaze suddenly upon Mrs. Benson, and almost disarmed that lady. "I like him, you know. He's very nice to me."

Mrs. Benson gasped, but recovered just in time to resume the dark oracles in her keeping. "Ah," she said, "he *would* be. If you can call it nice——"

"He's wonderful in the garden," Miss Percival calmly continued. "Even Menzies admits it. He'll work all day. He's never tired."

"Nor's a tiger," the cook snapped. "Nor's a tom-cat."

Miss Percival looked pitifully at her and smiled. "Poor Struan—you don't like him. I'll see him to-night. I have an influence, I think."

Mrs. Benson touched the hand that lay within her reach, which had lately been upon her shoulder. "Don't, my dear, don't," she said.

"Why not?" asked the lady with her lifted brows. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Influence! The likes of him, the likes—! Gypsy blood at midnight—soft-voiced, murderous——"

She gave no coherent answer, but smiled always, then leaned forward and stroked Mrs. Benson upon her personable cheek. "Dear old thing, let me do as I like. It's much better for everybody," she presently said.

II

It had clouded over after sunset; there was no moon visible, but an irradiance was omnipresent and showed the muffled yew-tree walks and the greater trees colossal, mountains overshadowing the land. Here and there, as you went, glimmered daffodils like the Pleiades half-veiled, and long files of crocuses burned like waning fires.

Miss Percival, at about nine o'clock, came gently down one of these alleys, with a scarf over her head and shoulders. She looked like a nymph in Tanagra. As if she knew where she was going, exactly, she walked gently but unfalteringly between the linked crocus-beacons to where the alley broadened into a bay of cut yews, to where ghostly white seats and a dim sun-dial seemed disposed as for a scene in a comedy. The leaden statue of a skipping faun would have been made out in a recess, if you had known it was there. And as she entered the place a figure seated there, with elbows on knees and chin between his palms, looked up, listening, watched intently, then rose and waited.

"Struan," said Miss Percival comfortably, "are you there?"

"I'm here," she was answered.

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Thereupon, she came easily forward and stood near him. She was in white from top to toe; he could see the clean outline of her head and neck, defined by the hooding scarf. He had not taken off his hat, but now, as she stood there, silent, he slowly removed it. Still there was nothing said. Miss Percival was very deliberate.

Presently she spoke. "You didn't tell me this afternoon that you'd had a bother with Mr. Menzies. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you?" The words seemed wrung from him. "Why should you care?"

"Of course I care," she said. "You know that I care. Why didn't you tell me? . . . But I know why you didn't."

"You do not." He denied her hotly.

"Oh, but I do. Because you were ashamed."

"It was not. I'm not ashamed. He's an old fool. He thinks he can teach me my business. Melons! Plants! Why, I'm one of them. What can he teach me?"

"He's a very good gardener," Miss Percival began; but the rest was drowned.

"Gardener—he! He's a botcher. He measures his melons by the pound. It's money he wants, money-value. So much dung—so much meat. He says, 'Be careful, you, of the water-pot; go steady with your syringe. You'll damp off those plants if you're not handy,' he tells me. To me, this! Don't I know what the life of a plant must have and how and where it must be fed? He's an old fool, and you know it. And I'll not be told things I have got by heart before a lad new to his breeches. Besides," he added darkly, "he'd vexed me before that and bitterly."

"How did he vex you?" Miss Percival's voice came cool and clear, but commanding.

"That I cannot tell you," said he.

"But I want to know." This seemed to her sufficing reason.

But he was dogged. "Then I can't help you. You cannot be told."

"But perhaps I ought to be told. Do you think I ought?"

"Indeed, I don't know."

"Well, will you tell me?"

"I will not, indeed. That is, I cannot."

"It's very extraordinary."

He made no answer.

"Struan," said Miss Percival, after a while, "you are angry."

He turned quickly. "With you? Never."

"I didn't say that. I said you were angry."

He said, "Ah—and so I am."

"I am included, I suppose."

"You are not. It could not be."

She laughed. "I don't know——"

He was vehement. "But you do know You know it very well."

She had no answer; but she smiled to herself, and I have no doubt she knew.

For two minutes or more there was silence, a time of suspense. Then Miss Percival said, "I've had a telegram. Mr. Ingram is coming to-morrow."

To this he said nothing. She went on.

"He is bringing people with him. Mrs. Benson was very funny about it. He is coming at seven with some people, and she would read it that he was coming with seven people. When I asked her how could we meet him if he had not told us the time, she made a grievance of it and said that was so like him. So it is, of course."

Struan remained speechless, and had turned away his face. Miss Percival continued her reflections aloud.

"How long has he been away? More than a year. He wrote once from Singapore—then from Rawal-Pindi—and that was all, until I got this telegram. He's very casual, I must say." Here she paused.

Struan said suddenly, "Miss Percival, I'm going."

She turned with interest and asked with not too much interest, "Oh! Why?"

He said, "You know why."

She lowered her voice by a tone, but no more. "I hope you won't. It would be a pity. There's no real reason for it. I'll speak to Menzies to-morrow. He doesn't mean any harm to you. He's only old and grumpy."

"He's a fool," said Struan. "Certainly, he's a fool. But that's neither here nor there."

Miss Percival, ignoring what she chose to ignore, said again, "I hope you won't go."

The young man shifted his ground and dug his heel into the turf. "I must—indeed, I must."

"Where shall you go?"

"God knows."

"Why must you go?"

"You know why."

"Is it because of Menzies?"

He threw his head up. "Menzies, forsooth!" He scorned Menzies.

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"Then I don't see why you should go. I shouldn't like it. I hope you will stay."

He looked at her now across the dusk, intensely. "You hope I will stay?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"You hope I will stay? You ask me to stay?"

She considered. Then she said, "Yes, I think so. Yes, I do."

"Then," said Struan, "God help us all. I stay."

Miss Percival said cheerfully, "I'm so glad. I'll speak to Menzies to-morrow, and get him to leave you alone. He knows how well you do the melons, but of course he would never admit it." She broke off the interview shortly afterward.

"I'm going to bed," she told him. "I've got lots to do to-morrow. Heaps of things. You must get me some of your flowers for the rooms."

He was not appeased. "Menzies will do it," he said. She laughed.

"You know what Menzies will say—'Pelargoniums for the hall, Miss Percival, and some nice maidenhair.' He's not inventive, poor Menzies."

"He's an old fool," said Straun. "He takes flowers for spangles in a circus."

Miss Percival again laughed softly and held out her hand. "Good-night," she said. "I'm going."

He touched her hand, and then put his own behind his back.

"Aren't you going to bed?" she asked him.

"Presently," he said. "I'm going to walk round for a while."

She hovered for a moment, seemed to hesitate, to weigh the attractions of walking round. It had a charm. Then she decided.

"Good-night," she bade him for the third time.

He grumbled his good-night and watched her fade into the dark. Not until she was completely hidden up did he put on his hat again. Then he prowled noiselessly about among the breathing flowers.

III

WANLESS, as they call it there, Wanless Hall, Felsboro', as it is politically, stands squarely and deeply in the hills of a northern county, plentifully embowered in trees, with a river washing its southern side. To reach house from river you ascend a gentle slope of lawns and groves for some hundreds of feet, then find a broad stepway. That takes you to a terraced, parapeted garden, very well tended, as one should be which has four men at its disposition. There stands the house of Wanless—stone-built in the days of Charles the Second—a gleaming, gray front, covered to the first-floor windows with a magnolia of unknown age. The main entrance faces north, from which point the true shape of the place is revealed as a long body with wings, an E-shaped house. Here are the carriage-drive and carriage-sweep; then there's a belt of trees and beyond that, shaped by the valley which gradually narrows to the incline of the hills, kitchen-gardens, glass-houses, a pond (fed by a beck), water meadows, and hanging woods. Above those again heather-clad slopes climb to piled rocks and a ragged sky-line. It is a fine property, with five thousand acres of shooting, a good many farms, and a hill village to its account. The lodge at the gate is half a mile away, at the end of a good avenue of beech and sycamore.

Mr. Nevile Ingram, who, at thirty, had still the air of a brisk young man and was owner by inheritance of this place, arrived with his guests by the seven-four train from London. The omnibus brought the four of them, with a maid sitting on the box beside Frodsham, and a bank of luggage behind her head. No parrots, no dogs; but a Mr. Chevenix brought his fishing-rods. Besides this Mr. Chevenix, who had been here before, there was an elderly Mrs. Devereux, white-haired and short-sighted, who used, whenever she could find them, a pair of long-handled glasses, and a young Mrs. Wilmot, pretty, very fair, rather helpless. It was her maid who shared the box seat with Frodsham.

The absence of a footman at the station had been noted by Mrs. Devereux, the absence of any man-servant at the house struck her as remarkable. There were none, and had been none since Miss Percival assumed command; but at this time Mrs. Devereux knew nothing of Miss Percival. Nevile Ingram, banging the door open with his knee, jumped out first and stood to help the ladies; the next to emerge was Mr. Chevenix, who, the moment he touched earth, said, "Right!" and looked as if he

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had sparkled. It was clear that he had abundant health and was satisfied with all the arrangements of Providence. He surveyed the house, the awaiting virgins at the door, wished them both good-evening, nosed the upper air, snuffed the gale, said "Good old Wanless—my precious rods!" and dived for them before the ladies could descend. Thereafter, a timidly poising foot and some robust breadth of stocking revealed the anxieties of Mrs. Devereux. On alighting, she shook herself like a hen and her draperies rustled to their length. She found her lorgnettes and surveyed (so to speak) the absent men-servants with blank misgivings. A maid advanced for her jewel-case, but Mrs. Devereux, shutting her eyes, said, "Thanks, I carry it," and pressed it to her bosom. A butler would have had it. Meantime, Mrs. Wilmot, a hand to each cavalier, was descending from the omnibus. She was a pretty, bedraped lady, with wide, blue, Greuze eyes and soft lips, always wet and mostly apart. She murmured, "How kind you are to me," and looked it from Ingram to Chevenix. Ingram said nothing, but Chevenix dropped down his brisk. "By Jove, Mrs. Wilmot, that's nothing to what I *could* do for you—nothing at all." And then they turned to the house.

When Miss Percival, looking frailer than she really was because of her black gown—fairer that is and paler, entered the hall, she found the party at a loose end. Mr. Chevenix was in a deep chair, turning over Bradshaw and whistling softly to himself. Ingram, hands in pockets, was deprecating the portraits of his ancestors to the two ladies, who were not at all interested in them. He appeared to be considerably bored by his guests and they to be aware of it. Miss Percival's arrival was timely if only because she effectively chased out *ennui*. Chevenix, as if he had been waiting for her, jumped up and went to meet her. He shook hands. "Hulloa, Sancie!" he was heard distinctly to say. "By Jove, I *am* glad to see you again." The latter sentence was not quite audible, but sufficiently so to send Mrs. Devereux's lorgnettes up to her nose. Miss Percival herself, receiving civilities as if born to them, impelled her to keep them there. She had appeared silently and suddenly, out of the blue. And now she hovered, smiling, fair and unconcerned, like a goddess out of a chariot come to deal judgment, and listened charitably to Mr. Chevenix. How odd! How more than odd! Mrs. Wilmot looked as if her eyes were full of tears, but let nothing escape her. As for Ingram, he greeted the apparition with a smile and a nod sideways. But Mrs. Devereux could have sworn to a scare in the eye. "How are you, Sanchia?" he said; and then to his guests, "Miss Percival will show you where you all are, if you'll—Dinner's at half-past eight, I believe. At least, it always used to be; but I've been away for a year, and they may have changed all that. Have you, by the way?" he asked, with a sudden turn to Miss Percival.

She looked calmly at him. "No. It's still at half-past eight," she said. He lit his cigarette.

"Will you show these ladies their rooms?" he required of her, adding as an afterthought, "Mrs. Devereux, Mrs. Wilmot. Mrs. Wilmot has a maid somewhere."

It was a quasi-introduction, awkwardly done. Miss Percival gravely bowed, and all might have been well had not her gentle smile persisted. The baffling quality of this, the archaic enigma of it, made Mrs. Wilmot stare at her helplessly with brimming blue eyes. It made Mrs. Devereux shiver. It was she, however, who accepted the inclination of the head. "Good-evening to you," she said. The housekeeper! This—person! The pair of them followed her upstairs, Mrs. Devereux marching before, like one of the old *régime* to the guillotine, Mrs. Wilmot trailing in her wake.

Young Chevenix, when they had disappeared, returned with a grin to his Bradshaw. "No change from Sanchia," he said; and, "Let's see: *Birmingham depart* 4.45. By Gad, that's a good train. No," he resumed. "No change out of Sancie. How long is it since you were here, Nevile?"

Ingram was staring blankly out of the window. "I think a year. I don't know. You went out with me to Brindisi, I believe, and that was April, and so's this—just. So you can work it out. D' you want me to fix you up? You're in the east wing, you know—I expect you are, anyhow. Where you were before."

"Right," said Chevenix; "right. Only we're none of us where we were before, my boy. Don't flatter yourself." He shut Bradshaw with a bang, and went off, sing-

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ing softly, to a tune of his own, "No change, no change from Sanchia," which he turned into "Who is Sanchia, what is she? That all our swains . . . ?"

Miss Percival, having played the exact and perfect housekeeper above—with no apparent interest in life but submergence in her duties—returned to the ground floor and sought Minnie in the dining-room. She made her survey calmly, and gave such orders as pertained in smooth tones which could not jar. She seemed to consult where she really directed. "Shall we have the *épergne?* I think we will, don't you? Yes. It's a grand occasion. I don't think we have ever had ladies at Wanless before." An admission which staggered Minnie. Her "Oh, yes, Miss Percival," or "Oh, no, Miss Percival," were appreciative and good to hear.

She was butler, we find, as well as housekeeper; for as she stood there, meditating the table, Ingram came in, in a hurry, with ideas about wine. He gave them out in jerks, without looking at her. Sherry, of course, a hock, Lafite. No champagne: it's beastly unless you are tired. Oh, and old brandy—the very old. Nothing of the sort to be had in India. The climate kills it. He stood very close to her as he spoke. When he remembered the brandy he put his hand on her shoulder, and finding it there, kept it so. Minnie presently went out of the room upon affairs, and then he looked into her face and said in a new tone: "How are you, Sancie?" He let his hand slide down, encircled her waist lightly with his arm. She gave him her gray eyes and a slow, patient smile. "I am quite well," she said. "Are you?" Ingram, watching her still, seemed disconcerted, as if he wanted to say or do more, but couldn't for some reason. What he did was to remove his hand quickly and thrust it into his trouser pocket. It might have been suddenly stung, judging from his way of whipping it away. "Oh, I'm all right, of course. I must go and dress, I suppose." A year is a long time for an absence. In the doorway he stopped and looked back, a last look. "Supper in my room, you know. We'll talk." She held to her mysteries and he went.

Dinner passed gayly, Miss Percival away. Ingram was loquacious, though rather caustic; Chevenix a good foil, easy-tempered, always at a run, a very fair marksman for all his random shooting. His was that happy disposition which finds Nature at large, including men, as precisely there for his amusement. He relished, never failed to relish, the works of God. But then he had perfect health. Mrs. Devereux was something of a grandee, though not quite so much of one as she suspected. Her white hair towered; she wore black velvet and diamonds. Mrs. Wilmot was very much of a pretty woman, and knew to the turn of a hair how much. She had the air of a spoiled child, which became her; was golden and rosy, could pout; had dark blue eyes, which she could cloud at will and fill, as we know, with tears. She excelled in pathetic silences, to which her parted lips gave an air of being breathless. She was beautifully dressed in cloudy, filmy things, and had a soft, slight, drooping figure. Innocence was her *forte:* her rings were superb.

One odd thing was noticeable and noticed intensely by Chevenix: that Ingram hardly ate anything, though he pretended to a hearty meal. It came, Chevenix saw, to dry toast and three glasses of wine, practically. But he made great play with knife and fork and talked incessantly. He revealed himself at every turn of his monologue—for it came to be a monologue—as one of those men whose motives are so transparently reasonable to themselves that they need never be at the trouble to explain or defend any act of theirs. He was witty, though occasionally brutal, as when he spoke of a dragoman he had had in Egypt whose defence of his *harem* had cost him his place. This man, a cultivated Persian, had proposed hospitality to his patron in Alexandria where he lived. Accepted, he had made a great supper for Ingram, invited his friends and acquaintances, procured musicians and dancing-girls. It was magnificent, Ingram allowed. The trouble came afterwards, when the native guests had gone their ways and patron and host were together. Ingram proposed a visit to the ladies—"the civil thing, it appeared to me. But no, if you please. Mirza turned very glum, pronounced it not the custom; I must excuse him, he says. But I say, Will they excuse *me*, my good man? He makes a sour face, so of course I know that they won't, and that he knows they won't. Then he marches away upon some errand or another, and

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when he comes back finds me tapping at a door. You never saw such a change in a chap; upon my soul, it was worth it. He went white, he went gray, he went livid. His eyes were like stars. No, I'm wrong. They were not. They were like the flaming sword which kept Adam and Eve out of the garden. Magnificent police arrangements in Eden, they had. I heard his breath whistle through his nose like the wind at a key-hole. He says, "You mistake, sir. You forget. Or do I deserve to be insulted?" I told him that I was the insulted person in the party, and the ladies came next. I swear I heard a chuckle behind the door. That I swear to."

Chevenix, round-eyed and staring, was heard to mutter, "Good old Nevile! Well, I'll be shot—" Ingram cut short his tale.

"I can't go into what followed. Much of it was irrelevant, all of it was preposterous. It ended by Mirza directing me to the nearest hotel, in perfect English. The crosser he got, the better his English. That's odd, you know. Of course, I chucked the chap. He lost a soft billet."

There were no comments from the auditory, save such as Mrs. Wilmot's eyes may have afforded. She sighed and laid her hand for one moment, caressingly, upon her neck. Her rings were certainly superb.

The dessert being on the table, Minnie served the old brandy and retired. Ingram drank of it freely, and began his cigarette the moment that the coffee and spirit-flame appeared. The ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and Mrs. Wilmot sought the piano. But two chords had not been touched before her eyes sought those of Mrs. Devereux, who stood by the fire. Eyebrows exchanged signals.

Then Mrs. Devereux said: "I am most uncomfortable," and Mrs. Wilmot sighed, "I know."

IV

The quiet cause of discomfort, slippered and loose-robed, sat, meanwhile, in an easy-chair, with her feet on the fender. Her hair floated free about her shoulders, silky from the brush. She had a book on her knees, but did not read it. Instead, she looked into the fire, frowning.

Faint lines now printed themselves upon her face: two between her brows, one defining the round of each fair cheek. Her eyes showed fathomless sapphire; whatever her thoughts were of, they held the secret close. Their gaze was one of fascination, as if she saw things in the fire terrible and strange, figures of the past or of the future, from which she could not turn her face. The curve of her upper lip where it lay along its fellow and made a dimpled end, sharpened and grew bleak. Poring and smiling into the fire, she looked like a Sibyl envisaging the fate of men, not concerned in it, yet absorbed, interested in the play, not at all in the persons. The friend of Mrs. Benson, the midnight mate of young gardeners, disturber of high ladies' comfort, serene controller of Wanless—she was, it would seem, all things to all men, as men could take her. But now she had the fell look of a cat, the long, sleek, cruel smile, the staring and avid eyes. A cat she might be, playing with her own beating heart, patting it, watching its throbs.

These moments of witchcraft gazing were not many. They had been deliberately begun and were deliberately done with. Within their span her cares were faced and co-ordinated; and the business over, she sighed and sank more snugly into her chair. She leaned back; her hands crossed themselves on her lap; she shut her eyes. All the lines upon her face softened, melted away. She looked now like an Oread aswoon in the mid-day heats, pure of thought or dread or memory. Her bosom below her laces rose and fell gently. She slept.

Outside in the gusty dark was one who padded up and down the grass on noiseless feet, passing and repassing the window, with an eye for the narrow chink of light.

She slept for a very short time. Towards ten o'clock she awoke. Collecting herself luxuriously, she was seen to face her facts again. Evidently they held her eyes waking; they were dreadfully there, still unresolved or still unpalatable. Before them now she plainly quailed. The flush of her sleep gave delicacy to her carven beauty; she looked fragile and tremulous; it would seem that a little more pity of herself would bring her to tears. As if she knew it, she took her measures, rose abruptly, and, after two turns about the room, went to a safe, opened it, and plunged herself into the ledger-book which she took from it. Upon that and a

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cash-box—with certain involuntary pauses, in which her eyes concentrated and stared—she remained closely engaged until half-past eleven.

At that hour, having ascertained it, she put by her work, went into her bedroom, and began a deliberate and careful toilet. She was pale, serious, and evidently rather scared at herself; she lifted her eyebrows and opened wide her eyes. But she did what she had to do as daintily as ever Amina in the Arab tale fingered her rice. A person of great simplicity, who did extraordinary things in an ordinary way, at the hour when all Wanless was going to bed, she brushed and banded her shining hair, and dressed herself in silk and lace as for a dinner-party. To herself in the glass she gave and received again a face of pure pity and sorrow. She saw herself lovely and love-worthy, sleek under the caress of her own beauty. Yet she knew exactly what she was about to do and how she would do it, and did not falter at all.

At a quarter past twelve her summons came—a knock at the door, the turning of the handle, the push to open, and Ingram's voice. "Come along, Sancie," he said, and went away without any more ceremony. She got up from her chair, put her book down, having marked her place, and followed him after a few minutes' meditation. Ingram's quarters were on the ground floor of the house, as hers were, but in the opposite wing. She had two rooms in the western arm of the E; the whole of the eastern was his.

He was at table, when she came in and shut the door behind her—at a table fairly naped, with fine glass, silver, and flowers upon it. There was hothouse fruit, too: a melon, a little pyramid of strawberries in fig-leaves. He was eating smoked salmon and bread and butter with appetite. By his side, half empty, was a champagne glass. A pint bottle stood at his elbow.

He hailed her gayly with a jerk of his head, a "Come along," and a lifted glass. Leaning back as she came on, watching and waiting for her, he stretched out his left arm. She smiled rather conventionally, did not meet his eyes, but came within reach. His arm encircled her and drew her in. "Well, my girl, well!" he said, glancing up, laughing, tempting her to laugh. She looked down gently, blushing a little, and condescended to him, stooped and brushed his forehead with her lips. Condescension expresses her act. It was exactly done as one would humor an importunate child, excuse its childishness, and grant it its desire of the moment.

So it must have been felt by him, for there was a sharp, short tussle of wills. She would have had him contented but he was not so to be contented. There was a little struggle, much silent entreaty from him, much consideration from her above him—her doubting, judging, discriminating eyes; her smile, half tender and half simple; but in the end he kissed her lips the more ardently for their withholding. Then he allowed her to sit by the table, not far off, and resumed his smoked salmon and his zest. She declined to share the meal; was neither hungry nor thirsty she said. "Have your own way, my dear," he concluded the match; "you'll feel all the better for it, I know." She cupped her chin in her hand, and watched the play of knife and fork, her thoughts elsewhere.

"Now, Sancie," he said presently in his usual direct manner, "how long is it since I've seen you?"

She answered at once, without looking up, "A year and ten days."

He shook his head. "That's too long. That's absurd. I don't like that kind of thing—as a man domestically inclined. But I've been a devil of a way. I wrote to you—from where?"

"From Singapore," she told him.

"So I did. I remember. But I went to Egypt before that. First-rate place, Egypt. I know it well, but am always glad to be there. Fine river of its own. We went to Khartoum and two marches beyond. Then Singapore and the Straits—Burmah, Ceylon; then India. Didn't I write to you from India?"

"Yes," she told him. She was balancing a salt-spoon idly on a wine-glass and seemed scarcely to listen. He rattled on.

"Had great days in India. Shooting, fishing, pig-spearing; polo, dances, rajahs, pretty women, pow-wows of sorts, and a chance of a fight. All in a year, my friend—I beg your pardon—and ten days. Quick work, eh? One crowded year of glorious life. A cycle of Cathay."

She was looking at her salt-spoon, stretched beyond her the length of her arm. "I'm sure you were very happy."

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He looked at her directly. "Oh, I was, you know. Otherwise, I guess I should have written. I was idiotically happy. And you?"

"I was busy," she told him, "idiotically busy." He laughed lightly.

"That's one for me—and a shrewd one. Oh, you deep-eyed scamp! Sancie, you never give yourself away. I've noticed that many and many a time. And not I only, I can assure you. Bill Chevenix, now——"

Her thoughts, her regard, were far away from a world of Ingrams and Chevenixes. She may have heard, but she gave no sign. He rattled on.

"Oh, you're splendid, of course you're splendid. The comfort of you! I go off to the ends of the world—without a care left behind me—or taken with me, by Jove! No bothers, no worry—letters opened, the right ones, answered and done with. Letters forwarded, the right ones, unopened. How you can guess—it beats me! No worry. You don't ask me to write to you—or expect it. You don't write to me—and *I* don't expect it. You know me just as I know you. There's a confidence, a certainty about you. That's what's so splendid. There can't be a girl in the world like you." He clasped her in triumph. "My Sancie! Back I come at the end of my time, and everything's in apple-pie order. And, to crown all, there's you at the door to welcome me—and wait your turn—and wait your turn. Always the same—my wise, fine Sanchia!" He leaned forward, picked up, and held her hand. "My dear, I love you," he said, and jumped up and kissed her. Then, as he stood above her, the triumphant young man, with the hand of possession on her shoulder, "Upon my word," he declared to the assembled universe, "this is a very satisfactory world, so far as I am concerned."

When he was seated again and had invited her to talk domestic affairs, she returned from her reverie and gathered in all her self-possession. The estate, the household, the parish, the county: there was no mistaking his interest in these matters. He was interested in the smallest particulars: her broods of young chicks, her pigeons, the tabby-cat's kittens, the rector's baby. He asked searching questions. How many cows were in milk just now; when would Menzies have asparagus fit to eat? The servants—was all well there? Their young men? Nothing escaped him. She was quite ready for him, took a dry tone, showed a slight sense of the humor of the situation, descended to trifles, had statistics at her fingers' ends. She met him, in a word, as he wished to be met, as jointly concerned in these minute affairs.

He lit a cigar and drew her to the fire. He would have had her on his knee, but she would not. She sat on a straight chair beside his easy one, and allowed him to play with her hand.

He talked now in jerks, between puffs, of his adventures: his first shot at a tiger, some trouble with hillmen at Peshawur, a row at a mess-table, in which two chaps lost their heads, and one his papers. He had been present as a guest, but had kept well in the background. There had been a lot of drinking done—luckily he was all right. He had a good head, you see; could carry a lot of stuff.

He had, by the way, "picked up" that little Mrs. Wilmot on board ship. She was coming home in the convoy of Mrs. Devereux. Of course, he had known Mrs. Devereux for years; she was an institution. The little Wilmot person was a widow, it seemed. Niceish sort of young woman; knew the Trenchards up here, was a kind of cousin of Lady Trenchard's. In fact, she was going on to them from here; but not due for a week or so. She had, you might say, asked to be asked or spelled for it out of those eyes of hers. You get awfully friendly on board ship, you must know. You can say anything—and do most things—oh, all sorts of things! He had no objection—to her coming, he meant; indeed, he rather liked the young party. He thought Chevenix did too. But Chevenix was very much at Sanchia's disposal: "he talked a lot about seeing you again, my girl." To meet him again might carry her mind back—how long? Eight stricken years. Was it possible that she—he and she—had been here together eight years? Yes, he could see that she remembered. Dear, sweet Sancie!

There was bravado here on his part, and nervousness to be discerned beneath it; for it is most certain that her reverie was not exactly as he would have it. Her chin was in her hand, her caught other hand lay idle in his own; her eyes were far-gazing and sombre; her smile was bleak. Whatever

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she heard, whatever she thought of, she betrayed nothing.

Her brooding calm spurred him in that sensitive spot whose throb or ache tells a man whether he is centre of a woman's mind or not. He must know whether she was glad to have him back: the Wanderer Returned, eh? She had not told him so yet, he must observe; no, nor looked it. She was mysterious, it seemed to him. "And you can speak with your eyes, my dear; none better. Your tongue was never very loose; but your eyes! Now, you know what you can do with them, Sancie; you know very well. Speak to me, then, my dear, speak to me. Speak to me only with thine . . . no, not *only!* You can speak in a thousand ways—with your hands, with the tips of your fingers placed here or there, with a bend of the head on that lovely neck you have, with your faint color, with your quick breath. . . ."

Fired by his own words, he worked himself into enthusiasm, was enamored of what himself proclaimed. "My beautiful—my goddess!" he called her, and drew her to his heart.

And she allowed him, allowed herself to be pressed there, while within her the dull fire smouldered, and the deep, slow resentment gathered like clouds about the sun. But he held her face now between his two hands and forced to meet his own her unresponsive eyes; and when with ardor he had kissed her grave lips, the flippancy of a fool ruined him, and his triumph was flattened into dust, as when one crushes a puff-ball.

He suddenly held her at arms' length as he was struck by an idea. "Oh. by the way, I forgot," he said, and looked vaguely across the room. "Claire is dead."

Sanchia's eyes concentrated and paled. The pupils of them were specks. She paled to the lips, then slowly flooded as with a tide of sanguine. She withdrew herself from him; simply dropped him off her. She said nothing, but she watched him steadily, while within her the masked fire gleamed and fitfully leaped.

Bravado made him hold on to his airy tone. "She died, I'm told, at Messina, some time in March. I heard it at Marseilles. Met a man who told me. Yes! She's dead —and buried."

Sanchia had nothing to say. She looked, however, towards the door—and he detected that. Her silence spread about the room, caught him and enveloped him. That she was calculating how long it would be before she could escape by that door was absolutely clear, and the frost of her silence struck down upon him so that he could not gainsay her purpose. He paused irresolute, glancing askance at her directed eyes. Then he gave in, left her, opened the door for her. She went out, folded in her own mystery; but as she went by him he caught up her hand and kissed the fingers. They were very cold and made him shiver.

"Good-night, my dear," he said, all his dash gone out of him.

She said good-night very simply and went away. He looked after her until she had turned the corridor, then went to the table and poured himself brandy and soda-water, drank deeply, and set down the tumbler with a crash. "By God! I am a fool!" he told himself.

From the garden that narrow chink of light which shone through Ingram's shutter was seen to collapse by one who watched it. Shortly afterwards, that same haunter of the dark saw a shining slit part the shutters of a window in the west wing, and sighed short and quick. He returned to prowl among the secret flowers.

(To be continued.)

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PASA THALASSA THALASSA

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"The sea is everywhere the sea"

I

Gone—faded out of the story, the sea-faring friend I remember?
Gone for a decade, they say: never a word or a sign.
Gone with his hard red face that only his laughter could wrinkle,
Down where men go to be still, by the old way of the sea.

Never again will he come, with rings in his ears like a pirate,
Back to be living and seen, here with his roses and vines;
Here where the tenants are shadows and echoes of years uneventful,
Memory meets the event, told from afar by the sea.

Smoke that floated and rolled in the twilight away from the chimney
Floats and rolls no more. Wheeling and falling, instead,
Down with a twittering flash go the smooth and inscrutable swallows,
Down to the place made theirs by the cold work of the sea.

Roses have had their day, and the dusk is on yarrow and wormwood—
Dusk that is over the grass, drenched with memorial dew;
Trellises lie like bones in a ruin that once was a garden,
Swallows have lingered and ceased, shadows and echoes are all.

II

Where is he lying to-night, as I turn away down to the valley,
Down where the lamps of men tell me the streets are alive?
Where shall I ask, and of whom, in the town or on land or on water,
News of a time and a place buried alike and with him?

Few now remain who may care, nor may they be wiser for caring,
Where or what manner the doom, whether by day or by night;
Whether in Indian deeps or on flood-laden fields of Atlantis,
Or by the roaring Horn, shrouded in silence he lies.

Few now remain who return by the weed-weary path to his cottage,
Drawn by the scene as it was,—met by the chill and the change;
Few are alive who report, and few are alive who remember,
More of him now than a name carved somewhere on the sea.

"Where is he lying?" I ask, and the lights in the valley are nearer;
Down to the streets I go, down to the murmur of men.
Down to the roar of the sea in a ship may be well for another—
Down where he lies to-night, silent, and under the storms.

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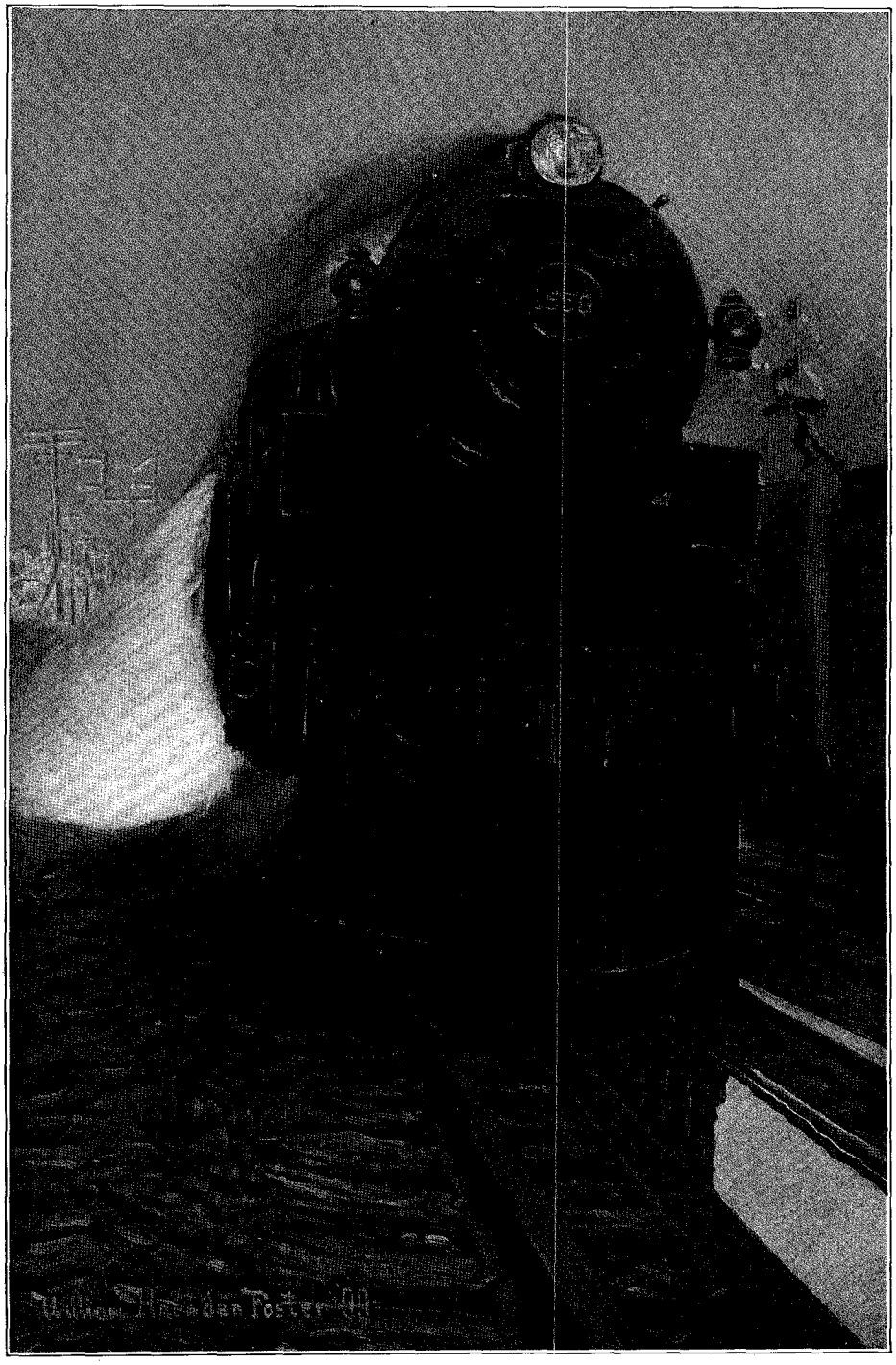

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

Scooping water.

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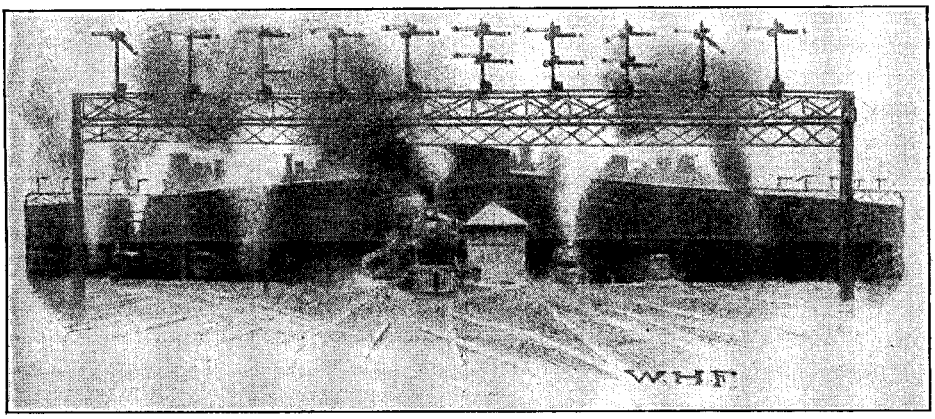

ALL IN A DAY'S RUN

By William Harnden Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE yardful of locomotives lay for the most part silent, except for the sputtering of an uncertain safety-valve or the occasional clanging of a bell as an engine moved drowsily forward in the afternoon sun to the "water-plug" or coal-chute. Some engines had gangs of greasy wipers polishing cross-head or side-rod. A big H 18 stood over the ash-pit while a grimy man crawled between her drivers and banged and poked away at her ash-pan, amid clouds of steam and hot cinders.

As I moved down the line of iron steeds purring contentedly, I came upon the engine I was looking for, No. 8000, a big Atlantic-type flyer, and crouched upon the connecting-rod and probing into her link motion with a long-nosed oil-can was Windy, one of the crack runners of the road—Windy, the man who takes eleven Pullmans ninety-six miles in an hour and forty-six minutes.

He got down and came back to the gangway.

"Climb up," he said, looking at his watch; "we'll have to be going in a minute or two."

I climbed up and found the fireman sprinkling down the coal.

"Goin' down the line with us?" he asked.

I told him I was.

"Only my second trip in this train," he said; "bid the job off last week. This mill steams like a fire-engine, though, so I guess we'll get there all right."

Windy took his oil-cans and went over to the round-house for his allowance of oil for the run, while the fireman turned his attention to the fire. The safety-valve sputtered and then popped with a roar. The fireman left the fire-box door open and came and looked out the gangway. A little, slim old man with a ragged jumper and a dirty golf-cap, and who needed a shave sorely, was carrying half a bucketful of rivets over to a turn-table that was being repaired.

"Hello, Daddy," shouted the fireman.

Daddy waved a jet-black hand.

"That's Daddy," explained the fireman; "he's a peach. Nobody'd ever think he was one of the oldest engineers on the Road, would they? Yes, set up in '69—been running ever since. Good man, too—everybody likes Daddy; but he does look like a hobo, don't he? He's always working around at some odd job like that. Other day some of the fellers over to the other house sent over a bundle of overalls for him. They addressed it, 'For Daddy, the man that digs cellars daytimes and runs a Trilby nights.' Hasn't any watch, either," continued the fireman;

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"at inspection he gets one of his boys'—they're all trainmen."

"Daddy's somethin' of a sport too. Other day he raced Humpty clear to Tower G. Him runnin' local, and Humpty had one of the through sections. Daddy stuck just the same, but I don't believe either of 'em had mor'n a grate left when they got there."

Just then Windy set his oil-cans on the shelf and climbed up.

"Well, let's be moving," said he. "Have to take the Y now, while Daddy builds us a new turn-table."

He lighted his pipe, glanced out of the window, dropped the reverse lever down into the corner, and reached for the throttle. The fireman gave the bell-rope a pull, and soon, with her connecting-rods clanking and her seventy-six-inch drivers banging over rattling switches, the 8000 swung through the lines of locomotives. As we would go by an engine, her driver would wave to Windy from the cab or from beside the drivers, and shout something and grin. Now we were on a track about at right angles to the one on which I had found the 8000. With a groan of the brake-shoes she stopped just beyond a switch, guarded by a dwarf signal.

"All right," said the fireman as he gave the bell-rope another pull.

The reverse lever came over. Windy leaned out of the window, and soon we were rattling and booming out on the main line. Under bridges we swept and through short tunnels, in which the exhaust of the engine sounded hollow and uncanny. Apartment houses flanked the track on either side. Then we charged into a long tunnel in which the smoke and steam filled the cab and obscured the view ahead.

"All right," said the fireman as soon as the first glimpse of daylight showed ahead.

"All right," responded Windy.

"All right on the next one," said the fireman.

"All right," said Windy.

Then the 8000 hit the ladder and went diagonally across the maze of tracks that are the approach to the big terminal, the crew recording signals at intervals. We passed by the big tower, met suburban trains coming out, and went in by the River Division Flyer, waiting for the signal. Then with clanging bell the 8000 backed down on the blind baggage of the train that stood waiting and which the passengers were already boarding.

A man with a hammer made the coupling, and soon the little whistle beside the engineer's seat sounded shrilly. Windy applied the brakes. It whistled again, and he released them. Then he got down and, with his oil-can and wrench, went around the 8000 to put on the finishing touches before the run.

Soon the conductor came up, and, after a comparison of watches, Windy went up on the front of the engine to change the train numbers in the headlight. Then they stood talking until the signal dropped at the end of the train-shed.

"Trot along, Windy," said the conductor as he started back toward the first vestibule. Windy climbed the steps, and the 8000 started ahead, shooting up heavy-artillery exhausts that swirled and churned in the roof of the train-shed.

The throttle came open a little wider and the reverse lever came up a little nearer the centre. Now the 8000 was rattling over switches and under signal-bridges at a merry rate.

As we got out of the yard limit the fireman got down.

"You can have the seat all to yourself now," he said; "I've got something else to do."

Then he opened the fire-box and began to apply that science of keeping up steam on a heavy, fast train. Just then we overtook a freight pulling slowly out on the next track. We tore by the caboose and along the line of jolting cars. Apparently they might well have been standing still or even going backward. Then we came to the engine—a big compounder. The fireman stepped to the gangway.

"Come on," he yelled; but we were by, and only got an answering grin. Still we could hear the exhaust of the compound above the roar of our own engine. Windy nodded toward the freight.

"I can't help it; I can't help it; I can't help it," he shouted, in imitation of the accented first and even three exhausts of the freight engine.

We were now several miles out and travelling at a fifty-mile gait. The big 8000 rocked and swayed as she banged over switches and lurched around curves, her

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Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

A race.

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exhaust coming in a steady roar. The crew for the most part paid strict attention to business. The fireman danced between tender and fire-box, stopping now and then to glance ahead. Windy had lighted his pipe again, and was now settled down to watch the signals and switches that fled by

shut the fire-box door, and climbed up on the seat behind me.

"This don't happen many times on this division," he said; "five miles right down-hill now, and they'll run just as fast as you want 'em to without any steam. Have to fight 'em from running too fast most always."

Began to apply that science of keeping up steam.

in rapid succession, occasionally shifting the reverse lever a notch one way or the other or to regulate the throttle a trifle. Now and then he would wave to a crossing-tender or a tower man along the road, and often he would indicate something along the line by a jerk of his thumb, and shout something over to me—something that I could not hear.

Being well out of the suburban towns, Windy caused the 8000 to "pound the joints," as the fireman called making speed. Suddenly Windy, who had been riding with his left hand resting loosely over the top of the reverse lever, and his right firmly grasping the window-frame, reached over and shut off. There being no scheduled stop thereabouts, I looked ahead for the cause. The train was on a big curve, and was running smoothly and fast. The fireman looked up, gave the fire a little repairing,

Our speed kept increasing until I felt sure that the fireman's statements were true. We crashed over switches that sounded loose, and shot through towns that were a confusion of buildings along the track, and a glimpse of a square with electric cars in it. Then out through open fields again and over hollow-sounding bridges.

"Like shooting the chutes, isn't it?—only fun we have on this run," said the fireman in my ear. Windy began to apply the brakes gently and at intervals; but still the 8000 tore along, rolling and pitching. It was hard work sticking on the smooth leather seat, and I clung to the window desperately. Windy looked over and motioned for me to take a seat behind him.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

I liked it all right, and asked him how fast we were going.

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Windy.

"Fast!" he repeated. "We're not going very fast."

I raised no argument, but felt that there must be some mistake.

Windy applied the brake from time to time so that our speed did not seem to increase.

He hung out of the window and the engineer's valve hissed at intervals. Then the engine listed to one side, and there came a series of lurches and bangings as we struck the curve at the foot of the hill.

"There's where Duckfoot went off the iron," said Windy, pointing to the hollow at the bottom of the embankment as we swept by.

"His train ran away," he continued. "Fifty-seven loaded box-cars and refrigerators—told him when he took 'em that there was forty cars of air, so he didn't begin to touch 'em up until he got half-way down; then he couldn't hold 'em. Whole bunch went right off and landed at the bottom of the fill—engine turned bottom-side up. Killed? Duckfoot wasn't, but every one else was. Found him in the brook."

The 8000, with straight track under her drivers and the throttle open, again caused the landscape to float by rapidly. Just after going through a small town, Windy shut off and the fireman went back to lower the scoop. Soon the long, narrow troughs of water caught the reflection of the sky ahead, and there was a sound of rushing water heard in the tank. This suddenly became full, and the surplus poured off the top of the tender over the front of the blind-baggage. The scoop was raised and the roar of the exhaust recommenced.

"Never scoop water," said Windy, "but I think of the feller I saw get off the blind-baggage at the Junction one night—Irish feller, I guess—and wet—say, he was near drowned. Late in the fall, too, and cold. When we stopped he came up side o' the fire-box to get warm. "Fine night," I says "How 're you enjoyin' your ride?" "Ar," says he, shiverin', "'twas all right, but yiz went through three lakes."

Far down the track ahead could be seen a complicated net-work of track, a station, a branch train, and a crowded platform. Windy pulled a long blast on the whistle and shut off. I got down and went over to the fireman's side as we rolled into the

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Junction. With the squealing of exhausting brake-cylinders the 8000 came to a stop. Windy got down and, with oil-can and wrench, made a hurried détour of the engine. He had just reached the cab again when the conductor gave the signal, and the 8000 was again on her way. Just outside the Junction we met the East-bound express. The crews greeted each other as they passed.

"Go it, Pop," said Windy half to himself, as he reached for the whistle, "you're two minutes late."

He whistled "grade crossing," and waved to the fat man with the yellow flag in the road. Soon he whistled again on a curve through a rocky cut, and shut off the steam. His left hand rested on the air-brake until we dashed between the white fences, and then the throttle came open again.

"He always shuts off there," said the fireman. "Last spring he hit a baker-cart—killed the baker and the horse, and smashed the cart to kindling wood. They said there was cake and pie all over the engine. Never runs through there now like he used to."

"We had a close call one day at a grade crossing back in the Hill. We were about thirty yards from it and Gusty on Eighty was just the other side and coming some too. All of a sudden something brown shot out by the boiler like a big jack-rabbit—thought it was for a minute—but it was only a feller on a moter-cycle, and he was surely leanin' some."

After going through a few more small towns, over bridges, under bridges, and through isolated freight-yards, we approached the city. Now suburban trains loomed out of the gathering dusk and with a twinkle of the headlight whisked by. Signals became more numerous, and the fireman stood in the gangway and kept lookout. After going under several bridges close together, and through a short tunnel, we skimmed around a big curve and came in view of the dark, sombre train-shed in the distance, behind clouds of escaping steam and volumes of black smoke.

"All right," said the fireman.
"All right," said Windy.
"All right on W."
"All right on W."
"All right all the way in."
"All right in."

The 8000 was now rumbling into the shed, her safety-valve roaring. Within ten feet of the bumper her pilot came to a stop, the reverse lever came into the back corner, and Windy looked over and laughed.

"Well, we're here again," he said.

Soon after a switcher took our train out and we followed them a way, then swung off to the round-house. It was now quite dark, and the net-work of rails caught the reflection of a thousand lights—red, white, and green. Trains moved to and fro, and engines backed in and out with clanging bells. We left the 8000 in the hands of the hostlers and started over to the round-house. On the way we passed one of the River Division Graballs limping in on one side with a broken connecting-rod. Both Windy and the fireman hurled over some remark about crews who let their connecting-rods break.

"Every time I see a broken connecting-rod I think of one time when I was firing for Redney," said Windy. "We had the only packet you could call an express on the North Branch. One morning while we were hitting the grit through one of the small towns the side-rod on my side broke and the ends went 'round like a couple o' flails. Things happened pretty rapid just about then. First the ends would stick in the ground, cuttin' the ends off the ties, and the old engine would lift clear off the rail on that side, and then come down again, 'bang!' Then the ends came around and cleaned the side o' the engine off pretty well. I was sittin' on the seat when it broke, and near went through the roof. When I landed Redney had me, and told me to stay on—I thought we were in the ditch, and was going to jump. Well, after we tore up the track pretty much for a couple o' hundred yards, we stopped right on the crossing, and Redney he got down to view the remains. Just as he was coming around the end o' the pilot he met a fat, red-faced grocer who kept a store near the crossin'—all out o' breath. 'I seen your train comin' along,' he gasped, 'and—and all to a sudden two things on the engine begin to go round like a couple o' pin-wheels, and I knew I ought to come over and tell ye 'bout it.' 'My Gawd!' yells Redney, and chases the fat grocer all the way back into his store with a Stillson wrench. Then the grocer stuck his head out the back

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door and told Redney he didn't think he knew how to run an 'engin' anyway."

Duckfoot was what they call a fast-freight artist, and a fast-freight artist is one to be worshipfully respected. Fifty cars ninety-five miles in two hours and thirty-eight minutes. Duckfoot was about the only man who could run on that schedule, but he had it down to a science. He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little; when he could give the fireman a chance to get a good fire and just when he had to plug her. Forty miles an hour is fast time for a freight.

Duckfoot.

A switcher had given us a start out of the yard, and we were now bowling along at schedule time. Duckfoot was a big man, and as he sat with his left hand on the throttle, leaning slightly forward, he nearly filled the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the train rumbled by the bogs we could hear the frogs peeping above the noise of the train. The fireman had all he could do uphill and down. He was big, and the two men seemed in keeping with the big, ten-wheeled "Bougledagger."

We had passed through several small towns, by little, one-horse freight yards, and over numerous grade crossings. Duckfoot had whistled regularly, the deep barytone of the "Bougledagger's" chime carrying far into the still night. Just as the big engine thundered into a cut, Duckfoot whistled "grade crossing" very long and deliberately, with generous pauses between the blasts. Sure enough, there was the white fence ahead, but the fireman left the fire-box door open and stood in the gangway behind the engineer. Then, in the glare of the firelight, they both waved, and in a window a hundred yards from the track a figure waved back—a figure of a woman silhouetted against the lamplight of an interior. The fireman closed the fire-box and came over and stood behind me.

"That's Duckey's wife," he said. "The kids are abed, but they'll be out there when he goes by in the morning. She never fails him, and when he whistles that way she knows he is all right. That night he went over the banking at the bottom of Five-mile she got to the Junction and rode down on the wrecker."

Duckey had been running like a man who thoroughly knew his business. The throttle opened and closed by notches, and the reverse lever swung between centre and corner. The pop-valve was always silent, but the black hand of the steam-gauge hovered around the two-hundred mark. On several occasions he had looked back at the train.

"Somethin's hangin' back," he announced at last.

The fireman leaned out the gangway and looked back. An orange flame that flickered under a car told the story.

"Warm one 'bout twenty-five cars back," he said.

"Bad?" asked Duckey. "Well, then, let her drag, so long as this old sled will pull it. I'm not going to stop fifteen minutes side o' some brook just for one hot box. Wish they'd get some one that knew how to pack a journal right down the line."

The fast freight had just struck a long reverse curve, and from the attention the crew were paying it was evident that signals were to be expected.

"Red eye," shouted the fireman.

"Red eye," grumbled Duckfoot, and shut off.

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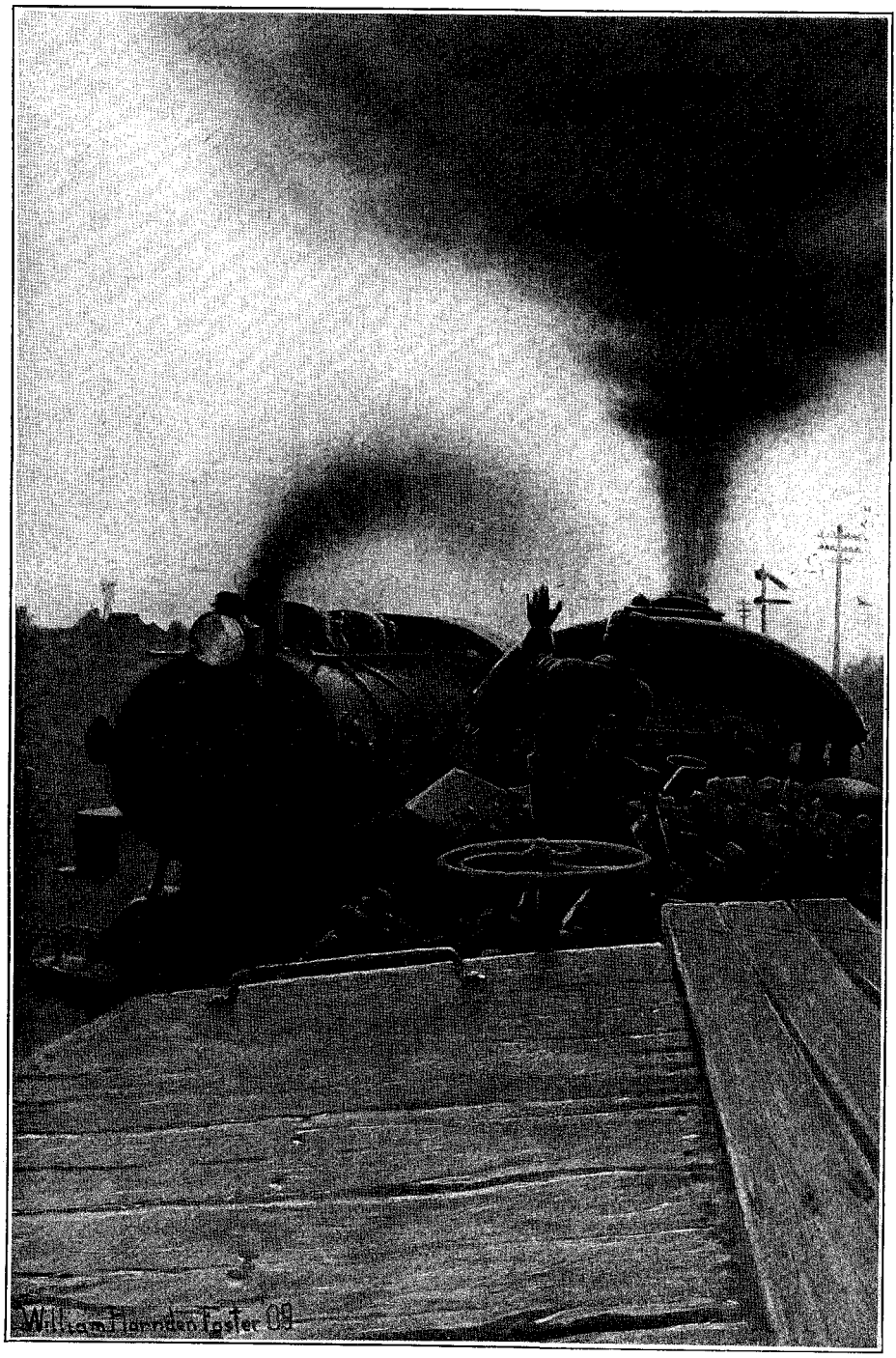

Drawn by William Harriden Foster.

Meeting the Limited.

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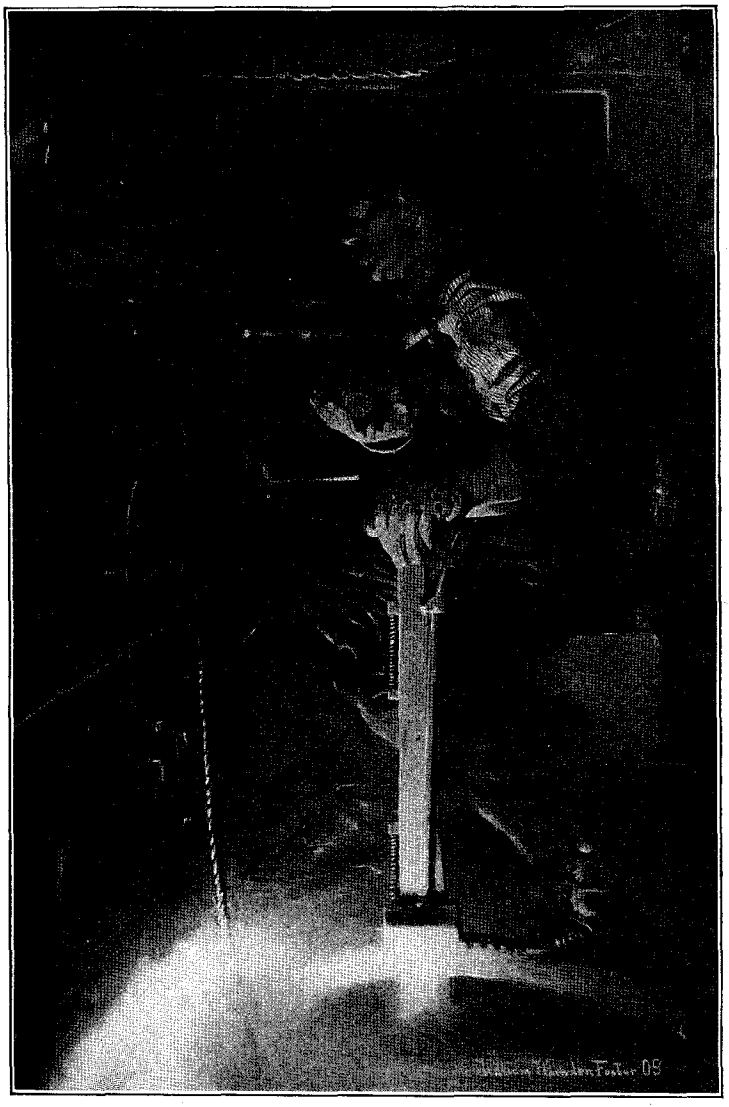

He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little.

"Too bad they can't give a man a clear line when he's runnin' a string like this on passenger time."

Duckey had the train under good control, and the offending signal was still three hundred yards' distant, when it turned white.

"All right," shouted the fireman.

"All right," answered Duckfoot.

He released the brakes gradually and made room for me on the seat behind him.

"Have to be pretty delicate about the way you handle a bunch like this. If you pinch 'em too hard at first they'll buckle. If you don't hold 'em quite hard enough, they won't fetch up for three miles. If you release too quick, they'll break apart, and if you let 'em stop dead you might just as well knock fifteen minutes off your time afore you get 'em rolling again."

Now we were "whooping it," as Duckfoot called it, along a straight track. Occasionally a switch-light or a semaphore would flicker in the darkness ahead and flash by.

"Almost there," announced Duckey after a pause, and far ahead could be seen

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the arc lights of the big freight yard and beyond it the city. Signals became more numerous, and now and then we overtook a switcher laboring along with a string of box-cars—men with lanterns walking on top. There was a rattle in the tender behind us, and the conductor slid down through the coal.

"On time again," he said. "Hope they'll have the iron ready for us. S'pose, though, some switcher 'll have the cross-over with 'bout sixty more cars than she can pull. Bum bunch o' junk down this end."

The train had now come to a groaning stop under the string of arc lights, and the forward brakeman was coming up to cut the engine off.

"This old junk 'll be goin' into the shops before long," said the fireman; "can't get steam enough now to blow your hat off."

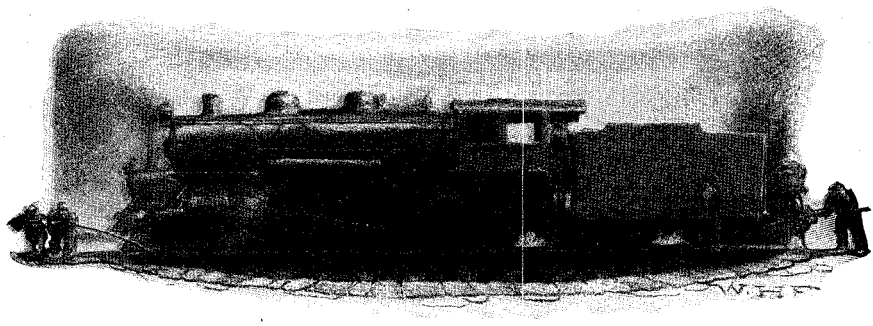
"Oh, come off!" said the conductor, as he backed down the steps; "you can't draw twenty-eight extra mileage every night and expect to fire a Trilby on the 'Loop.'"

"Move that wheezin' old coffee-pot out o' the way," yelled the forward brakeman, "so's we can get at the train."

We were soon rattling into the round-house, leaving the train to the care of a big shifter.

"That finishes us," said Duckfoot, as he shut an injector and pulled the lever into the centre. "Now for some sleep. Tell you what, railroading is a thankless job. Bad work, bad weather, and bad hours. If I were a young man again I'd never go near a locomotive. There was a time when one man was a little better'n another, and the good man got the good 'gine and the good job and kept 'em both. Now a man is just a little interchangeable piece of a big machine—works when and where they tell him to, and sleeps when he gets a chance. No credit for what he does right, but the minute he slips up a little the office hollers, 'Thirty days' or somethin'. That's the kind o' thanks you get."

I left the fast-freight artist washing off the grease at a long tank in the round-house. I went out into the dimly lighted yard, and as I passed between the line of purring, simmering locomotives the light fell on a familiar number-plate. No. 8000, sure enough; there was my acquaintance of yesterday. She did not look like the tail-truck comet of mile-a-minute pace as she stood still and solemn in the night. A torch flickered on the corner of the tank, and from the cab came the sound of the shaking of grates. They were at work grooming her for to-day's performance, a race across the stage of the Division and back, a performance in which every actor has to play his part well—and woe to him that forgets it—a performance in which every moment is dramatic and danger is real.



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THE HERMIT OF BUBBLING WATER

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

A SMALL portable house for living quarters and workshop combined, a long shed sheltering two aeroplanes, and the poles stretching a Marconi web threw their lone shadows across the Nevada desert. At this central station Danbury Rodd was in touch with substations, which spread zones of flight from the Mexican border to the Selkirks in British Columbia.

Yesterday a squall had hung the Idaho man's machine on the limbs of a scrub pine near the timber line of a peak, and the Arizona man's machine, caught by a "hot ball of wind," had turned turtle among the cacti.

"Tell them to cheer up and not to forget to mail full details of the action of the gyroscope attachment," he bade the operator. "Hello! A visitor!" he added, as his restless eye saw through the open door an object the size of a fountain-pen cap rise out of the line where the metallic, pebbly sheen of the sands and the velvet depths of the sky met.

"From the way he is riding," said Walker, the local assistant, looking through the binoculars, "it must be a case of a hurry ambulance call for an aeroplane."

Here the wireless began to sizzle with good news from the Spokane man. He had been slightly frost-bitten, but had found again the same constant wind by certain passes, which was another promise of regularity of service for the proposed two-day special fast mail route—fifty cents for an ounce—between New York and Seattle.

"Tell him he will have the new electric-heated wind shields in a few days, and he'll be as comfortable as if he were riding in a Pullman," Rodd said, and turned to a study of the big ledger of records, in which he was immersed, when he heard a skurry of hoofs before the door. A young man, in accentuated cowboy rig, threw his leg jauntily over the saddle pommel as he reined his horse skilfully to an abrupt stand-still and addressed himself to Rodd with a directness which completed the impression of haste.

"My name's Ed Kimball," he said, "and I wouldn't have come if I hadn't heard how good-natured you are. You can do me the biggest kind of a favor in a matter of life and death—but this explains."

He passed over a telegram which he extracted from the breast pocket of his blue shirt, where he had anchored it with a wadded red silk handkerchief.

"Eyes opened," Rodd read. "Sick. Want to see you while I am alive. Hurry." (Signed) "Uncle Peter."

"I don't know how to tell you, except I feel I've got to see Uncle Peter before he dies," Kimball went on, "and it's plain there's no time to be lost. He lives in the south-eastern corner of Wyoming, on a ranch he calls Bubbling Water, and it takes two days' switching back and forth by rail, and two days more on horseback to get there."

"Yes," said Rodd, mechanically, his daily trip over the Sierras in mind. He was used to ruses which had a flight in the *Falcon* as an object. The number of dying relatives who could not be reached promptly by train was astonishing.

He studied the telegram. It was written on a routine form and seemed genuine. He looked sharply into eyes which were of a mild blue, at once good-natured and frank.

"Come in," he said, leading the way past the cots of the living-room to the chart-room, where Kimball saw, on a linen-back sheet across a table-top, a section of the Rocky Mountain region in relief.

This told the story of the soundings for reefs, shallows, and drifts in a new world of travel; of the work of a pathfinder in analyzing and surveying the atmosphere. The barrier of a continent's backbone did not end with the summits of the passes which the early explorers had found for the argonauts. It rose heavenward against the westward progress of the empire of flight

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"My God! Look in there!" he cried chaotically.—Page 171.

with all the meteorological uncertainties lying between the desert regions of the plateau and the garden of the Pacific coast; with all the climatic differences of Sierra snows and burning, arid levels, of orange groves and frosty cattle ranges.

The cryptic figures in ink peppering the map—wavy with isobars and isotherms—were references to the air-movements of valley, desert, and gorge. Geometric talismans indicated the dependable, known conditions at certain altitudes, and question marks the vaster field of the unknown.

"Now, here we have south-eastern Wyoming," said Rodd, as he drew the sheet over the rollers.

He measured the distance straight across the desert to the Rockies, where the callipers moved slowly in zigzags and curves among the heights. Then he pencilled a

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loop with the desert station as its starting and finishing point.

"All right," he concluded. "I'll be ready in five minutes, and we will be there early in the afternoon, barring unforeseen weather conditions."

"Say, you're just like what I heard you were!" Kimball said demonstratively; but this testimony to the solecism of fame living up to its reputation was lost on its object, who was already out of the door, followed by Walker. Kimball stopped to dispatch a note back to Reno and to unsaddle and picket his horse.

While the rigid gossamer fabric of the *Falcon* was drawn out of the shed, Walker, a sardonic if efficient man, who knew the mining world and its characters well, had something to say about Kimball.

"Think of your dropping into old Peter Hallowell's affairs in this way!" he exclaimed. "Peter is a character. When he made a fortune at Cripple Creek it didn't mean suites in New York hotels and French tonneaus, but the right to the perfect seclusion of the plains which the purchase of five thousand acres would ensure. The only known kin he's got in the world are two nephews, and this telegram may not be very good news to George Prather."

"George Prather?" Rodd repeated, as if trying to recall where he had heard the name before. "Hasn't he one of our machines? Didn't he call on me here once when I was away?"

"Yes. Prather wasn't content with the fastest automobile on the desert, and now he has a plane down at his Long Hike Camp. He made a lot of money out of Long Hike, and, naturally, Peter rejoiced to see that one of his nephews was going to amount to something. Meanwhile, the old man had given Kimball every chance. But all Ed's tastes ran to chased gold spurs and Mexican saddles. He's known from Butte to Tucson. Among other things, he tried being an actor for a while, but they said he couldn't act as well on the stage as off it. Peter cheerfully paid Ed's bills till the upshot of his swaggering was that he killed his man down at Strongbow. Then his uncle disowned him and told him never to cross the threshold of Bubbling Water again. Some say it was cold-blooded murder. You wouldn't think it, he looks so mild. However, his friends got him off on the ground of self-defence. Since then I haven't heard much of his escapades. He seems to have disappeared from the camps."

"So, so!" mused Rodd, engrossed in his inspection. "But Uncle Peter must be a fine, sturdy sort to have no illusions on the brink of the dark waters and to be so crisp about it. I'd like to meet him. I suppose Prather is the good nephew?"

"Yes, very good," Walker proceeded, speaking out of the corner of his mouth with an extra accent of cynicism. "That Long Hike mine, which raised him so in Peter's estimation, turned his head. It set him on a mad career of extravagance and speculation. He's just as anxious to be known as the boss promoter as Kimball was to be known as the gay desperado. He's the kind that lays a thousand on the turn of a card at faro and slips his two-carat diamond ring in his pocket and talks like a bishop to a party of Eastern capitalists. They say he is in pretty deep. All his credit is staked on being his uncle's heir, and it's been generally accepted that he is to get every cent and that the old man can't last long. But there's no telling about Peter. His eyes are open, he says. What to, I wonder?"

"Kimball will soon know," said Rodd. "It grows more interesting."

"Well, maybe it does," assented Walker, grudgingly. "Still, if I were you I'd keep a lookout on this flighty gun-player. He's dead broke, and I guess it isn't affection that's hurrying him to Bubbling Water."

Kimball, radiant with the prospect of the journey and speaking his gratitude for the favor, now reappeared, a just perceptible swagger to his steps in keeping with the slant of his puncher hat over his ear; and Rodd, surveying him more critically through the glass of Walker's warning, and in light of the fact that he had killed a fellow human being, indicated the forty-four calibre revolver slung from the hip with a significant glance.

"Are you going to take that piece of hardware with you?" Rodd asked.

"It does make more weight. I never thought of that," agreed Kimball, starting to draw the holster from the belt. His readiness to part from the weapon was tinged with a shade of half-juvenile ruefulness far from sinister.

"I'm depriving my bad man of some of his artistic make-up," thought Rodd, now

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smiling over Walker's suspicions. "Its absence is as ruinous to the *ensemble* as evening dress without a tie. Never mind," he said aloud. "Bring the artillery along."

They slipped Kimball into a wind jacket, and he settled down in the seat at the aviator's side. Taking wing, the *Falcon* rose little higher than the telegraph line, which she crossed as she flew past Reno.

"Gee! I thought you went 'way up!" said Kimball. "This is like skating on stilts."

"Low when the going is best near the surface and when there's nothing to bump on," Rodd explained.

It was the easiest kind of flying—that of the first creeping efforts when the flier keeps close to mother earth. No house, no tent, no living thing was in sight, except a man and a burro. The man waved his hat, the burro turned his head, and both were lost in space over the shoulder.

In every direction the sky bounded the eternal hoar-frost of the alkali of a dead world. His course set east, with his ship in the smoothest of seas, there was time for Rodd to think of his companion. Was it really possible that this ingenuous youth, who had an indescribable charm and freshness of manner, had been guilty of manslaughter? With his gift of drawing the cork to set another's life story flowing, Rodd soon had him talking of the affair at Strongbow.

"Why, it was this way," explained Kimball, very simply. "There was a Mrs. Ryan—Mother Ryan, they called her—and she'd been in about every rush from Caribou and Dawson to Goldfields. She kept a little restaurant, and had made some money at Strongbow, and I wanted her to keep it, because she was getting old and couldn't hike out for another fortune at many more strikes. A slick fellow by the name of Hunter was trying to sell her a mine. I told her the mine was doped—as I knew it was—right before him and everybody. He called me something that made me hit him. The crowd got us apart. Of course he went gunning for me. We met in the street that same afternoon, and he fired first—yes, he did, Mr. Rodd; there's no doubt about that. Then I fired and he went down, and I got this"—he indicated a scar on the lobe of his ear—"and Mother Ryan and the boys stood by me, and there wasn't any trial," he concluded.

All the time he spoke he was looking at Rodd so straightforwardly that no judge in camera could have well refused to accept every word as the truth.

"And Uncle Peter?" suggested Rodd.

Kimball's fathomable, clear eyes lighted with affection in his account of the hermit allowing the interest on his fortune to accumulate, while he saw no one except the ranch boss who lived several miles away and came every day to bring the mail and any supplies that were needed.

"Uncle Peter turned on me when he heard about the Strongbow affair. It didn't make any difference that back in the early California days he had killed a man himself. And what he said to me when he ordered me out of his house hurt. I went right off into the mountains looking for a strike, and I'd just got back to Reno when I got his telegram. I don't expect any of his fortune. That will all go to Prather—and I don't need it, I guess. Look at that, will you! There's something I want Uncle Peter to see." He fished from his pocket a piece of rock in which gleamed specks of free gold. "Two hundred a ton, and mine! And I'm going to develop it myself, little by little, taking my ore for capital."

"I should think you would," Rodd assented.

"I've been wild as the wildest, I guess," he went on, emphatically, "and at times I've pawned everything except my saddle and spurs. I never would let them go, especially that pair of spurs—there's not their equal in the South-west. I'm not mean enough, I hope, to be thinking of money when Uncle Peter's dying. What I want is to tell him I've been right out in the open, away from the camps, playing the game as he used to play it, and to prove that I've made good. I ain't laid a dollar on the wheel for four months, and I want him to forgive me—to feel that I'm not so bad as he thought I was, and to know I'm going to live down my reputation—which is a pretty big job, I guess. And I tell you, Mr. Rodd, I'll never forget your kindness."

"Walker is a good aviator, but he's a misanthrope about human character," thought Rodd. "It's love of color and display and budding manhood—and (thinking of the quartz) a prodigal who is coming home with his own veal."

The piled masses of the mountains were

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developing from shadowy, misty forms to definite outline, and their bases, set in the nimbus of the horizon, were broadening and sinking. Rodd seemed bent on going over the wall rather than through any gate. Pointing straight for the top of the first mighty outpost of the range, the *Falcon* rose on an apron of wind, with the inclination of the shelf. The steadily swinging needle of the aerostat noted an altitude of three thousand six hundred when Rodd lowered the guiding planes and began circling the mountain, as if his plan were to girdle it.

"You spoke of skating—watch this, if we catch that breeze I'm looking for," he said.

What Rodd called a breeze was a gale. As they passed out of an eddy around a rib into the funnel where it blew, it sent the *Falcon* aquiver like a sheet of paper tossed out of the window into the wind, and bore her on at incalculable speed through a gap whose sides melted into vast hangings of streaky gray.

"Oh! Great, great!" exclaimed Kimball. "I like them near like that," he added, leaning out as they flashed by a jutting granite elbow. Rodd saw in his face the light of a never-care fearlessness of which the heroes of charges are made.

They slipped over the tops of ridges, to look down on gorges where white-plumed cascades sparkled in the shadows; crept at times against adverse currents; rounded whirlpools; cut their way through the atmospheric strata of dead spaces as a knife cuts its way through a layer cake; hovered over melting snow to get their bearings; and, tacking this way and that, both aided and retarded by undertows and overtows, they rose to their greatest height to avoid the upward adverse draw of the warm air from the levels, when the plateau of Wyoming lay before the eye, a dim carpet of even green tone, rolling in long swells like some storm-weary sea.

As they glided through the lower altitudes in a broad circle, Kimball pointed out a small, white-painted, single-story ranch house surrounded by young poplars.

"There isn't much room to land in the yard," said he. "You can drop outside the grove and I'll run on ahead, because Uncle Peter's so eccentric I'd like to see him alone first. After our last meeting that telegram does seem almost too good to be true."

"Oh, no. I was aiming for the yard already," Rodd answered. "We'll do it nicely."

He took the pleasure of an expert helmsman in skilfully warping the *Falcon* downward toward that small sanded space which was swept as clean as a retired Maine shipmaster's lawn. The name of Bubbling Water was evidently taken from the flowing spring in the centre of a weedless little garden, where the tomatoes were showing red against the dark green of the trellised vines. Over the door, which was open, ran a climbing rose. A cat sat blinking on the step. But there was no sign of human life in response to the warning hum of the *Falcon's* cylinders or the settling shadow of her wings.

Rodd felt the oppression of the silence. He did not remember ever having dropped in front of any except a deserted house without eyes turned upward in curiosity if not in welcome. Uncle Peter must be very ill, he thought, if, indeed, the nephew had not come too late. While Kimball went inside Rodd turned to his machine. He never left the *Falcon* after a flight without overlooking her as carefully as before ascending. It was a habit, an affection, with him.

Perhaps two or three minutes had passed when Kimball reappeared in the doorway. His face was chalky, his eyeballs starting. With a frantic gesture over his shoulder, he took three or four tragic steps toward Rodd, as if seeking refuge from some pursuing horror.

"My God! Look in there!" he cried chaotically. "Uncle Peter's been murdered—murdered before I could see him!" Then he became limp; his faculties seemed to be benumbed, his limbs to have lost the power of motion.

Rodd sprang past him and onto the step. The house was divided into two rooms. That which he entered was the combined kitchen and living-room. A bright rag carpet covered the floor. Everything was in order, from the shining pots and pans on the wall to the newspapers in a rack. On the stove a teakettle sang pleasantly and the lid of a pot throbbed under the impulse of gushes of steam. The cloth was spread on the table and a bowl and spoon were in

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place before a single chair. Apparently, Uncle Peter had been preparing an invalid's lunch when death crossed his threshold.

Through the open door in the partition he saw, lying on a cot—which evidently the habit of the trail preferred to a bed—the still form of the old forty-niner. Entering, he laid his hand on the breast and felt no flutter. The body was still warm. He drew the lids over the staring eyeballs and the ghastly effect was gone from the face, kindly, intelligent, and wan from illness. The impress of the fingers which had strangled the failing life out of the body showed faintly on the throat. On the collar-bone was an abrasion which might have been made by a thumb-nail, but otherwise no sign of any struggle.

A quarter of an hour ago Uncle Peter must have been alive. Who else in that time except Kimball could have been in that isolated house? Either Kimball was the innocent victim of circumstances, whose logic fastened guilt on him, or else he was, indeed, an actor who had played an inconceivably diabolical part. All Walker's admonitions about Kimball were recalled. Why had he wanted to drop outside the grove and hurry on ahead? How easy it would have been for him to return saying that the old man had not forgiven him after all!

Yet, had the murder been committed after their arrival, would not the old man have shouted when he saw the hands coming to his throat? Or, knowing that no help was at hand, would he have been silent from hermit instinct, used to relying on his own resources? Rodd had heard no sound; but his friends told him, he recalled, that he had neither eyes nor ears for anything when inspecting his machine. And the telegram? He recollected its contents distinctly. Why, when Uncle Peter was in a friendly mood, should Kimball have killed him, without even time to develop a quarrel having elapsed? But the telegram might have been spurious, a doctored blank taken from a railroad station to secure the use of the *Falcon* and at the same time proving absence of motive.

He lifted the bony, withered hand which had fallen to the floor and laid it beside the body. Pity for that lone, friendless hermit, living the harmless life he chose, struck him aflame with determination to trace home the facts as he hastened out to find Kimball standing on the same spot in the same miserable attitude.

"How do you explain this?" Rodd demanded.

The piercing, resolute question roused Kimball tumultuously out of his stupefaction into a wild appeal.

"You've got to take me away from here back to Reno!" he cried, as one who sees and thinks of only one thing—escape. "It's terrible, but don't you see what will happen if they find me here—when everybody knows I've killed one man already? They'll say I did it for his money! Come, Mr. Rodd, for God's sake, do!"

Could this abject being be the same one who had been so fearless in the gap? The new aspect was unpleasant to Rodd, who shook his head decidedly.

"No. It is self-conviction to run," he said.

As Kimball saw that he was tossing gusts of imploring words hopelessly against granite, he seemed to go insane in a second's time. He drew his revolver.

"Yes, you will take me—you will—or——"

Rodd, unarmed and in the other's power, looked at the barrel pointed at his head curiously. It was rigidly held. Then he caught himself smiling. His sensitive humor could not take the display seriously. Kimball still seemed to him a boy, overwhelmed by desperation, incapable of deliberate crime.

"If you kill me you'll get away—but with two murders to your account, I fear," he said. "At least, there'll be no doubt of your guilt in the second."

Kimball's glance wavered in a contest with steel-gray eyes, chilling and amused in ridicule.

"You'd better put up the gun. We are losing time," Rodd added, in a fatherly way.

Kimball's arm dropped to his side as he collapsed with a long-drawn breath like a sob.

"I—I—this is the meanest, most cowardly thing I've ever done. It about fits me for hanging. I went out of my head! I—I couldn't have shot you, Mr. Rodd," he said, chokingly. And with that he flung the revolver far across the yard. "I didn't kill him—I didn't—but everybody will be-

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"There! There is the murderer!" he cried.

lieve I did! Yes, I saw that you believed I did when you came out of the house! Everything's against me!"

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Rodd.

"No one, unless it is my—" and it seemed as if his lips were about to frame the word "cousin" when shame stopped him. "No one!" he concluded. His gaze wandered away to the tops of the poplars helplessly.

"We'll search the grove!" said Rodd, angry at the delay. If they found no traces there, he proposed to see Kimball in the hands of the ranch manager and with the *Falcon* scan the breadth of the treeless plain, where it was as hopeless for a man to hide as a fly on a bare table-spread. "Come, you go that way and I'll go this," he was saying, when he was interrupted by a quivering shout of discovery from Kimball.

"There! There is the murderer!" he cried, pointing to the sky, where Rodd's glance, following the trembling finger, saw, some five miles away, a cubical, winged object.

If Kimball were right, how sure this man on the wing must have been of his plan! He had no companion to dispute the alibi which a few hours' flight would establish.

"But why didn't we see him when he rose?" Rodd asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he dropped on the edge of the grove and hid his machine and was getting away while we were in the house," said Kimball. "But, Mr. Rodd, if you'll chase him I promise to be here when you come back!"

There was not a moment to spare. The other aeroplane was proceeding at a terrific pace, while the *Falcon* had yet to gain momentum. Should the shimmer from the friction of two air-currents meeting, or any one of many in the category of slight atmos-

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pheric disturbances veil it from sight, pursuit was out of the question. It would leave no track, no clew in its flight.

"Good! I agree to that!" Rodd said, without looking to see the effect of his words as mechanically, regardless of the shock of taking the air with dangerous abruptness, he gave the *Falcon* all her power and set his gaze unremittingly on a fly on the blue wall of the sky. As he heard the swish of the branches against the runners and the leaves whipping the planes, he knew that he was safe above the poplars, with a fair field. Give him five minutes' clear vision and the race must be his. Was not he in the *Falcon*, the speediest of her kind, which had once seen the sun set on the Golden Gate the evening of the second day after seeing it rise over New York harbor?

Awakening surprise warned him that the fox as well as the hound was fleet. Some minutes elapsed before he could honestly convince himself that he was gaining at all. That speck, keeping steadily to a course parallel to the range, took winged shape again. It grew to the size of a man's open hand; and then, in vexation and amazement, Rodd could not deny that it was growing smaller. Yes, the *Falcon*—his *Falcon*—was falling behind some unknown leader of the plains.

"No amateur is in charge there," he thought, after he had risen to see if the going were better a hundred feet higher, only to be disappointed in his hope.

He knew that one of his professional rivals was in the West. Had the fortuitous passing of a racing biplane given Kimball a cloud-sent excuse for escape? Was he already, his six-shooter back on his hip, hastening to the distant cover of the foothills, while Rodd had been despatched on a fool's errand? He still believed in this youngster in his gay cowboy rig, with his chunk of quartz and his artless story of Mother Ryan.

The stimulus of mystery was whipped by the sport of battle in an arena of halcyon calm, broken only by a slight drift toward the mountains. With the meter reading one hundred and eighty miles an hour, the *Falcon* shivered like the rim of a struck bell from the impact of the air whistling through the frame and sissing along the planes. Rodd's clothes were held as tight as plaster against his flesh; his eyes were straining behind the two little glass plates of the face shield.

"Splendid!" he cried, in a tribute of Hellenic admiration. "Oh, that is it!" he breathed later, as, with a lurch, the *Falcon* caught a swift current from a defile which the adversary had been riding for several minutes.

The speck spread to the size of a sheet of note-paper. As it broadened into the lateral sides of a parallelogram enclosing the blots of driver, gasoline tank, and motor, he recognized the familiar build and knew he was pursuing a machine of his own make whose speed was a compliment to the *Falcon* as a model. Five hundred, four hundred yards he lessened the distance, and finally the paradox to the eye of how one line could remain so firmly above the other was explained by the framework of the rods developing out of the picture.

As he saw his rival turn his head in inquiry, Rodd waved his handkerchief as a hail, with no answer except unslackened pace. This made him think that Kimball's theory was correct. The amateur of the desert, he knew, with a field free from obstacles, developed a speed and a daring for long distances rarely given to those who, under the advisement of weather-bureau signals, followed the safely charted touring courses of the East. But more likely some professional, having accepted a challenge, was not yet minded to yield himself beaten. And now the *Falcon's* guiding planes were dangerously near the circle of a varnished propeller's light, which was their goal.

"How am I to capture him?" Rodd asked himself.

Aerial gymnastics were not yet so far advanced that an aviator might be plucked from his seat in the fashion of an eagle who picks up a titbit in his talons. The pursuit might have to continue in the hope that it would not be his own stock of fuel which was exhausted first.

"At all events, I can have a closer look," he thought.

As he prepared to change his course in order to bring the *Falcon* abeam, the man, after a quick, apprehensive, backward glance, abruptly tilted his planes and swung for a broad opening in the range. Instinctively, Rodd reduced his revolutions and shouted a call of warning, lost in the hum of the motors.

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So they faced each other in menacing silence.—Page 177.

The valley which they entered had the fair prospect of a lure. A forest sweep of cushioned green softened its rugged bottom and the lower portions of its steep, irregular slopes. At first Rodd, still hoping to signal the man of his danger, aimed again to run alongside; but he had lost a good deal of distance in slowing down. When he had closed up the interval the eddies outside of the main draw, which they rode at ever-increasing pace, were too uncertain to permit the manœuvre in that path becoming narrower and its walls higher and more precipitous with every turn. Like a mad shadow of conscience in pursuit of the shadow of a mad spirit, the two planes rounded a monstrous sugar loaf of rock, opening the door of vision to the end of a cyclopean blind alley enclosed by two snow-capped peaks, with a vast white apron in the lap between them.

Opposite the valley's mouth, as Rodd remembered, on the relief map at the central station was the one word "avoid," and over the peaks the meagre but all-sufficient reference "terrific cat's-paws," taken from the Butte assistant's report of a superficial examination charting the spot as out of the question for trans-range navigation.

"He will see what he is in for. He will stop," Rodd thought; and slipping aside the face shield, which disturbed him in any emergency, he saw that the other, in magnificent, unreasoning desperation, with unslackened motor, was rising with a view to passing straight over the ridge.

Tremulous with its mighty speed, the rival machine flew above the glacier. One second it was an obedient, trained servant answering to the human will with uncanny simulation of human nerves, and the next a bit of tissue-paper caught in a draught. The churning vortex into which it shot broke the main rods as you snap a dead twig between your fingers, whirled cloth and metal into what seemed a spinning ball, and, with a final fling of centrifugal power, discarded the plaything of its havoc.

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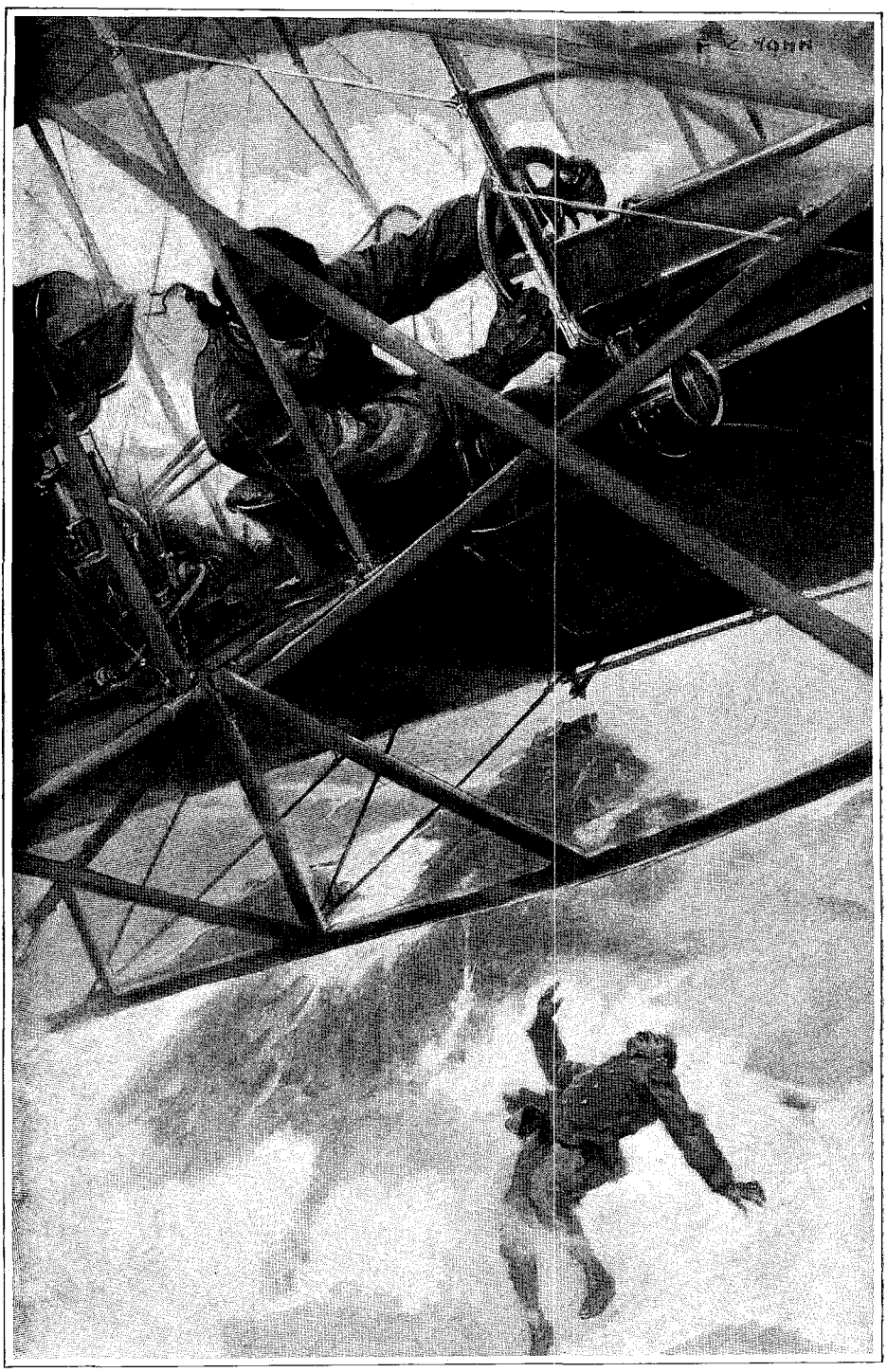

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

He glanced toward that dark object falling through space.—Page 179.

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The wreck, with torn planes fluttering, fell through the calm, frigid lower stratum radiated by the ice. For the safety of this stratum the *Falcon* dove, as Rodd saw driver and débris half buried in snow.

The man came up like a diver and clambered precipitately on all-fours out of the drift which had broken his fall. Apparently he was uninjured, for he began flailing his body with his arms to start the circulation. As Rodd landed, he, too, stretched limbs numbed with cold. Then a swift survey of the situation made him think very fast. The adversary was tall, powerfully built, with a bull-dog neck and a heavy, florid face. His attitude explained his haste to get firmer footing and an advantage of position. It was one of alert inquiry and physical readiness for any crisis, half threatening.

He thrust his hand suggestively into his wind jacket toward the hip. The look which he gave the *Falcon* expressed his sinister thought. Here was the one vehicle of escape for both men from starvation in mountain wastes. They might go together, or one might go alone. If, indeed, this giant had strangled old Peter Hallowell, ridicule would not stay his trigger finger as it had that of Kimball. So they faced each other in menacing silence, Rodd wishing for the first time in his life that he was not unarmed. He must depend on another weapon, and he spoke first, his ear consciously testing his words to make sure of their good humor.

"Well," he said, "it certainly was a great race."

"It was," answered the other dryly, equivocally, as the crackling of ice-sheathed twigs.

"When you started up here," Rodd continued, "I had to accept your challenge." The man did not answer; he was still grave and watchful. "You are a wonderful driver. I never saw anything better," Rodd persisted, feeling the deceit of his part, but determined to play it none the less thoroughly. "The *Falcon* can soon be out of this and there's a vacant seat for you," he concluded, genially nodding toward his machine. This brought his features in sharp profile, which the man identified in a flash of association with portraits in the press.

"You're Danbury Rodd, aren't you?" he exclaimed, as if that explained the whole proceeding. From all he had heard, it was like Rodd to chase another aeroplane or do any wild thing that came into his head. "I told your works to give me the latest thing and spare no expense—that's my motto—and 'twas worth the cost to give you the run I did." He came forward with impressive cordiality, hand extended.

Rodd found it disagreeable to take that hand. He was reminded of the marks on Uncle Peter's throat, without any conclusive reason yet, as he warned himself, for thinking that this high-living, extravagant type was guilty of anything worse than reckless love of contest.

The man joked about his accident with easy-going fatalism and good-fellowship, while he assisted in drawing the *Falcon* to the edge of the glacier, where she made her start in a dead space and at an angle from the valley to avoid the draw.

"You seem to know instinctively where the good going is," he said, as they rose safely into a calm area, high over the peaks.

Rodd now felt the confidence and stability of the air, which was his element, while glaciers and revolvers were not.

"You have my name, but I don't think I have yet the pleasure of yours," he remarked with a smile, when he could divert his attention for an instant from his machine.

"George Avery. I'm a mining promoter from Butte," the man answered, so promptly and naturally that he had either prepared himself for the question or Avery was really his name.

"When I picked you up," continued Rodd, "you were just past a little white ranch house, set in a grove of poplars, quite isolated on the plain."

That gentle approach to the cause of their mad race seemed to awaken no suspicion of its object in his passenger.

"Tidy place," came the easy comment. "I was going so fast I just had a glimpse. In fact, I was rushing to Butte to get hold of a big mining proposition I'd heard of by wire before another fellow had a chance to land it. Could you take me there, as a great favor? It's not much farther."

"Having delayed you, I certainly ought to be willing to run an hour out of my way to take you to your destination. But we will wait till we reach the plain before changing course," was the answer; and then

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back to the mutton with, "you know, I had an idea you rose from the edge of that grove of poplars."

Rodd was casual but watching closely for the effect of his words. There was no discernible flicker of self-consciousness in the man's face as he returned:

"That's funny. I was sailing low and rose just then, I guess. I've often been fooled in that way myself when watching a bird. Optical illusion, they call it, don't they?"

"Either he is a perfect genius in self-control or no more related to old Peter Hallowell than I am!" Rodd thought. His repugnance to Avery, which seemed as inherent as his attraction to Kimball, was one thing impelling him straight to the point.

"I stopped at the ranch. I went inside the house," he said. Their elbows touching, he felt the other's frame shiver and saw a glaze in his eye, though those immobile features were still graven as an Indian's. "I found an old man dead and his body still warm," Rodd continued, "and I followed you on suspicion of murder."

The man broke into a laugh, a prolonged, roaring laugh.

"Mr. Rodd, I've heard about your practical jokes," he said between the convulsions of his amusement. "Chasing *me* for murder! That's a good one! You're all right!" and he slapped Rodd on the knee boisterously. "I've got something to tell the boys at Butte."

But Rodd had in mind that tremor which had been like the tautness of suspense set aquiver with a blow.

"No, as a matter of duty I am going to take you back to the ranch. Somebody who is waiting there thinks that you are George Prather, and he can identify you if you are," Rodd proceeded, thinking it best to keep Kimball's name in the background for the present.

The man winced. He regarded Rodd with a hard stare of inquiry, while he seemed to be thinking volcanically under the repression of his will. Gradually his expression grew soft. His words were softer.

"Yes, Mr. Rodd, I have been deceiving you," he began, as if asking for a full hearing before judgment were passed. "My name is George Prather. When I went to see my uncle to-day I found him dead in his bed. I have a cousin, a worthless young desperado, who was disinherited after killing a man in cold blood. He is bitter against me, and I have many enemies, as success always has. As I was the dead man's sole heir, I knew what they'd say. I knew I could prove myself innocent, but my business affairs were such that I couldn't stand the scandal. Probably I was a fool—at any rate, I followed my first impulse. I fled. Come, now, keep my secret!"

He slipped his hand back onto Rodd's knee ingratiatingly, and Rodd noticed through the loose glove the imprint of a large diamond. Its facets might explain the abrasions on Uncle Peter's collar-bone.

"Uncle Peter did not die a natural death. He was strangled—and you know how a single thumb mark can prove guilt," Rodd hazarded.

Prather's shoulders fell in. His head sank between them, but only for an instant. With an effort he threw it back, his jaw well forward and working nervously as he regarded Rodd dumbly.

"So help me," he said at length, with forced steadiness, "here is the whole truth! I had a big stake. There were millions ahead if I had something to tide me over. My uncle had money rotting—yes, rotting in the bank. I went to him for help. I found he had been spying on me. He exasperated me with his senile, quavering remonstrances, and we quarrelled. He told me he proposed to disinherit me—I could go smash and be damned.

"When I thought of that worthless, brainless gun-player Kimball getting all that wealth to spend on gold spurs and his friends, and when I saw the whim of the old man's dotage—and I'd depended on him—standing between me and all my plans, I went mad. I shook him as you would a child that drives you into a temper, and the spark of life went out of him. He was dead there before my eyes—dead a few days before he would have died, anyway. And that money was mine by right—by the right of having expected it; by the right of knowing how to use it. Big fortunes have been built on worse deeds than this! The thing is done. Uncle Peter is dead. Nothing can recall him to life. As a man of the world to a man of the world, I ask you not to let a fit of anger that blew out an expiring flame be my ruin!"

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He was eloquent, after a certain ghastly fashion, in his appeal. Rodd listened grimly and carefully, but he drew away from the speaker in natural revulsion, convinced that the second version was no more honest than the first.

"No," he said. "We are going back to the ranch."

"We'll see!" Prather ripped out.

His savage look spoke the same message —"It's you or I"—that it had on the glacier, as with one hand he tore open his wind jacket and with the other seized his revolver.

Mindless of everything except to disarm his adversary, Rodd catapulted his whole weight toward Prather's wrist. The *Falcon* rocked with the struggle which pitched both out of their seats. Rodd fully expected that she would turn turtle, but miraculously the vacillating centre of gravity of their combined weight did not completely overthrow that of the machine. He felt the pressure of the strong hands getting a grip of his neck, protected by his military collar. He felt his breath going; he saw red waves blotting out the landscape; and crushing the wrist into the angle between two braces, he forced the fingers open and a glittering streak fell from their grasp. With a twist of his body in his effort to escape strangling, he shook himself free, and on his knees, gasping, he met the glare of the man prostrate on the foot-rest under him. Then he realized that one or the other had struck the lever of the lifting plane and the *Falcon* had been steadily rising.

"Now you will come without any further resistance," he said, watchfully.

The flush of conflict passed out of Prather's cheeks. His lips were two gray lines, his nostrils pumping with exhaustion. The pupils of his eyes centred in a stare at a Nemesis which he would deny and yet could not.

"No! My God—to think that you, the one man who could catch me, should have happened along!" he breathed tensely. "No! To face that and bankruptcy? No!"

He closed his eyes, and with a sudden wrench of anguish, in which desperate bravery seemed to flaunt desperate fear, before his purpose was designed, he threw himself free of the framework.

Rodd extended a saving hand to the empty air. He glanced toward that dark object falling through space, two thousand feet above the peaks, and looked away in horror, and looked back again to see a thing scarcely larger than a ball strike on a shelf of rock and bound out of sight in the depths of the gorge. Already his rapid flight had carried him far past the spot. There was no place to land if he should return.

A statue with mechanical arms and legs, he drove the *Falcon* back to Bubbling Water. When he lighted in the yard there was no sign of human life. The water of the spring was flowing merrily; the cat had changed its position to the walk to get the benefit of the slant of the descending sun. Had Kimball broken his word and fled? If so, it was without his revolver, which lay where he had thrown it.

Entering the house, Rodd saw him sitting beside his uncle's body; and as he looked up in inquiry and rose to his feet with a certain sober and becoming dignity, Rodd, fond of proving his faith in human nature, decided suddenly to gratify his interest in this young man by a supreme test. So he said, with an assumption of weariness:

"A wild-goose chase of five hundred miles to find that the man's name was Avery."

Kimball did not avert his steadfast gaze from Rodd at the news. In his transparent way he showed his realization of its meaning to him. Then he stiffened.

"When I saw Uncle Peter lying dead I was struck dumb," he declared, his voice trembling with a new quality. "When I found his body still warm, the thought that I should be accused staggered me. That reputation which I had hoped to live down would be all against me. Instead of having him forgive me, I should be known as his murderer. I turned a selfish coward. I went out of my head and rushed into the yard, not knowing what I said or did. But now I guess I'm out of the Nick Carter and the kid stage for good, and I'm ready to give myself up. I know I am innocent, even if I can't prove it."

"That and more than that is proved," Rodd said beaming, as he put his hands fondly on Kimball's shoulders. . . .

Kimball listened without comment to the account of Prather's death, and after a silence he observed sadly:

"The hard part for me is that Uncle Peter never understood how I had been making good these last few months."

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But Uncle Peter had many strings to his bow. An unfinished letter asking his lawyer to come to Bubbling Water—news of which may have brought Prather in haste on his last errand—to draft a new will was found among his papers. "I know something of what is going on outside my garden even if I am a hermit," he wrote in part, "and I have news about young Ed to take the ache out of my chalky old bones. I always did like him, and I ought to have known he would get over his coltishness. While the good George has been plunging and gambling, I find that Ed has been right out in the hills looking for gold, which is about the straightest-out, cleanest kind of man's work I know of in this shifty world."

Kimball's happiness over this was not alloyed by the discovery that the first will, which gave all to Prather, and in event of Prather's death to charity, must stand in the law.

"Haven't I Uncle Peter's forgiveness for a legacy? Haven't I my mine—my mine that I found myself?" he said in answer to a suggestion that he make a contest; and this led Rodd, when he told the story to Walker, to remark that there were worse obsessions than fondness for chased gold spurs and ornate Mexican saddles.

TWO SONNETS

By Antoinette Rotan Peterson

TAORMINA

THE ancient town hangs up a crag's steep breast,
Between the tideless, shimmering, jewelled sea
And many colored sky of Sicily,
As some old griffin crouched might rear his crest
Of wrinkled scales and look toward the wide west,
Where, big in flaming, golden apogee,
Beyond far fields of pale rose almond tree,
The sun leaves Ætna and the world to rest.
On the Greek theatre night falls; old wars,
Dim glories gone, and far-off pagan woe
Flit through the wanderer's dream; now come the stars
To watch the magic mountain weave and sow
His grape-bloom mist, and hide his lava scars,
And veil his head in amethystine snow.

RAVELLO

A TURQUOISE sea curves rippling round the bays;
Beyond Salerno, where the white walls shine,
The distant line of azure Apennine
Melts into cloud and swims in opal haze;
Warm sunlight floods the nearer hills and ways
And hollow wreaths of velvet shadow twine—
Flung down like purple lees of spilled-out wine—
Staining the young spring's tender leafy maze;
The church bells peal and chime from all around
Brimming the valleys full of quivering sound;
High up an eagle soars on iron wing;
What does he feel in his fierce lonely heart?
Can all this beauty ever have a part
In him or touch with peace so wild a thing?

EASTER SUNDAY, 1907.

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The Luckless Hunter.

FREDERIC REMINGTON: A PAINTER OF AMERICAN LIFE

By Royal Cortissoz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. REMINGTON'S RECENT WORK

THERE are anecdotes in the history of art, episodes, or fragments of talk, which in illustrating the point of view of an individual also throw light upon whole "movements." It has been told of Ingres that when, in the streets of Rome, he detected the approach of some crippled or otherwise repulsive mendicant, he would cover his eyes with his cloak, and sometimes, if his wife first saw the unwelcome apparition, she would endeavor with a swift movement of her shawl to save the artist from the sight of ugliness. The story is eloquent of both the strength and the weakness of a temperament known to every age. Again, you may find the key to all poetized landscape in that famous letter of Corot's beloved of painters as an authentic expression of the artist's mood, though, as a matter of fact, he did not write it. "The night breezes sigh among the leaves . . . birds, the voices of the flowers, say their

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prayers . . . the dew scatters its pearls upon the velvet sward. . . . The nymphs are afoot." There you have the outlook of the painter whose naturalism may be unimpeachable, but who sees visions and dreams dreams.

The leading motives in the art of the present generation have been crystallized in the epigrams of more than one spokesman. Amongst the terse and luminous observations of the modern Belgian master, Alfred Stevens, who dedicated his precious "Impressions sur la Peinture," by the way, to Corot, there is one to which probably every artist would be quick to subscribe—"L'exécution est le style du peintre." A kindred affirmation is that which Whistler made with reference to the greatest of his portraits. "Take," he said, "the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Grey and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" I suppose there are no words held in deeper reverence than these to-day in countless studios. With them we may cite Whistler's tribute to Rembrandt as the high-priest of art who "saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks." It is a potent gospel, in the right hands, but in it there lurks a certain peril for the artist who would separate what Rembrandt *saw* from what he *felt*, and in exalting the powers of the hand and the eye would disdainfully ignore those of the soul. The stuff of life as well as its appearances has a place in art. "One is never so Greek," said Millet, "as when painting naively one's own impression," but he said an even more suggestive thing when, in a letter to Sensier, he spoke of the weird things to be found by the imagination in "the song of night-birds, and the last cry of the crows," and then added: "All legends have a source of truth, and if I had a forest to paint I would not want to remind people of emeralds, topazes, a box of jewels; but of its greennesses and its darkness which have such a power on the heart of man."

These words of Millet's I take as testimony to a truth which endures despite the hypothesis, often so brilliantly confirmed, that "subject" does not count. Perhaps not, but Nature and life go on counting, sometimes to an extent which makes the appraisal of an artist in the dry light of technique the sheerest pedantry. There are artists who are "formed" by their experience of life quite as much as by the discipline of the schools, artists from whose subtlest touch the savor of "subject" is inseparable. Such a type is Frederic Remington. It is impossible to reflect upon his art without thinking of the merely human elements that have gone to its making, the close contacts with men and with the soil in a part of our country where indeed the atmosphere of the studio is simply unthinkable. He takes one away from the studio and its convenient properties if ever a man did, and saturates one in a kind of "local color" which has its sources far beneath the surface of things seen. One of the books he has written in the intervals of making pictures is called "Men with the Bark On." It is a happy phrase, pointing to a reality which is surely not peculiar to the West, but which just as surely preserves there a compelling raciness little known in the East, if known at all. This is not the place in which to embark upon a long analysis of American social conditions with special reference to Western traits, but I must pause for a moment on the particular value of those traits in American painting.

In the search for the picturesque the artist is scarcely to be blamed if he makes much of costume. There are sketching grounds in Holland, in France, and in the South whose popularity is legitimately enough to be referred to the dress of the people. But the step from these places to a room at home, well stocked with clothes and accessories brought from abroad, is fatally easy, as is the step from contemplation of one of Whistler's masterly "Arrangements" to the hopelessly factitious portrayal of a lay-figure, some draperies, and a meaningless background. That both of these infertile transactions have been not infrequent in American art has been due to the fact that in the pageantry of national life we have seemed to be starved. The social graces, or rather their trappings, went out with the Colonial period, when we were still taking our cue in artistic matters from the eighteenth century English school. By the time we had begun to find ourselves the frock-coat had come in, with the ineffable trou-

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The Winter Campaign.

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sers and top-hat belonging to it. Costume as costume thereafter, and for a long period, only had its chance in some such pictures as those reconstructions of Puritan life which George Boughton was wont to paint. We did the best we could with our homespun material. Eastman Johnson and Winslow Homer extorted some not unpicturesque effects from every-day life in America. Professor Weir, in the sixties, anticipated in his foundry interiors that discovery of types and scenes of labor which has of late been getting itself recorded in our exhibitions. But throughout the transitional period which has not, perhaps, even yet come to a close, we have been much occupied with technical problems, and, under the influence of the Parisian school, we have, on the whole, neglected the life at our doors. As we begin to recognize it we are learning, fortunately, that the question of costume is not, after all, so prodigiously important. I think Mr. Remington hit upon this truth a number of years ago. At all events when he went West and found picturesqueness he did not find it or make it an affair of Indians in war-paint and feathers.

Before Olin Warner made his remarkable series of Indian portraits in relief the American artist who used the red man as a model at all was, with few exceptions, disposed to make him a romantic figure after the literary fashion of Fenimore Cooper, or to invest him with a somewhat theatrical significance. Pieces with the simple sincerity of J. Q. A. Ward's "Indian Hunter" were rare. Warner's reliefs signalized a newer and saner conception of the one intensely picturesque type that had been left to us all along and that we had foolishly sought to conventionalize. When Mr. Remington's opportunity came he faced it from this sculptor's point of view. He became interested in the Indian, I gather, because he became interested in life, the active, exciting life of the plains. The Indian appealed to him not in any histrionic way, not as a figure stepped out from the pages of "Hiawatha," but as just a human creature, sometimes resplendent in the character of a militant chief, sometimes unkempt, ill-smelling, and loathsomely drunk, and always the member of a strongly individualized race, having much to do with guns and horses. It would be stupid to be ungrateful for the Indian pictures which have happened to be idealized and have made the red man seem an exotic if not a legendary personage. Occasionally they have been very good pictures, as witness several of those painted by George de Forest Brush. But the tendency, the right tendency, has latterly been all in the direction which Mr. Remington from the start has followed.

He was an illustrator when he began, a "black-and-white" man, and, as it has turned out, he could not have had a better preparation for his work as a painter. For one thing it fixed his mind on the fact, and trained him in the swift notation of the movement which lies somehow at the very heart of wild Western life. Just as the cowboy, in the midst of a hurly-burly of cattle, shouting to his comrade words calling for instant action, has no time to employ the diction of Henry James or Gibbon, so the modest illustrator must use a rapid pencil and leave picture-making to take care of itself. He must get the truth. Other artistic elements must come later. I cannot think of Mr. Remington as strolling out upon the prairie with stool and umbrella and all the rest of an artist's paraphernalia, nor can I see him in my mind's eye politely requesting Three-Fingered Pete or Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses to fall into an effective pose and "look pleasant." I see him instead on the back of a mustang, or busying himself around the camp-fire, or swapping yarns with the soldiers at a frontier post, or "nosing round" amongst the tribes. It does not much matter, in a sense, whether or not he put immortal things into his sketch-books during those first campaigns of his. For my own part, I do not believe that they have the smallest chance of lasting, save as so many documents. The important thing is not that he failed to draw beautifully, which is precisely what he failed to do, but that he got into a way of drawing skilfully and cleverly, so that he put his subject accurately before you and made you feel its special tang. His success was due not only to manual dexterity but to his whole-hearted response to the straightforward, manly charm of the life which by instinct he knew how to share. I make a great deal of this out-door mood of his, this sympathy, because it reacts to this day upon the purely artistic qualities of his work. Let us glance for a moment at a

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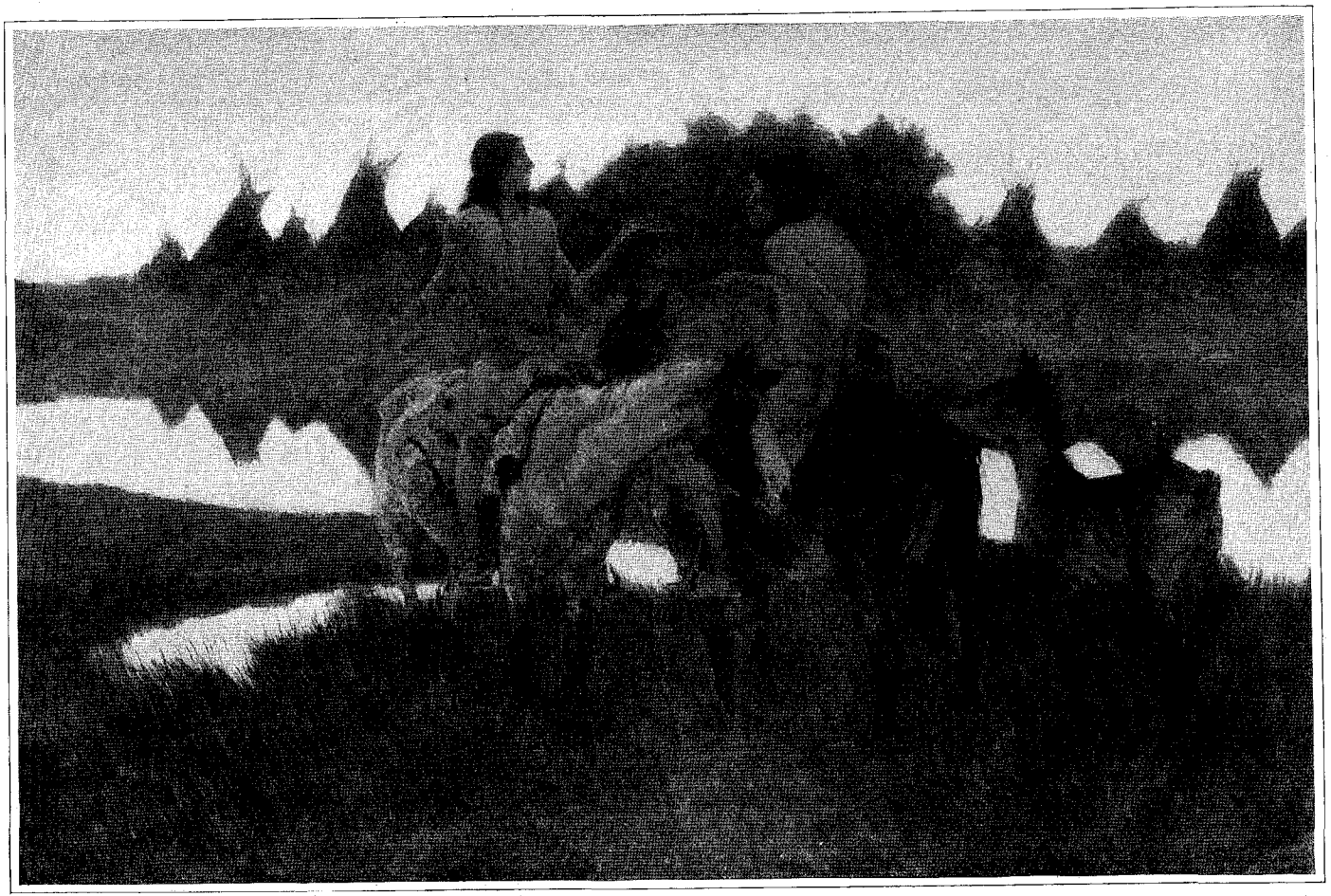

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The Gossips.

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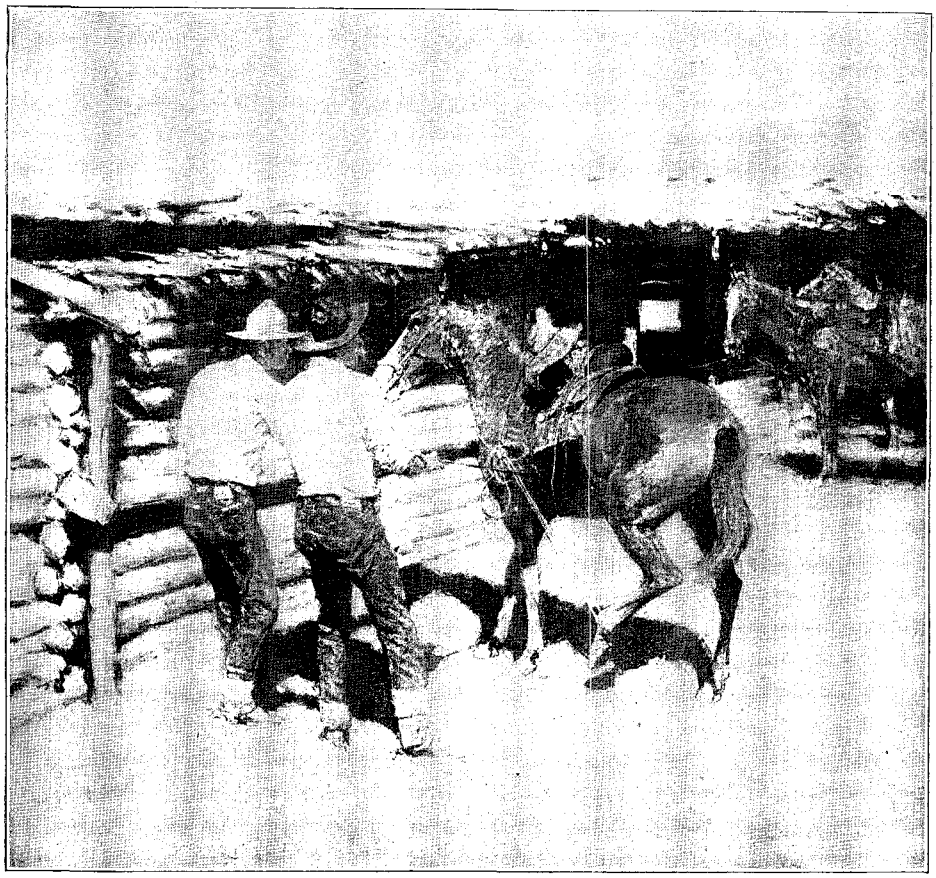

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The War Bridle.

bit of his writing, the opening sentences of a brief Western story:

"The car had been side-tracked at Fort Keogh, and on the following morning the porter shook me, and announced that it was five o'clock. An hour later I stepped out on the rear platform and observed that the sun would rise shortly, but that meanwhile the air was chill, and that the bald, square-topped hills of the 'bad lands' cut rather hard against the gray of the morning. Presently a trooper galloped up with three led horses which he tied to a stake."

In choosing a passage from one of his half-dozen books I have purposely avoided anything in the nature of a "purple patch," though, to be sure, that form of indulgence is foreign enough to his taste. It is just for its directness and close-packed simplicity that I have made the foregoing quotation, just to show that he knows how to make an absolutely clear descriptive statement. Simple as it is, almost to the point of baldness, does it not convey a sharp and vivid impression? I should like to go on to speak of his writings, which are full of entertainment and are of positive value as reflections of a life that is rapidly disappearing, but I must go on to show how, as he has written, he has painted, simply and truthfully. He had, of course, to pay the penalty of the artist who turns from illustration in black and white to work in color. For a considerable time his pictures were invariably marked by a garishness not to be explained alone by the staccato effects of a landscape whelmed in a blaze of sunshine. I have seen paintings of his which were as hard as nails. But then came a change, one of the most interesting noted in some years past by observers of American art. Mr. Remington suddenly drew near to the end of

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The Hunters' Supper.

his long pull. He left far behind him the brittleness of the pen drawings which he once had scattered so profusely through magazines and books. His reds and yellows which had blared so mercilessly from his canvases began to shed the quality of scene-painting and took on more of the aspect of nature. Incidentally the mark of the illustrator disappeared and that of the painter took its place. As though to give his emergence upon a new plane a special character he brought forward, in an exhibition in New York, a number of night scenes which expressly challenged attention by their originality and freshness. Since then he has made another exhibition only to deepen one's sense of his broader and stronger development. It is this latest exhibition which has supplied the pictures reproduced in the present article.

Two aspects of his ability as a painter of life were brought out in sharp relief by this collection of pictures—his authentic interpretation of the Indian, and his fidelity to things as they are amongst our soldiers and cowboys as against what they seem to be under the conditions of a Wild West show. His picture of "The Gossips" is, I think, one of the handsomest and most convincing Indian studies ever painted. The scene is set in a grassy landscape divided across the centre of the canvas by a still stream. This river reflects the rich yellow glow that fills the sky, and elsewhere there is naught save masses of tawny reddish tone. The landscape by itself possesses a kind of lonely fascination. The primitive tepees, darkly silhouetted against the sky, have the appearance of natural growths befitting the two mounted figures that fill the centre of the composition. These figures bring us back to his reliance upon life, upon the real thing.

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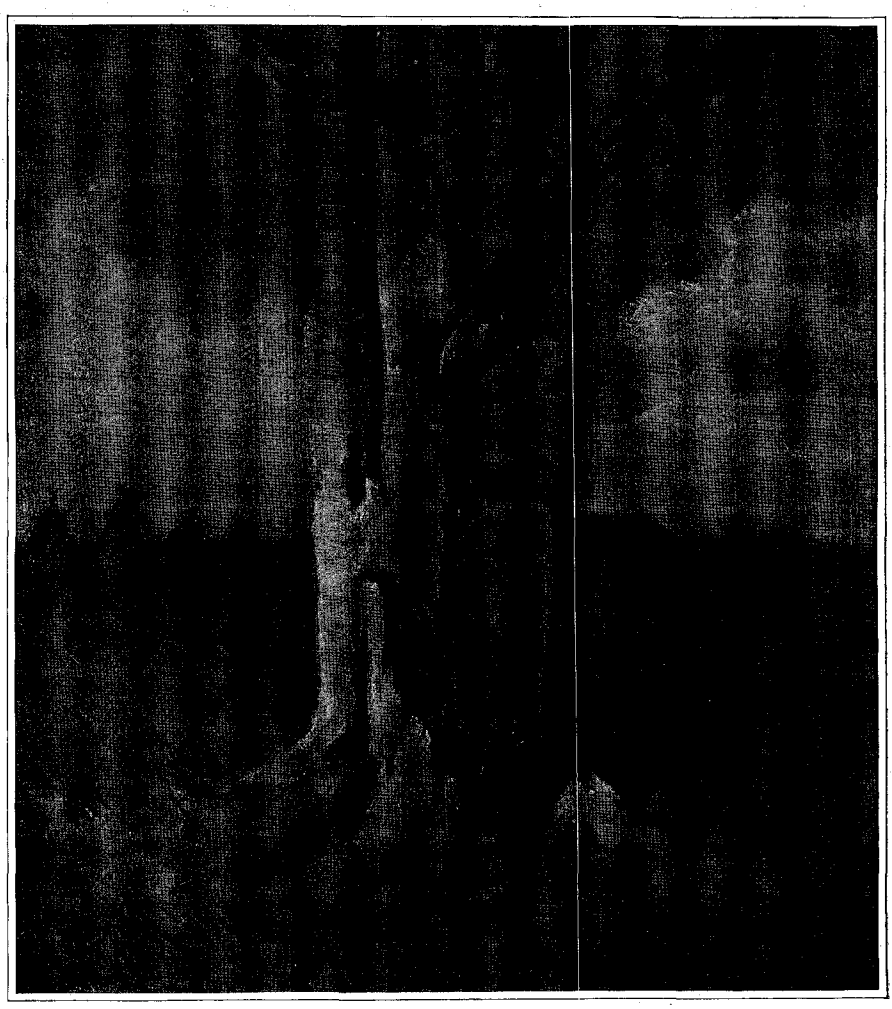
Looking at his gossips we feel that thus do the Indians sit their ponies, that thus do they gesture. Mr. Remington makes no use of feathers here or beads, nor is it the "noble red man" that he portrays. He gives us just the every-day tribesman, mayhap worthy of his heroic forbears, mayhap deeply tinctured with rum, and full of small tattle about affairs on the reservation and the unamiable practices of one of Uncle Sam's agents. It is another page from the familiar life of a people, and it is in that character that it speaks to us with genuine force. But enriching its historical value and its human poignancy is its beauty as a painted picture. I have spoken of Mr. Remington's necessary indifference to the strictly pictorial motive during his earlier experiences as a draughtsman. It is interesting to observe that as he went on to handle this motive he familiarized himself with it, little by little, and with an unchanging faithfulness to the free, natural gait of open-air existence. Hence there is to-day nothing about a composition of his to suggest a carefully built-up scheme. He fills his space pictorially, with a due sense of balance, and so on; but he preserves an impression of spontaneity, of men and animals caught unawares.

I say "men and animals" advisedly, for if there is one thing more than another which Mr. Remington's paintings make



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The Love Call.

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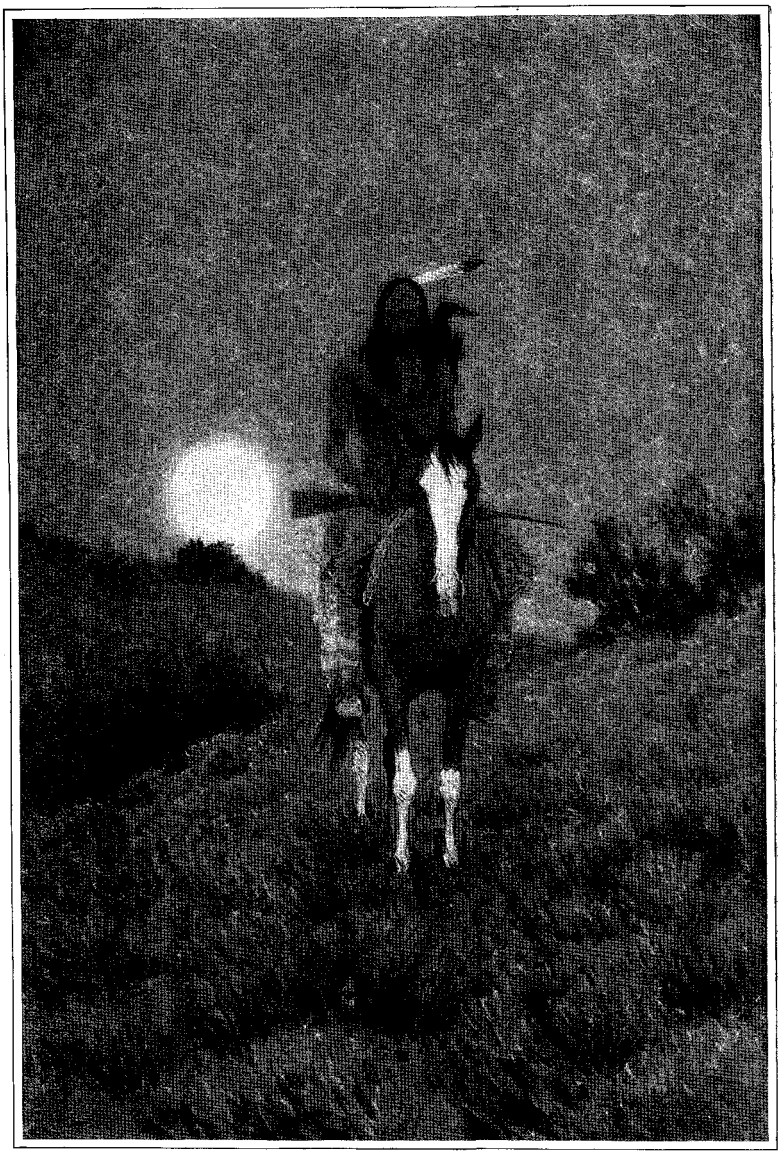

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The Outlier.

you feel it is that on the plains white men and red go, so to say, on four feet. I would not call them centaurs because the associations of that word are subtly in conflict with the emotion at the heart of this painter's work. His men and his horses are emphatically of a practical, modern world, a world of rough living, frank speech, and sincere action. I recall, in passing, a picture of an Indian upright beneath a tree, and sedately piping to a maiden whom we are to imagine dwelling in one of the tepees not far distant. "The Love Call," as it is entitled, is, if you like, a romantic picture, an idyl of the starlight, but I confess that I cannot dilate with any very tender emotion in its presence. There is nothing languishing about this lover; he carries his pipe to his lips with a stiff gesture. In his ragged blanket he is essentially a dignified, not a sentimental image. It has not occurred to Mr. Remington to make his model "pretty"

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or in any way to give his painting a literary turn. He has busied himself with his tones of gray and green; he has sought to draw his figure well, to realize, for example, the arm concealed beneath the blanket. For the rest his purpose is simply to paint an interesting landscape, enlivened by the right figure, and to paint it well. Never was a picture bearing so poetic a title more realistically produced. The note of intimacy that he strikes rests upon the firm basis of common things. Returning to his mounted figures, consider again for a moment the picture of "The Gossips." One does not need to humanize animals or to look at them through the eyes of Landseer to see in them traits that are individual and even touching. There is about the ponies in this picture a curiously strong suggestion of the patience with which beasts of burden await the pleasure of their masters. They are full of "horse character," and in this respect the touch given by the little foal is perfect.

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The Moose Country.

Again and again Mr. Remington brings out the interest residing in this factor in Western life and adventure. I hardly know which is the more moving in his picture of "The Luckless Hunter," the stolidly resigned rider, huddling his blanket about him against the freezing night air, or the

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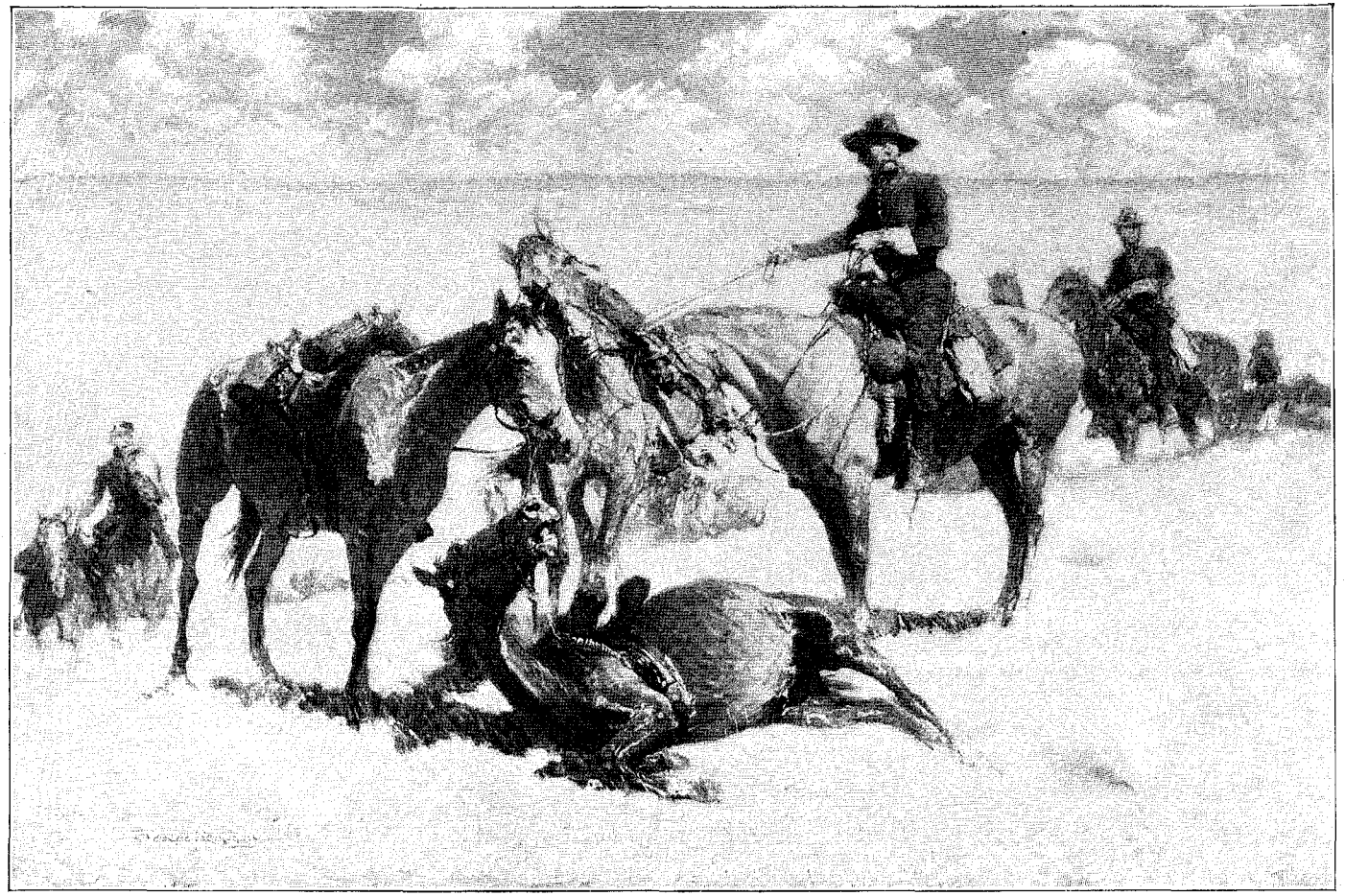

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Among the Led Horses.

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tired pony about which you would say there hung a hint of pathos if that were not to give, perhaps, too anecdotic an edge to an altogether natural episode. Wherever he finds them Mr. Remington makes his horses stand out in this way as having something like personality. They are lean, wiry, and mischievous animals that he paints in such pictures as "The War Bridle," "The Pony Tender," "The Buffalo Runners," and "Among the Led Horses." You observe them with a certain zest. They move as though on springs. Their heels play like lightning over the earth. You feel them hurling themselves along in the hunt, going nervously into action to the crack of bullets, or struggling not unthoughtfully with the cowboy who would conquer their trickiness. It all makes an exhilarating spectacle, and these pictures are filled besides with keen, dry air and dazzling light. The joy of living gets into Mr. Remington's work. Decidedly you cannot think of it as something apart from his art. It is his distinction that he has made the two one. Partly this is due to the unfailing gusto with which he throws himself upon his task, the kindling delight he has in his big skies and plains and his utterly unsophisticated people; but a rich source of his strength lies in nothing more nor less than his faculty of artistic observation.

Under a burning sun he has worked out an impressionism of his own. Baked dusty plains lead in his pictures to bare, flat-topped hills, shading from yellow into violet beneath cloudless skies which hold no soft tints of pearl or rose, but are fiercely blue when they do not vibrate into tones of green. It is a grim if not actually blatant gamut of color with which he has frequently to deal, and it is not made any the more beguiling by the red hides of his horses or the bronze skins of his Indians. In past times he has made it shriek, and, even now, he finds it impossible to lend suavity to so high a key. But that, of course, is precisely what no one would ask him to do. What was needed was simply a truer adjustment of "values" and an improvement in the quality of painted surface, and, in these matters, his high-pitched studies show that he has made substantial progress. They still make you blink, but they leave a truer impression, and that Mr. Remington has a far firmer grasp upon the whole problem of illumination is shown by the night scenes to which I have already alluded. These are both veracious and beautiful, and, as I have said, they exert a very original charm. If it were not that repetition is so destructive of originality one might wish that he would go on for a long time painting only the night. He knows how the light of the moon or of the stars is diffused, how softly and magically it envelopes the landscape. I find what I can only describe as a sort of artistic honesty in these nocturnal studies of his. He never sets out to be romantic or melodramatic. The light never falls ingeniously at some salient point. Rather does one of his pictures receive us into a wide world, the boundaries of which, brought closer by the darkness, are still kept away from us by a cool, quiet, friendly gleam. Especially noticeable about the night, as he paints it, is the absence alike of anything to suggest an artificial glamour and anything indicative of heightened solemnity. The scene is wild, but it wakes no fear. One is close to the bosom of nature, that is all. The beauty of the painter's motive, too, has communicated itself to his technique. His gray-green tones fading into velvety depths take on unwonted transparency, and in his handling of form he uses a touch as firm as ever and more subtle.

In one of his night scenes, "The Winter Campaign," we have not only the qualities which have just been traversed, but an exceptionally good illustration of that truthful painting of the white man in the West which I have mentioned as constituting an important aspect of his art. The military painter has ever been prone to give ear to the music of the band. How can he help himself? History invites him to celebrate dramatic themes. The lust of the eye is bound to lure him where the squadrons are glittering in their harness and the banners are flying. Even when he has but a single figure to paint he must, as Whistler once said to me of Meissonier, "put in all the straps and buttons." That way lies disaster sometimes. It was of a military picture by Meissonier that Degas remarked that everything in it was of steel except the swords. One antidote to the artificiality fostered by too great a devotion to a handy wardrobe and a multitude of "studio fixings" lies in the simple process of roughing it with the forces. It is to be gathered from Mr. Remington's books that he has forgathered

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The Buffalo Runners—Big Horn Basin.

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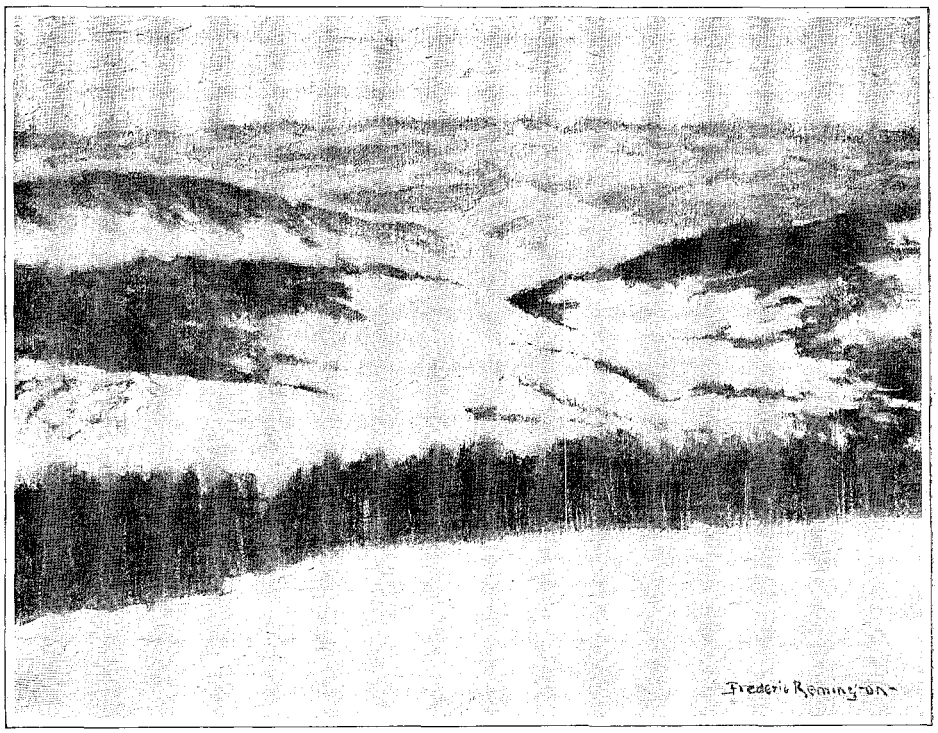

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The White Country.

with the troops as he has ridden and dwelt with the cowboys, but, if we had no other evidence on this point, we would know it well enough from such pictures as "The Winter Campaign." It is an admirable piece of painting, beautifully expressing the night cold and the mysterious gloom of the forest, and reproducing with positive clairvoyance that indescribable bond which unites the men and their horses around the comfortable glow of the camp-fire. Here once more I would emphasize the fusion of substance and technique. The spirit of the subject is superbly caught, but, equally with this achievement, you admire the adroit management of light and shade, the modelling of the bodies of the horses, the skilful painting of textures, the good drawing both in the trees and in the heads of the men, and the soundly harmonized scheme of color. This painting alone would stand as a record of the kind of life led by our men on duty in the West, and as proof of Mr. Remington's gift as a painter.

He is, then, both historian and artist, and the more effective in the exercise of both functions because he has, when all is said, painted merely to please himself. Long and close acquaintance with Western life has, of course, stored his mind with lore. Doubtless he could be dogmatic, if he chose, on the minutiæ of military regulations and accoutrements. Indian folk-tales are familiar to him and he can be legendary if he likes as well as realistic. The full-blooded brave and the half-breed, the square cattle-puncher and the "bad man" have all shown him their qualities. I do not remember the squaw and her papoose as figuring to any extent in his compositions, but probably he has observed them to such good purpose that he could draw them with his eyes shut. And yet, surveying the body of his work, one does not see that it has been systematically developed, deliberately made exhaustive. One comes back to the artist who has been an historian almost as it were by accident. The determining influence in his career has been that of the creative impulse, urging him to deal in the translation of visible things into pictorial terms. He has had enormous energy, which has overflowed in

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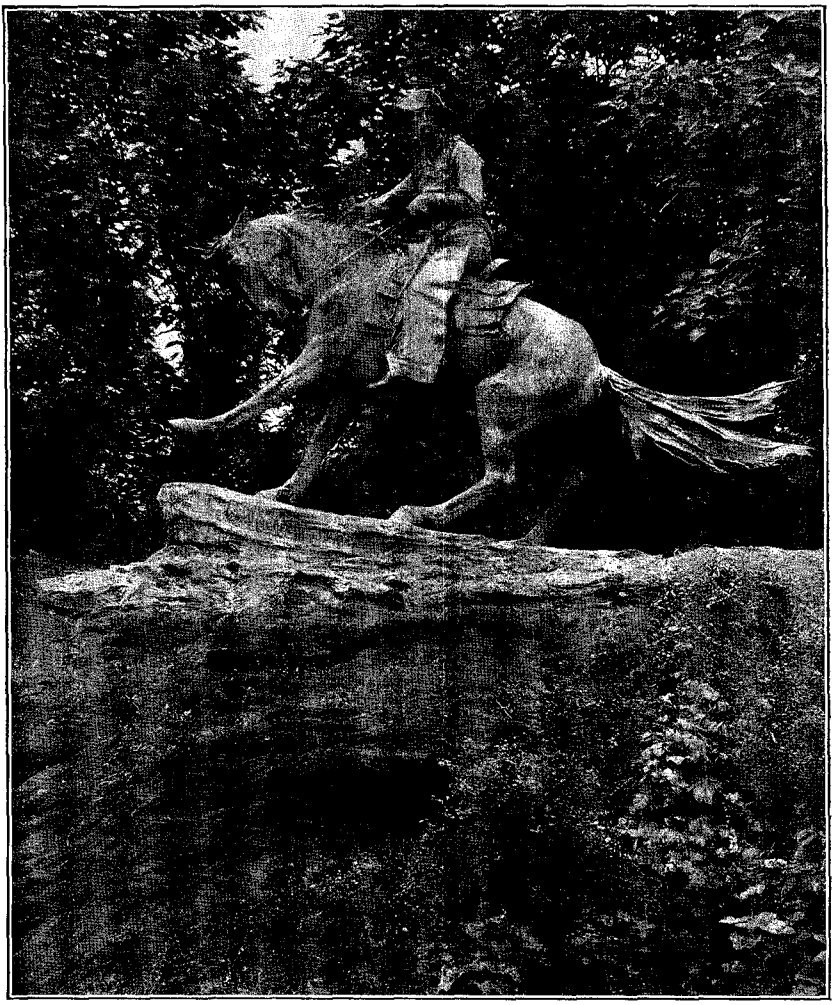
more than one direction. Allusion has been made to his books and illustrations. He has been, too, a fairly prolific sculptor, modelling a number of equestrian bronzes, amazingly picturesque and spirited. Of late he has given more study to landscape, and in the northern country, both in winter and summer, has made divers small sketches of uncommon merit. In one of these, "The White Country," a spacious scene is treated in simple, broad masses that disclose a striking power of generalization, and, what is more, there is a very delicate and personal touch apparent in the handling of *nuances* of white and russet tone. The picture is subtly filled with atmosphere. It is as though the painter had been stirred by a new emotion and had begun to feel his way toward a sheer loveliness unobtainable amid the crackling chromatic phenomena of the West. The old clearly defined range of "local color" is not enough. He would refine and, in refining, transform the notes in his scale. In doing this he unfolds new ideas and unsuspected resources. The little landscape fits naturally into one's conception of this American painter. It suggests a talent that is always ripening, an artistic personality that is always pressing forward.



The Cowboy erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.
Modelled by Frederic Remington.

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THE LITTLE BOOKWORM

By Margaret Chase

When shall I be the *really* boy,
My inside self? I seem to *feel*
Just like Prince Hal, and Ivanhoe, Paul Jones, and Bolingbroke.
But they have "fearless bearing"—toy
With sword or rapier as they deal
Orders and oaths and passwords out and scent the battle smoke.

I straighten up like them with pride
So keen, and quick, and kind of *high*
When I read what they say; my voice feels strong, my eyes can see
Miles in the distance! But outside
I'm only nine and kind of shy.
Both my front teeth are getting loose, and I still look just—me.

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HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

By Atkinson Kimball

MISS AINSLEE rose from her chair on the piazza as Warren Dudley came up the steep wooden steps. The piazza was enclosed with wire netting, as were most of the piazzas in Cranston, New Jersey.

"Get in as quickly as you can," she said, tapping the screen door here and there before she opened it a conservative distance. "The animals are yammering at the bars, and howling for their evening meal."

Warren Dudley squeezed his rather portly figure through the narrow space, and Miss Ainslee hastily closed the screen door.

"How are they?" he said.

It was evident from the anxiety in his face that he did not mean the mosquitoes which had already settled back on the door, and had begun to explore the netting with their needles. He had taken off his straw hat and was fanning himself with it. Miss Ainslee pushed a deep wicker armchair toward him, and sat down in the chair from which she had risen.

"Dr. Hinton is upstairs now, so that you will soon have the very latest bulletin; but so far as I can judge, they are both about the same. They are held *in statu quo* through their anxiety about each other. Frederick will not stop worrying about Eloise long enough to get well himself; and Eloise only stops worrying about Frederick long enough to get in a little worry about the new baby and Helen and Dorothy. If they would think of themselves for a while, it is my opinion that Eloise would begin to get along as well as could be expected, which she isn't; and that Frederick's temperature would soon go down instead of up; and the nightmare of a possible operation would no longer hang over him. But then," Miss Ainslee wound up with an air of resignation, "you might as well expect those mosquitoes to change their natures as to hope that what is called a happily married couple will ever have an independent, individual thought."

"Well, if they are no *worse*——"

With this hopeful inconclusion Warren Dudley leaned back in his chair and looked at Miss Ainslee with the interest and amusement which he felt in spite of his anxiety for his friend, Frederick Curtis. Since Curtis had developed appendicitis, a week before, Dudley had come over from New York every evening to see how he was getting on. That this obligation of a daily call should coincide with Margaret Ainslee's visit to her old friend, Mrs. Curtis, would once have seemed to Dudley the working of a special Providence in his behalf. Twelve years before, when he was in his early twenties, he had been so much in love with Miss Ainslee that it is doubtful if he would have seen either the egoism or the humor of considering the serious illness of his friend as the foreordained means of a meeting with her.

Miss Ainslee had, however, refused to marry him; and had remained in Ohio to teach school while he had gone east to make his fortune, equipped with an almost intolerable burden of unhappiness. He hadn't made the fortune, but he was no longer unhappy; and he had met Miss Ainslee for the first time after so many years with the mild, archæological interest of a man who analyzes a past attachment in the present light of an unprejudiced view of the woman. He had seen her, now, every day for a week, and he had the satisfaction of finding that, even in his very young manhood, he had not been without discrimination. Miss Ainslee, it seemed to him, was an admirable and interesting woman. He liked to think that there had been sound reasons for his love almost as much as he liked to consider that now there was no love in his reasons. It amused him to find that she still felt the antagonism toward marriage which had proved so fatal to his early hopes, and it pleased him to see that she could still express this antagonism with no effect of acidulous spinsterhood. Her opinion of the mutual subjugation of the Curtises had for him rather the charm of a girlish rebellion against the fate of her sex.

"How conservative you are, Margaret," he said, smiling at her.

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"I! Conservative?" Miss Ainslee involuntarily threw up her head and lifted her brows.

Dudley's smile deepened.

"Oh, I'll grant your *views* are radical enough, but to hold the same views for twenty years is certainly conservative."

"Twenty years! I *am* too conservative to accept *that* without a demur."

"Well, I'll acknowledge that you are as conservative about changing your looks as you are about changing your views."

She bowed ironically. Her blush bore out Dudley's opinion of her girlish appearance.

"If I *had* changed my views of marriage," she said, "my visit to Eloise, this summer, would cause me to revert to them with renewed ardor. Eloise is a lost soul. She hasn't a single thought outside her family and her home. She has unusual talent for music, and she was ambitious before she married. But now she never touches the piano except to dust it. She used to read books, real books, not current literature, and she had ideas on what she read; but now she is no more capable of harboring an abstract idea than she is of having a selfish thought where Frederick or the children are concerned. She's as good as gold, and I love her; but she's as primitive as a cave-dweller. That is what marriage has done for Eloise."

"It's a terrible arraignment," said Dudley, "but Eloise strikes me as happy."

"Oh, she's *happy!* That's the worst of it. She has no conception of her degradation." Miss Ainslee laughed at her own vehemence. "And Frederick is happy, too, but I know you wonder that he should be. You would die in six months if you had to go back and forth, every day, between New York and Cranston, New Jersey. Even the few days that you have been coming since Frederick has been ill have begun to tell on you."

"Yes, I am waning." Dudley cast a glance of mock pity over his long person, which bore easily the additional weight that his thirty-six years were beginning to place upon it; he looked at his companion with a quizzical smile. "What are you trying to do? Make me thank you for throwing me over?"

Miss Ainslee got up and went over to the end of the small piazza where a honeysuckle had been trained on a trellis to insure at least privacy of sight; the next house was so close as to render privacy of sound a matter of careful modulation. She stood with her back to Dudley.

"You know that I am not," she said without turning. "When a woman is frank, a man always looks for her second intention. I don't suppose that men and women will be able to talk together like simple, sincere human creatures until men wake up to the fact that some women, at least, have ceased to consider marriage the be-all and end-all of their existence."

"My dear Margaret," Dudley eagerly expostulated, "I know that the higher education of women in general and your own sweet girl undergraduates in particular are the only sky-scrapers on your sky-line."

Miss Ainslee turned with a smile and came toward him. Her smile was very pleasant, and softened the rather firm lines which her mouth had in repose. Her figure was straight and slender, but without the flexibility of girlhood. There was the subtle stiffness and primness in it often noticeable in unmarried women in their early thirties; but, in the favoring twilight of the July day, she looked young and pretty as she paused in front of her companion's chair, and fixed her frank, smiling eyes on him.

"I wonder," she said, "what are *your* topless towers of Ilium."

Dudley rested his head on the back of his chair and looked up at her. He had a long, rather heavy chin and a high, slightly narrow forehead with a delicacy in the modelling of the temples. Everything about him, from the way his cravat was tied to the shape of his low shoes, had distinction without foppishness. It was plain that the cut of his clothes was a matter of thought, his own thought, not his tailor's; for, although they were evidently fresh from the latter's hands, they were not of the latest fashion.

"I haven't a single tower left, topless or otherwise," he said. "My life consists of doing things I don't want to do so that I may earn money to do things I *do* want to do, or rather, do things which I am *used* to doing, for I find that what were predilections when I was younger are mere habits now. The only thing that could make my life more intolerable would be to change it in any particular."

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They laughed together at his paradox. Miss Ainslee's laugh ended in a faint sigh.

"Ideals, or no ideals, time tells on us all. It has with me. Sometimes, lately, at the close of a hard day, I have caught myself hating my work, hating even my sweet girl undergraduates; and I know that, next winter, when I am abroad, striving to gain the degree which marks the height of my ambition, there will be times when I shall hate that, too."

They were both silent for a moment, and then Dudley said, with a vague gesture of his hand toward the restricted view commanded by the piazza, "Do you suppose that Fred ever, at the close of a hard day, hates this?"

She took in the suburban street; its new, wooden houses in every diversity of bastard architecture, each on its little plot of ground, with its new, little shade-trees at the curb.

"No," she answered, "Frederick dotes on it. The harder the day, the more he dotes. As I remarked before, Frederick is happy; but *you* can't understand how he can be."

"Do I show my perplexity as plainly as that?" Dudley laughed. "Do sit down, Margaret, or I shall have to get up, and I don't want to. To tell you the truth, to speak as a simple, sincere, emancipated male to a simple, sincere, emancipated female, were I Fred, or ninety-nine out of every hundred married men I know, I should die of remorse and terror. To speak with the frankness of the ideal man of the future, I *am* thankful, my dear Margaret, that, in my callow youth, you turned me down."

He pressed his hand against his left side with exaggerated gallantry and bowed stiffly from his hips. Miss Ainslee returned his bow. He could not make out, in the gathering dusk, whether she were nonplussed by his immediate practice of her theory.

"The temerity with which men rush into matrimony appalls me," he went on. "They acquire a wife and children and a suburban home on a salary barely sufficient for a bachelor. Their salary is the only thing between their family and the poor-house, and that is dependent on their usually not over-robust health. Most people think that bachelors don't marry because they are too selfish to cut out any of the luxuries that have crystallized for them into necessities; but the real reason is that bachelors have a true realization of the responsibilities and obligations of the married state. In fact," he ended with a change of tone as if he were a bit embarrassed at having spoken with so much feeling, "bachelors are the only angels extant."

It was plain from the way he had spoken that he had a special case in mind; and Miss Ainslee, being a woman, felt no trepidation in immediately plucking the personal from the general in which a man prefers to discuss his fellow-men.

"I can see that you are very much worried about Frederick," she said.

"Yes," he assented, "I am. I am afraid that poor old Fred, upstairs, flat on his back, staring a possible operation straight in its grisly face, is getting an awful dose of the remorse and the terror of being married. I know that he has a cheerful picture of his family walking over his grave to the poor-house, Eloise with the new infant in her arms, and the two other children clinging to her skirts. He varies this vision by having Eloise die, too, while the children go to an orphan-asylum. Of course, his temperature keeps mounting."

Warren Dudley suddenly got up and began to pace the piazza.

"Would it really be as bad as that if anything *should* happen?" Miss Ainslee asked with the literalness of her sex.

"Perhaps not, exactly." Dudley paused before her, and looked down at her slim figure, which seemed to hold in its white, crisp draperies the last light of the summer day. "But it would be bad enough. He and I get about the same munificent salary from Fields, Weldon and Company, and I just manage to make the two ends of mine meet around my rooms, my clubs and my books; so I don't imagine that Fred, with a family and a home to keep up, has saved very much for a rainy day. There is a policy on his life, of course; but there's a mortgage on the house. And there you are."

He turned away and began again to pace up and down.

"Oh," cried Miss Ainslee, springing up and standing straight and rigid, "it can't be as bad as that. There must be some way to help. And, anyway, Frederick isn't any worse than he was. There, at last, is Dr. Hinton," she added as steps were heard in the hallway.

She went quickly to him as he came out

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of the house with the evident desire in his decisive "good-evening" of getting off the piazza without any parley.

"Oh, doctor," she asked, "how is Mr. Curtis now? Mr. Dudley, please light the hall light."

In the flare of the gas she tried to read her answer in Dr. Hinton's pale, weary mask. He had stopped at her question with the controlled impatience of a physician. He gave Miss Ainslee's anxious face a quick look, as if to estimate her nerves, before he replied.

"I have sent for Dr. McNaughton. I wish to consult him."

"Then you *are* going to operate? Dr. McNaughton is a surgeon, isn't he?"

"You rush at conclusions, Miss Ainslee." Dr. Hinton smiled faintly. "Dr. McNaughton is a surgeon; but a consultation does not necessarily mean an operation. I shall return in about an hour with Dr. McNaughton. I am going to meet him at the Jersey City ferry with my auto to save time. Good-evening."

He ran lightly down the steep wooden steps. Miss Ainslee turned on Dudley.

"He *is* going to operate," she affirmed almost angrily. Her tone seemed to accuse him, together with Dr. Hinton, of an evasion of the truth. "And it will *kill* Eloise."

"Perhaps," Dudley said with ironic bitterness, "since the operation is on Fred, he can manage to die, too. Of course," he added, "Eloise must not be told about the operation."

"Told! Of course, no one will *tell* her! But she'll know of it, just the same. She probably knows of it already. She and Frederick have a sixth sense, born, I suppose, of that terrible, conjugal interdependence; and they can read each other's thoughts and feelings without a word, or even a glance, passing between them. They only talk to each other because it is customary, not because they have to for the sake of communication. Nevertheless, Eloise will try to get it out of me. She'll try to make me tell her what the doctor said. Here comes her messenger now."

A rapid, light step had been heard on the stairs.

"Are you out there, Aunt Margaret?"

A girl stood in the doorway, peering into the comparative gloom of the piazza. Her figure was silhouetted against the lighted hall. The short dress, long, thin legs, and narrow shoulders were those of a child of about twelve, shooting rapidly out of girlhood. Miss Ainslee went to her, and, putting her arm about her, drew her out on the piazza. The girl's head came well up to Miss Ainslee's shoulder.

"Mother wants to see you, Aunt Margaret."

"My prophetic soul!" cried Miss Ainslee with a nervous little laugh. She bent her head and kissed the girl's cheek with sudden vehemence.

"And don't you want to see your Uncle Dudley, Dorothy?" Warren came toward the intertwined figures and held out his hand to the child.

"Oh, how do you do?" She put her hand in his with a shy, pretty, grown-up air. "I'd like to see you, but papa wants to see you, too. The nurse said he might."

The nurse was waiting for Dudley at the door of Curtis's bedroom. She was of middle-age, with a short, compact figure, and a shrewd, kind, tolerant expression similar to that often seen in the faces of women who have risen to places of authority in some religious sisterhood.

"Do not stay long," she said. "Mr. Curtis must have a chance to rest before the physicians return."

She stepped aside to let him enter. Her clean, stiff uniform rattled slightly as she went down the stairs.

Curtis's bed had been pulled out into the middle of the room, so that he could get the benefit of any breeze that might find its way in through the two small dormer windows. The room was still hot with the stored-up heat of the day. A gas-jet, turned low and shaded by a piece of paper fastened against the globe, added its increment to the heat. Curtis moved his head on the pillow and looked toward the door.

"Is that you, Warren?" he asked. "Come in and make yourself uncomfortable. Excuse me for not rising to greet you," he went on, as his friend came to his bedside and took his hand.

"Well, old fellow," Dudley said, "you chose good weather to take a vacation. The city has been fiendishly hot to-day."

The firm pressure of their hands and the earnest encounter of their eyes expressed the deep friendship neither man could have put in words without embarrassment.

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Curtis looked very long and thin under the sheet. His dark eyes seemed abnormally large and sunken from the pain he suffered; they were bright with the fever that glowed in two round spots, high on his cheeks.

"It's not exactly the Arctic regions here," he said. "They keep me packed in ice, but the only effect obtained is on the ice. *That* melts. Sit down, Warren." He motioned toward a chair at the side of the bed. He waited until Dudley was seated before he said, in a different tone, "I guess I'm up against it. The ice didn't do its duty and relieve the inflammation, so the surgeon is going to do his. Dr. Hinton didn't want to operate because I have a bad heart, and there is danger that it wouldn't weather the ether. The operation may be successful, but I may never come to, to know that it is." He smiled feebly at his joke.

"But you don't know that they are going to operate," Dudley protested, "and if they do, it isn't a foregone conclusion that your heart will give out."

"Oh, my dear Warren, don't try to cheer me up. I'm not afraid. I'm not borrowing worries. But I've got to face possibilities as if they *were* foregone conclusions. I've got to pretend that I'm going to *die*, so that I can figure out how Eloise and the children are going to *live*, afterward."

He made a fist of his hand and struck it against the open palm of the other with a nervous emphasis that one could see was characteristic of him. He winced with the pain of the involuntary gesture and let his arms fall at his sides.

"I have five thousand dollars' insurance," he added after an instant. "I took it out the year I married, and it has taken about all we could save to pay the premiums. What I did manage to save, over and above that, I put into this house. I figured that the interest on the mortgage and taxes wouldn't be any more than rent. Well, they aren't; but the question is, how can Eloise keep up the interest and pay the taxes and run the house and educate the children on the income from five thousand dollars? Ever since I knew I had appendicitis I have asked myself that question; and the answer I have had to give has made me suffer more than the old, prehistoric remnant in my side has."

He lifted his hand and pressed it tight over his eyes as if his imaginings had suddenly taken visible and terrifying form and he wished to shut them out.

"Warren," he spoke without uncovering his eyes, "don't ever marry. I used to pity you because you weren't married; I even thought that I was better than you, somehow, because I was a husband and a father. But I've been a knave and a coward. I've seized upon the greatest happiness a man can know; the woman I love has been my wife and has borne me three children; and now I go out of the world and leave her to pay for it all. Why, a drunken brute who deserts his family is no worse than I am. I knew that Eloise would be almost penniless if I should die; but I put the thought behind me and went on being happy. I told myself I wasn't *going* to die."

A tear ran down his thin cheek. Dudley got up and went to the bedside and laid his hand reassuringly over the hand which lay outside the sheet.

"And I tell you, my dear man, that you are not going to die; but if it will make you feel any more comfortable, we'll talk as though you were going to die. You wanted to tell me just how things stood, didn't you, so that I would be in a position to advise Eloise? Well, it seems to me that the thing to do is to sell the house and add the money to the insurance. It ought to make a tidy little income."

Dudley's soothing tone seemed to irritate Curtis. He drew his hand away, uncovered his eyes, and looked up with a certain fierceness.

"That sounds very fine," he said. "But who will buy the house, and what will they pay for it? They won't pay what *I* did, nor near it. I bought when Cranston had its boom; now the boom has gone on to the next town and people want to buy there, not in Cranston."

He closed his eyes wearily. The factitious strength his fever had given him was almost exhausted.

"This is what Eloise must do," he went on after a moment in a monotonous tone, "and I want you to help her do it. She knows as much of business as the new baby does. She must sell the house for what she can get. She must sell the furniture. She must go back to Ohio and board with her mother. *I* have no relatives who could help her; and her mother is so hard up that

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Eloise's money would help *her*. That is the only cheering thought, to a proud soul, in the whole affair. Eloise's mother lives in a country town. The children will receive the superior education a country town affords. And that's all."

Curtis paused with an air of dreary finality. Dudley looked down at him without speaking, and the two friends gazed into each other's eyes as they had when they greeted each other. Dudley's long, heavy chin began to quiver, but he forced a smile as he said, with an attempt at lightness, "I don't suppose that you have settled what is going to become of *me* without you. You know, I've got sort of used to having you around."

Curtis smiled back at him and held out his hand.

"Dear old Warren," he said.

A rustling of skirts was heard in the hall; both men looked at the door, expecting to see the nurse, but it was Miss Ainslee who entered. Curtis lifted himself half-way up in bed as he saw her and then sank back with a moan of pain.

"Eloise!" he cried, "is anything the matter with Eloise?"

Miss Ainslee went quickly toward him, and Dudley stepped back to let her have his place beside the bed.

"The only thing the matter with Eloise," said Miss Ainslee, smiling down at him, "is that she is getting well too fast. The nurse and I had a strenuous half hour persuading her that she wasn't quite chipper enough to come up here to see you. She finally compromised upon having *me* come up to see you. I come freighted with messages."

"Then she knows about the operation?" There was a queer mixture of anxiety and relief in Curtis's tone. "The nurse told her?"

"No, nobody told her; but you know what Eloise's intuitions are. Her intuitions also extend to your and Warren's confab. She seems to have had a foreknowledge of why you wanted to see him, and what you have said to him."

Miss Ainslee paused. Her smile became rather fixed, and Dudley could see that she was overwrought and nervous.

"It's too ridiculous, my dear Frederick," she went on, "to have to talk to you as though an operation for appendicitis were as conclusive as the guillotine; but the messages I bring you must be delivered with that as a premise. Not," she interpolated hastily, "that *Eloise* believes that; but she says that *you* do, and that you are worrying about what will become of her and the children; and she wants me to tell you that this is what will become of them: they will go to Ohio and live with her mother and be the wealthiest folks in the town, with the money from the sale of this house and the life insurance. She says that the real country is the only healthful place to bring up children; but, since Dorothy is so nearly out of childhood," Miss Ainslee hesitated; then she added, with an elaborate attempt at the casual, "Eloise says that I am to take Dorothy and bring her up in the classic atmosphere of my school."

She finished speaking, but Curtis made no reply. He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled frown.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you are going to *adopt* Dorothy? That Eloise feels that she must *part* with one of our children?"

Miss Ainslee smiled back bravely into the sick man's face. Dudley turned to one of the small windows. Across the street a man was watering his tiny lawn and the road in front of his house. A warm, moist, dusty smell filled the air. Children's voices rose in an ecstatic squeal of delight and excitement as the man evidently made a feint of turning the hose on them, too.

"Oh, adopt is an ugly word," Miss Ainslee said, still trying to carry the scene off lightly, "and so is part, and they are both so over-expressive. Dorothy is merely going away to school earlier than she would if she could continue to enjoy the advantages of Cranston's public schools. Eloise can have her during the vacations. I shall not be greedy. I shall be generous with Eloise."

Curtis threw out his hand with one of his sudden gestures.

"There," he said, "you feel that Dorothy half belongs to you already; you speak as though you had the right to give or withhold the child from her mother. And she *would* belong to you," he went on bitterly, "you would have her to watch over and help and advise during all those wonderful formative years of her youth that Eloise and I have planned for a hundred times. Eloise could spare either of the other children better than she could Dorothy."

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Miss Ainslee broke into a shaky little laugh.

"It is too ridiculous to talk with the assumption that you are to be cut off in your prime. I refuse to do it any longer."

Dudley moved away from the window to the foot of the bed. He felt that he was now seeing in Curtis the reverse of the medal. Curtis's supreme unselfishness in preparing for death with no thought of himself was balanced by the blind selfishness with which he considered only his wife and his family. He seemed to have no idea of the sacrifices that Miss Ainslee would have to make to take the child. Dudley saw that in her brief talk with Eloise she had put aside her dream of studying abroad, and that she stood willing to give up, for Dorothy, her time, her money, her ideals. He looked at her slight figure and the delicate curve of her cheek as she stood with her head lowered and averted from Curtis; he could see the thin, fine corner of her mouth; her lips were trembling.

Suddenly he felt an overmastering desire to help Margaret Ainslee, to shield her, to give her whatever she desired. It did not seem that he could bear to have her sacrifice her slightest dream, her most unimportant ideal. If she wanted a foreign degree, she should have it. He stood, for an instant, glaring before him with the intensity of his thought; then, his face lighted up, his eyes glowed as he turned them on Curtis.

"Fred," he said abruptly, "if this house could be sold for what you paid for it, could Eloise afford to bring up all three children?"

Curtis rolled his head wearily on the pillow.

"Oh, I suppose so; but it can't be sold for that."

"It can, and it shall be."

Curtis looked at him in astonishment.

"*I* want to buy it," Dudley added, "and I won't be forced to pay a cent less than *you* paid."

Curtis smiled wanly.

"*Et tu*, Warren," he said, with a tenderness not unmixed with bitterness. "Why don't you adopt one of the children, instead? It would be a more lasting charity to Eloise."

Dudley saw that in making his eager offer he had reckoned without his friend's pride; and he as eagerly began to try to soothe the sick man.

"But you're all wrong, Fred. I wasn't thinking of you at all. I don't want to buy the house for your sake. Of course," he added, "I'm glad if my taking it would help you, but, honestly, I was thinking only of—" He stopped, and a deep flush spread over his face as he realized how nearly he had come to dealing Miss Ainslee's pride an even harder blow than he had dealt his friend's.

He had not looked toward her, but he was aware that she had turned around when he announced his desire to buy the house; and he felt that she was gazing at him intently. He now glanced quickly toward her to see whether she had any suspicion of what he had come so near revealing; but her face expressed only the exalted admiration with which women contemplate a Don Quixote when he is not too closely related to them. He wound up confusedly, "I want the house for myself. I want to live in it."

Curtis, at his stammered explanation, turned from Dudley to Miss Ainslee, from his flushed, embarrassed face to her soft, approving eyes. This inspection seemed to afford him a certain inspiration which momentarily diverted him from his own troubles and lighted his face with sudden pleasure.

"Dear Warren," he exclaimed, attempting to sit up and falling back again with an involuntary groan, "if *that's* what you want the house for, of course you may have it. Well, I *am* pleased. I congratulate you both. You're both good fellows, only I must say that you've been a pretty pair of idiots to wait all these years. Does Eloise know?"

He turned to Miss Ainslee. She was staring at him as if she believed he had become suddenly delirious. Then, comprehending what he thought had taken place between Dudley and herself, she began to blush and hated herself for blushing. If she had looked at Dudley, she would have seen that he was blushing with even greater thoroughness, but he wasn't aware of it; it is only a woman who can feel deeply and at the same time be conscious of the external manifestations of her emotion.

"You're all wrong, Fred," he hastened to save Miss Ainslee the explanation, "there isn't anything to tell Eloise. Nothing has happened. Nothing will happen. I got over that long ago; and, as for Margaret, she never had it to get over."

He realized dimly through his embarrass-

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ment that, considering Miss Ainslee's presence, his expression of his state of mind was neither tactful nor chivalrous, but he was thinking only of setting Curtis right. This he had evidently brought about. Curtis had been set right, with the effect that everything again seemed wrong.

"Well, then," he said, "I guess you won't have much use for this house. I wish you'd call the nurse," he added, turning his face into the pillow.

"But I *do* want the house, Fred," Dudley was beginning again lame—when Miss Ainslee interrupted him. She was not blushing now, but was rather pale and very composed.

"Frederick," she said, "you *did* guess right, only I asked Warren not to announce our engagement for a few months; and he has loyally carried his promise too far."

She could see, out of the corner of her eye, that Dudley was transfixed with astonishment. Curtis turned his face toward her, but he was too tired to feel as much pleasure in her positive statement as he had in his own surmise.

"Well, I am glad," he said. Then he added, "I guess it was going rather too far not to tell me now. You might not get another chance."

He smiled faintly at Dudley.

"Yes," Miss Ainslee rushed on, "and I want you to feel that, if anything should happen to you, your house will be bought by your nearest friend."

"All right," agreed Curtis somewhat wearily. "Of course, I know it's friendly charity, in a way; but I'm too relieved and too tired to be very proud. And the house is as good a one as you'll find for the money. I've put in a lot of improvements since it was built. Eloise says that it is the most conveniently arranged house she ever saw." At the mention of his wife's name he realized that this convenient arrangement would probably become the housewifely joy of another woman. "I guess you had better call the nurse now," he said.

He held out his long, thin hand to Miss Ainslee and to Dudley in turn.

"You've made me feel as comfortable as I *can* feel," he assured them; but he let his hand fall so dead against the sheet after the warm pressure they gave it, and looked so pale and tired, that they were fearful and turned to the nurse, as she came into the room, to see what she thought of her patient.

She went quickly to the bedside and pressed her fingers on Curtis's wrist. His eyes closed as if in answer to the firm, light touch. After an instant she looked toward Dudley and Miss Ainslee, who had been waiting in the doorway for some word from her. She motioned with her head for them to go out.

"He'll sleep now," she said, and they were forced to content themselves with this.

Warren Dudley followed Margaret Ainslee down the stairs in silence and out on the piazza, where she remained standing as if she expected him to take his leave; and he said, rather awkwardly, "I think I'll stay to hear what the doctors say," and she answered, "Of course"; but made no motion to sit down.

He wanted to thank her for helping him out of his dilemma, and he knew that she must be expecting him to do so; but he could not find words to do it simply and naturally as he could have done, earlier in the evening, before he had had anything to thank her for, anything, that is, except the great boon, for which he *had* expressed his gratitude, of turning him down in his callow youth. Now, when, for the sake of poor Curtis's peace of mind, she had pretended to take him up again, the mere sound of the words in which she had enlightened the sick man, the proud sincerity of her attitude as she had spoken, and Curtis's pleasure and congratulations had made it, for an instant, seem a reality; and, in that instant of pretence, he had learned the truth about himself. The last thing for which he would ever thank Margaret Ainslee again would be for turning him down. Not that he contemplated going through that ordeal once more, if, in the present tumult in his mind, he could be said to contemplate anything. He knew too well what she would say, and he did not believe that the pain of hearing her say it would at all be balanced by the barren pleasure of telling her that he loved her.

He gazed for a moment at the back of her head as she stood, a few feet from him, looking through the wire-netting into the street, where there was now nothing to see. The man across the way had stopped watering the road, and the children had gone into the house.

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At length he said, "I want to thank you for coming to my aid when I got into that corner with Fred."

She gave a short little laugh, and answered without turning round, "Oh, *you* needn't thank me. I didn't do it to help *you* out of a corner. I did it for poor, distracted Frederick."

"Oh, of course, of course. I know that; but it was so quick-witted and courageous and fine that I must thank you. Most women are so prudish that they would have let Fred die on the spot rather than say that they were going to marry me."

"Well, you see, some one had to be quick-witted," she said, "and I would have announced my engagement to Satan himself to make Frederick feel more comfortable. It was the obvious and sensible thing to do," she continued more seriously, "but a woman is thought unusual, I suppose, when she does the obvious and sensible. Now, if a *man* had announced his engagement to you, you wouldn't have thought of thanking him."

"Indeed I should not," Dudley said with emphasis, and they laughed together rather nervously. Then he added, "Anyway, you'll have to let Fred thank you if, by making him feel comfortable about the future of Eloise and the children, you have happened to save his life."

At this, Margaret Ainslee whirled swiftly around and faced him.

"Oh," she said fiercely, "how *could* you force me to say that I was engaged to you? *Why* did you leave it for *me* to say when you saw what Frederick thought? If he gets well, I shall never hear the last of it to my dying day. He will tease me unmercifully. And of course he will tell Eloise."

Suddenly she flung herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Poor Dudley, bewildered by this sudden transition, shocked at the sight of her emotion, stood helplessly looking down at her. He was at a loss to know what to say to comfort her, but he finally brought out, "But Eloise won't tease you. She'll be so grateful to you."

"Oh, *she'll pity* me," she spoke even more fiercely, "*she'll* think I did it for *your* sake because I *cared* for you. Oh, why *didn't* you do it yourself?"

If Dudley had been a married man for as many years as he had been a bachelor, he would have known that the strength and calmness with which some women go through an ordeal usually deserts them when there is no longer anything to go through with. If nerves have been screwed up, it naturally follows that they must uncoil with more or less resultant jangling; and a philosophic husband learns to stand by in silence until the vibrations cease. But Dudley was not a husband of any kind. He was a lover who saw the object of his affections dissolved in tears at the mere possibility of seeming to care for him. He saw, by this token, that he would have to give up whatever hope he might have cherished. By the sinking of his heart, Dudley knew that he *had* hoped, and that, for the second time, Margaret Ainslee would make him miserable. This fresh grip of an old pain made him feel sudden anger against the cause of it.

"There is the cheering thought," he said, "that Fred may die, and then he can't tease you. He probably will not, in that case, have a chance to tell Eloise the glad tidings. But if he should pull through, and you should, in consequence, have to suffer the degradation of a supposed adoration of me, you can prove conclusively to Eloise that her suspicion is untrue, by telling her that I told you, here, to-night, that I loved you; that I asked you to marry me; and that you refused me."

He paused, but she made no sign that she had heard him.

"If," he went on, "after this proof, you still perceive a gleam of pity in her eye, you may tell her (and this will strike her nearer home) that I wasn't thinking at all of her husband when I offered to buy this house. I was thinking of you. I wanted to fix it so that you would not have to take Dorothy and lose your degree. Tell her that I was not trying to help my old friend to face death with a little more peace in his heart; but that I was trying to make it possible for a woman to gratify a barren ambition."

Miss Ainslee took her hands from her face and got quickly to her feet. Dudley could see that she held her head high, but he felt, rather than saw, in the dim light, that she was very angry.

"I am sorry," she began, her voice trembling with the tears she had just shed, and with her anger, "to be forced to tell you that your chivalrous sacrifice for my sake was entirely misplaced. I should much

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rather have Dorothy than study abroad, to gratify my barren ambition. I felt glad, in spite of my sympathy for Eloise, to think that I might have her child to bring up; and I felt sorry, in spite of my pity for Frederick, when your noble offer took away my chance of having the child. And I am even sorrier," she continued, her irony losing much of its force because of her trembling tone, "to have to tell you that your other and greater offer is equally futile. I am doubtless capable of many unwomanly things, such as a desire to advance and perfect myself in my chosen calling; but I am not capable, in order to save myself embarrassment, of letting Eloise think that I have received and refused a proposal of marriage from you. Nevertheless, I thank you for your gracious permission. It was a brave thing, too. Did you stop to think that I might take your offer in earnest and accept before you had time to refuse for me?"

For an instant, Dudley, filled with his own turbulent emotion, did not comprehend how she had misinterpreted his feeling; but when he realized that she had taken his angry pain for contempt, his anger was swept away on a wave of contrition and love.

"Margaret," he cried, "I am in earnest. I was never more in earnest in my life, not even twelve years ago, out there in Ohio. I thought then, when I went east, that I cared more for you than any one ever did before for anybody; but I know now that I care more than I did then. I didn't mean to tell you this. I knew that it wouldn't do me any good if I should, and it would only pain you. But I must have had a faint hope; for when you showed how you hated the thought that Eloise might imagine you cared for me, I knew, by the utter desolation which seized me, that I *had* hoped; and in my misery, I *had* to speak, I *had* to pain you. I know that I was a coward to do it. My hopelessness and wretchedness is my only excuse. Now, do you believe that I love you?"

She had turned from him as he spoke, and stood with her head averted. She did not answer him for a moment. Then she said, with an evident effort, "Yes, I believe you. I am sorry I spoke to you so. Please forgive me."

"Oh, I forgive you *that*," he said rather bitterly. "I love you so much that I can even forgive you for not loving me."

She remained silent, and he went on, "Having said everything that I had no business to say, I'll go home. You were tired, and I have succeeded in tiring you more. So long as Fred is ill, I shall have to be here every day; but I promise not to speak to you again of the way I feel. Good-night."

"You had better stay until the surgeon comes," she said. "You might be needed."

"Yes, I'll stay, of course. I had forgotten poor Fred for the moment."

She sank into the chair he placed for her. Neither spoke, and it was with evident relief that Dudley exclaimed, "There they are," as an automobile rushed through the deserted street, and stopped, panting, before the house.

In the light from the hall, the surgeon, who had slowly followed Dr. Hinton's nimble figure up the steep steps, was revealed as a tall man, fat to the point of grossness.

Dr. Hinton said to Miss Ainslee, "We may go right up?"

Without waiting for her answer, he led the way into the house. The surgeon did not seem to be aware that there was any one on the piazza, nor even that his colleague had spoken. He gazed straight ahead through the open door at the flight of stairs going up at one side of the hall. He gave a sigh, that was almost a groan, as he began the ascent. His large, white hand with its puffy fingers slid slowly up the banister.

"Well," said Dudley, as the two physicians disappeared on the floor above, "I guess they'll have to revive Dr. McNaughton before he can look Fred over. He's the figure of a butcher rather than a surgeon. It does not seem as if so fat a man could be as deft as he is said to be."

"Yes, he's very fat," Miss Ainslee answered absently.

Dudley had promised that he would not speak to her any more of his feeling for her. This promise, after they had reseated themselves resulted in his not speaking to her at all. If he couldn't speak of the way he felt when, in her presence, he seemed to be all feeling, he would have to remain silent. He was not capable of making conversation when his brain was in such a state. Miss Ainslee, for her part, said nothing. She sat with her head bent, her hands lightly folded in her lap.

Presently, however, she spoke.

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"Weren't you in earnest, then," she asked, as if the train of thought which she had been following had brought her to the question, "when you thanked me for not marrying you years ago? You seemed in earnest. You seemed to have a terror of the responsibilities of a married man. And yet——"

"And yet," Dudley caught her up, "I asked you to marry me. I was in earnest. If I were in a state of mind, now, to consider marriage philosophically, I should say the same things, I should have the same terror. But when a man is in love, he can't look upon marriage as an institution. All it means to him, then, is having the woman he loves for his wife. The only terror in the world, then, is her refusal to marry him."

"It seems to me that you ceased very suddenly to be a philosopher."

"You mean that I seem to have become a lover only within the last hour or so? I don't think that I've been out of love with you for twelve years past. I've only made myself believe that I was; and, to-night, I realized that I had never got over caring for you, and never would. But why do you make me say these things to you? It affords me more pain than pleasure, I assure you. It can afford you neither."

"I want to be sure," she said slowly. "I want to feel sure that you will not become the philosopher again by to-morrow."

"And I wish to Heaven that I might. What good can it do you to be sure that I shall be actively unhappy all my days? You are not a vain woman."

She continued to gaze at her hands, folded in her lap.

"No, I'm not vain."

Something in her tone made Warren Dudley's heart beat faster with sudden hope.

"Tell me, Margaret, did you mean it when you said that you would rather have Dorothy to take care of than get your degree abroad?"

"Yes, I meant it. I think that Eloise, ill, facing her husband's possible death and her consequent comparative poverty, with three children to bring up, is a happier woman than I have ever been."

He forced himself to continue his catechism calmly.

"But, according to your theory, Eloise has lost her individuality, her freedom; has buried her talents; is as primitive as a cave-dweller. Have you changed your mind about her?"

"No, I haven't changed my mind about her; but she's happy." Miss Ainslee lifted her head, and looked at her companion. "The rest doesn't seem to count."

Dudley came close to her chair. He tried to read her face in the dim light.

"Would you be happy in Eloise's place?"

"No," she smiled faintly, "but I think that I should be happy in my own place."

"Do you mean—" he began. He finished his question by taking her in his arms; and she answered him by staying there with no protest other than a murmured, "Oh, we ought not to be happy when Fred and Eloise are in such trouble."

"I don't believe," he said, "that love ever waits until all things are meet and fit. If it did, no man would ever propose, no woman ever marry. Love seizes upon its fulfilment as the only right thing in the world. The meet and the fit must follow, if they can. If Eloise and Fred had waited for perfectly clear sailing, they wouldn't be married yet."

She drew away from him.

"Oh, we must not marry. I could not bear to have you ever suffer the agony of mind that Frederick has had to endure. You said that you would die of remorse and terror if you were any one of ninety-nine out of every hundred married men you know."

"And now," he answered, drawing a chair beside hers, and taking her hand in his, "I'll die if I'm *not* one of the ninety-nine. But I intend to be the hundredth man. Of course, I take my chances with the others. I realize that I might, some day, lose my health, my position, my money, my life; and leave you destitute. I know that I might lose you, when it seems that I cannot live without you; but these are chances every man who loves must take. If he didn't have to, things wouldn't balance; there would be too much unalloyed happiness in the world; or, perhaps," he added thoughtfully, "there wouldn't be so much."

They sat in silence for some moments, then he said, "How are you going to reconcile yourself to the loss of your independence and individuality and all that?"

"Oh, my independence and individuality!" she exclaimed disdainfully. "I don't believe that there is such a thing in the world as independence. If a man does absolutely as he pleases, then he's a slave

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to himself; and if he does as some one else pleases, then he's a slave to the other person; but, somehow, if he loves the other person, that slavery sets him free. That sounds esoteric, doesn't it, but it's just plain, everyday human nature. As to my individuality, the only trouble is that I shall always remain the same person, in any circumstances. I don't cherish my individuality as I used to, for I realize, now, that I can never lose it; and I'd rather like to, sometimes."

"Thank Heaven, you can't lose it," Dudley said. "But, Margaret, are you sure that it is not this weariness of your life and yourself which makes you willing to marry me? Are you sure you care for *me?*"

"You dear, old goose!" she answered, "can't you *tell?*"

This evidently struck Dudley as conclusive proof, for he said nothing more until he asked that inevitable and thrilling question which, since the world began, has agitated the bosoms of lovers with sweet tumult.

"When did you begin to care for me?" he said.

"I don't know when I *began* to care, but I know when I *realized* that I did. It was when you assured Frederick that you had got over caring for me."

A few minutes later, Dr. Hinton's light step and Dr. McNaughton's heavy one sounded on the stairs. Miss Ainslee rose quickly, and went into the hall, and Dudley followed. Dr. Hinton smiled as he saw her.

"You see I was right, Miss Ainslee. This consultation, at least, did not mean an operation. Dr. McNaughton thinks that Mr. Curtis will pull through without his help. The nurse tells me that he seemed to have something on his mind which he wished to talk over with Mr. Dudley, so she let him have his say. It seems to have done him good."

The surgeon paused on the lowest step, and bowed to Miss Ainslee. His eyes looked very small in his large face, but very keen.

"The patient's temperature," he explained, "is a quarter of a degree lower than it was when Dr. Hinton saw him earlier in the evening. We infer from this that the inflammation of the appendix is being reduced. Owing to the condition of the patient's heart, we shall not operate although, in most cases, it is the safest thing to do."

"You mean," cried Miss Ainslee, "that he may have another attack?"

"He may, and he may not. He must take his chances. At least, he will recover this time. And, anyway, my dear young lady," added Dr. McNaughton, with a sort of philosophic gallantry, lowering himself with the aid of the newel-post from the lowest step to the hall floor, "are not all of us taking chances all the time?"

Miss Ainslee turned to Dr. Hinton.

"Did you see Mrs. Curtis? Did you tell her that an operation was not necessary?"

"Yes, I told her. I left her weeping as though her heart would break. I wish you women could only learn to bear up under happiness the way you do under unhappiness." He crossed the piazza, and flung open the screen-door. "Come, Doctor, we'll make record time to the ferry through these empty streets."

"You see *I* am taking one of my chances now," Dr. McNaughton called back, as the automobile started at a bound down the quiet road.

"Thank Heaven," said Dudley huskily, when the physicians were out of sight, "that poor, old Fred has some more chances *to* take."

"If he had died," said Miss Ainslee, "I could never have forgiven myself for having been happy to-night. It was horribly selfish."

"Do you think, then, that it was selfish of Fred to continue being *un*happy when he believed that we were engaged and, therefore, presumably happy?"

"But *he* was thinking about Eloise and the children."

"And *we* were thinking of each other. I suppose," he added, "that love is almost as selfish as it is unselfish. It's a sort of intensive cultivation. I can manage to love only one other human creature better than I love myself. Do you despise me for such exclusiveness?"

"I am very much afraid," she answered, holding out her hands to him, "that I love you for it."

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GREAT ACTING AND THE MODERN DRAMA

Walter Prichard Eaton

THE greatest influence on opera during the nineteenth century was exerted by Richard Wagner; the greatest influence on drama by Henrik Ibsen. Both men worked, in a sense, for the same end, the one for musical truth, for the perfect correspondence of score and text, the other for dramatic truth, for the perfect correspondence of incident and character. Opera since Wagner has continued to demand of its interpreters the finest musical talent, and a degree of dramatic skill undreamed of in the days of Handel, Mozart, or even the early Verdi. But the drama since Ibsen, on the contrary, seems to demand ever less of its interpreters, until at the present time great acting, even moving acting, is rare on our stage, and on all sides we hear the shrill complaint, "There are no great actors any more."

What is the reason for this?

Perhaps there is no single reason sufficient completely to explain the fact. But there is one reason that stands up above the others, and that, in a measure, may be said to include some of the others. It is a simple reason, too. Great actors can only be made by training in great parts; great acting can only be felt and yielded to when its spell is put forth in great rôles. There are, practically, no great parts in modern drama. We have no great actors apparent in the new generation of players because we have no training school for them; we see no great acting because we see no great parts performed. Milton could not have been Miltonic on a lesser theme than the fall of the Angels!

The condition of opera was improved by Wagner because the base of opera is music, and that base remains through every change of emphasis or style, in text or interpretation. It is no less the base of Strauss's "Salome" (in spite of certain critics!) than of Mozart's "Magic Flute." Every step toward a closer correspondence of score and text, toward the elimination of "costume concerts" and the substitution of significant acting, was yet taken on this base of music. Ultimately, as much to-day as one hundred and fifty years ago, the appeal of opera is a musical appeal; it is to the sensuous ear, however much it may now be re-enforced by an appeal to the intelligence. Once opera required singers to interpret it; now it requires singing actors. But the song element remains the basic one.

In the drama, however, the sure base of a sensuous charm, or essentially poetic appeal, does not inevitably exist. In certain kinds of drama it is found to a large degree; in certain other kinds it is not found at all. One of the latter kinds is, as a rule, the modern prose drama of contemporary life. Ibsen and the modern dramatists have worked to make incident and character correspond, to eliminate artificiality of plot, and the "situations" which are devised arbitrarily because the actor must have his chance to shine, not because the character the actor is playing would naturally bring such situations about, or is significantly affected by them. These "situations" corresponded to the arias and coloratura passages of the older operas. One of Modjeska's great performances was of Adrienne Lecouvreur, a part that was set in a drama as preposterous as any of the older operas, and, unless greatly played, as incapable of giving pleasure as is the mad scene in "Lucia" when not greatly sung. In the stern elimination of any but truthful, logical and significant situations, in the stern suppression of "emotional scenes" for their own sake, when such scenes do not arise naturally from the character and explain the intellectual message of the play, Ibsen and the modern dramatists have forged a technique which is capable of setting forth contemporary life on the stage as truthfully and plausibly as in a novel, of teaching by inference an ethical or political or even philosophic lesson, of making the drama seem in the eyes of thinking men and women a more serious and important thing than it has been, in English, at least, for more than a century.

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And in doing this, the dramatists have done well. But they have inevitably done it at a tremendous sacrifice. The size of this sacrifice is measured by the difference between Charlotte Cushman and Maude Adams, between Edwin Booth and William Faversham. They have done it at the sacrifice of great acting.

And that is because the modern prose drama of contemporary life, in throwing over the old absurdities of plot and incident, the old pack of situations devised to put the player into a state of emotional frenzy, by placing the emphasis on the intellectual drift of the drama and its truth as a picture or lesson, has thrown over poetry as well, and great characters. Many of the old dramas had no real poetry, and many of their "great" characters were not great at all, but merely went through the motions of greatness. "Virginius" is not great, and certainly is not poetry, though vanished giants of the stage, such as Macready and Forrest, achieved, we are told, astonishing emotional results in it. Richelieu is not a great character, but one so placed in a tricky melodrama that a great player can make him seem so. Mr. Sothern in this part does not satisfy the older critics, who once saw Booth's magnificent Cardinal. But Mr. Sothern's very failings show the real weakness of the character. But there were poetic dramas in the past, and there were great characters set upon the stage and engaged in doing great deeds, even outside the works of Shakespeare. It is because the modern dramatists have found no poetry and no greatness in modern life that they have lost such a firm base as that upon which opera still rests; and, as a consequence, great acting seems to have perished for want of a soil to grow in.

Ibsen himself created two poetic plays, containing two characters of such range and depth as to deserve the adjective great—"Brand" and "Peer Gynt." But as he developed, as his plays became closer pictures and more direct commentaries on his day and generation, his characters shrank, at times almost into meanness. It requires, of course, a sure technique and very genuine talent to play "Hedda Gabler." But no genius was ever so flaming as to make that character great—nor would it then be Hedda Gabler! It requires a touch of eerie poetry to play "The Lady from the Sea"—but no genius was ever so flaming as to remove from her the taint of nerves, the modern blight. The most effective of Pinero's characters is probably Paula Tanqueray. She has been played in all European languages, by the finest actresses of recent years. But, played by the best of them, Paula remains a study; pitied, perhaps, at times; observed with interest always; but always essentially small, mean, a trifle cheap. Mr. Jones has never created a great character. In his most poignant moments, as in the third act of "The Hypocrites," he gets his largeness of effect by carefully wrought suspense—a perfectly legitimate dramatic effect, but one that does not require supreme, or even great, acting to illumine. Mr. Barrie is the wisest, the most nearly poetic, the most charming of present authors writing for the English-speaking stage. And yet Mr. Barrie has never created a great character. Occasionally he has come perilously near it; "Peter Pan" trails a shadow of the things that never die. Mr. Barrie, it will be noted, least literally renders life about him, works most from the inner vision. That is why he is most nearly a poet, lays hold on the things that are most lasting, comes closest to resting his work on a firm basis of enduring charm. But, though whimsical and sound, he is surely not ample. He misses the sheer size we demand of greatness.

Of recent successful plays in America, the one which has been most popular of all, which has given the widest scope for acting of a purely virtuoso sort, and for emotional response from an audience, is "The Music Master." And that play is, curiously, the least modern in content, the most old-fashioned and far-away from the new spirit in drama. It is a "one part" play; it is a series of arias and emotional coloratura passages for David Warfield. Yet it has swept the entire country, by virtue of just that fact—because it does give an opportunity for ample acting, which is amply met by the player. It has shown that we do not want acting to be a lost art. The "Witching Hour," however, has no great part, hence no opportunity for ample acting; it succeeds by its intellectual message. "The Lion and the Mouse" had no great part; it succeeded because of its political drift. "The Great Divide" and the same author's new play, "The Faith Healer," tremble on the verge

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of poetry if not greatness. To suggest convincingly the soul struggle of the former play surely requires a capacity for poetry in the players, and must react to their development. To suggest the inner fire and force of "The Faith Healer" will surely require a touch of greatness of the actor essaying the rôle. The character is no mere Kentucky gambler of "The Witching Hour": he is a Savonarola of the Plains. But Mr. Moody, the author of these plays, has previously been known as a poet, and though now working in prose, obviously he is working more from an inner vision than a photographer's sense.

Farce and frivolity the stage has always had, and always will. We need not consider that now. Some of our vanished giants appeared in rubbish. William Warren played parts in his day which George M. Cohan would have blushed to devise, and Garrick was not always great. But a careful consideration of the seriously inclined plays of the present generation in America, or elsewhere, cannot fail to show that what we have gained over the past in truthful reflection on the stage of actual life about us we have lost in the majesty of the characters depicted, in the depth and intensity of the emotions portrayed. And consequently our players have lost the force and sweep and power the older actors were obliged to develop to play the older parts. Charlotte Cushman's "Lady Macbeth" had an emotional appeal and an ample sweep of imagination incomparably greater than Maude Adams's "Lady Babbie," because it was a successful embodiment of a vastly greater rôle. But it would not have been successful had Miss Cushman been trained in no wider nor deeper range of parts than Miss Adams has. Salvini's performance in "La Morte Civile" was tremendous in its overpowering emotional effect. The audiences used to gasp and sob. But if he, like David Warfield, had played in only four dramas in his entire career, or, like scores of promising actors of to-day, had never had a chance to play a big part in his life, a part with the weight of poetry behind it and varied and ample emotional expression, Salvini would never have torn the breasts of his audiences as he did. Indeed, it will be noted that E. H. Sothern did not attempt "Dundreary" till he had played "Hamlet." Even for sustained comedy a severe training is required. And it will be noted that most of the players on our stage to-day who possess power and amplitude—Miss Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, for example—have had long schooling in large parts, beginning in "the old school."

But all this does not mean that progress consists in going backward. It does not mean that the way for a modern actor to demonstrate his greatness is to play "Virginius," or for an actress is to play "Adrienne." It does not mean that the way for a modern playwright to create great opportunities for the players is to devise elaborate emotional arias for them, nor that the way for him to be poetic is necessarily to twist good honest prose back end foremost into blank verse. That would mean to lose all that the drama has toilfully gained; that would be reversion, not progress.

Some of the modern emphasis in stage entertainment on the intellectual message of the play, rather than the emotional effects of the actors, is doubtless ephemeral, a passing fashion. The success of "The Music Master" shows that. But much of it is real and lasting, and a great gain. Were the choice between "King Lear" and, let us say, "The Witching Hour," who would hesitate to choose? But it isn't. Shakespeare does not "abide our question." He is for all time, for all ages, all fashions, like Sophocles and Molière. Rather is the choice between "Virginius," or "The Iron Chest," or "Adrienne Lecouvreur," or "Caste," and "The Witching Hour." And shall we hesitate? We must keep fast hold on our truthful drama of contemporary life, with its intellectual drift, its "criticism of life," its message to the head as well as the emotions. Nobody will care a hundred years hence what we thought about old Rome or lands of mythical romance. But what we thought about the problems of the hour will be history.

Progress will come, the restoration of great acting and of poetry will come, when our modern dramatists discover greatness and poetry in contemporary life, when the representation of great emotions is demanded of the actors not as a "stunt" in an unimportant or false story, but as a logical outcome of an important and truthful story, as the natural expression of great men and women. Nobody cares much to-day—and

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who can be blamed?—about the emotions of old Virginius and his impossible offspring; nor can anybody raise a tear for Adrienne Lecouvreur in her pasteboard world. But some of us could care very much about the emotions of a great American in the face of a great modern crisis. We hear of tremendous, fabulous fortunes, for example, and we fancy the men who amassed these fortunes must be men of power, of a certain kind of greatness, if not the finest kind, if not of moral greatness. Yet we see one of them depicted in "The Lion and the Mouse," with nothing great about him. The author has failed to grasp his opportunity. There was a touch of sinister greatness, possibly, about the copper king, Samson, in M. Bernstein's play, but in America we saw the character entrusted to an actor who had never in his life played a part that fitted him for the representation of greatness, and the effect was, for us, quite lost.

Kipling sighed for a man "like Bobbie Burns, to sing the song o' steam." We may well sigh for a dramatist to write the play of steam, or of electricity, or Wall Street, or Socialism, or Labor Unions, or the increased cost of living. Swinburne died recently, and we mourned the last of the poets. Irving and Coquelin died, and we mourned the passing of the actors. But somehow the rest of us go ahead thinking the same old thoughts, and feeling the same old thrilling pangs, and doing, now and then, the same old brave, foolish, ideal deeds. We are still the raw material of drama. And there is no tariff.

In their preoccupation with modern people and modern problems, then, a preoccupation inevitably conditioned by the change in dramatic standards, if they would once again fertilize the soil for great acting and acting touched with the glow of poetry, the dramatists must find great modern people to depict, set them great problems to wrestle with, and endow their lives with an inner gleam of charm and beauty. It is not enough for our actors to return to "the classic repertoire." A good deal of that repertoire the new generation does not want. And, to insist that our actors return to it for their training, is surely to crush out present and future playwrights, to block the wheels of progress. Great acting in the future must be developed by the plays of the future. And already there are hints that such acting may be so developed. There is something epic about "Magda." There was nothing small about Mrs. Fiske's "Tess." Mr. Moody has stirred the breath of poetry on our stage, and out of the ample places brought an ample man. What our stage needs is playwrights of greater and nobler imagination. What our actors need is a chance.

OF TRANSIENT BEAUTY

By Sophie Jewett

Rose-flower and flower of grass and flower of flame
Drift to the Beauty whence their beauty came;
Fainter are they, more brief than this June wind,
Yet for the impalpable grace they leave behind
The years may fashion an immortal name.

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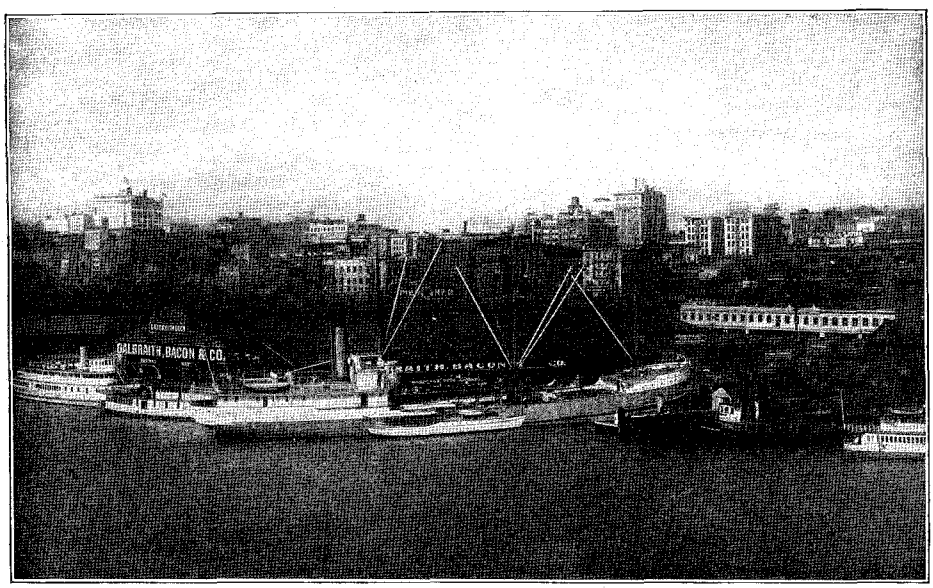

Seattle's present waterfront.

Looking in a north-easterly direction from the end of one of the piers, showing Sound and Coast shipping in the foreground and the upper business district in the background.

THE PROGRESSIVE PACIFIC COAST

By Henry T. Finck

CALIFORNIA has for many years benefited by the fact that it is the best-advertised State in the Union. Portland's Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905 did much to make the resources and attractions of Oregon known to the world, and the Alaska, Yukon, and Pacific Exposition in Seattle last summer induced many thousands more to listen to the call of the West; indeed, the railroads and hotels could hardly handle the throngs of visitors. Quite apart from these expositions there are indications that the exhortation, "See America First," so dear to Western editors, especially those of the Pacific Slope, is making its appeal to a greater number of persons every year, at least in its modified form, "See America Also." For my part, after touring Europe nine times and the Pacific Slope nearly as often, I usually make it a toss-up which to visit next, and I know others who feel the same way. Then, again, I know no European country which is so interesting to watch as our Pacific Coast States are. "See us grow!" they all exclaim proudly; and certainly it is fascinating to observe the many changes going on—the rapid progress in city building and in diverse agricultural, horticultural, commercial, and industrial activities, of which this article purposes to give a glimpse.

One of the main advantages of Europe over our land of magnificent distances has consisted hitherto in the superior facilities for getting access to things worth seeing and studying. But in this respect, also, we are progressing rapidly. Take the Grand Canyon for an instance. Twenty years ago, when I wrote my "Pacific Coast Scenic Tour," the only place from which this sublime region could be reached without an explorer's outfit was the Arizona village, Peach Springs, whence there was a primitive road down to the Colorado River.

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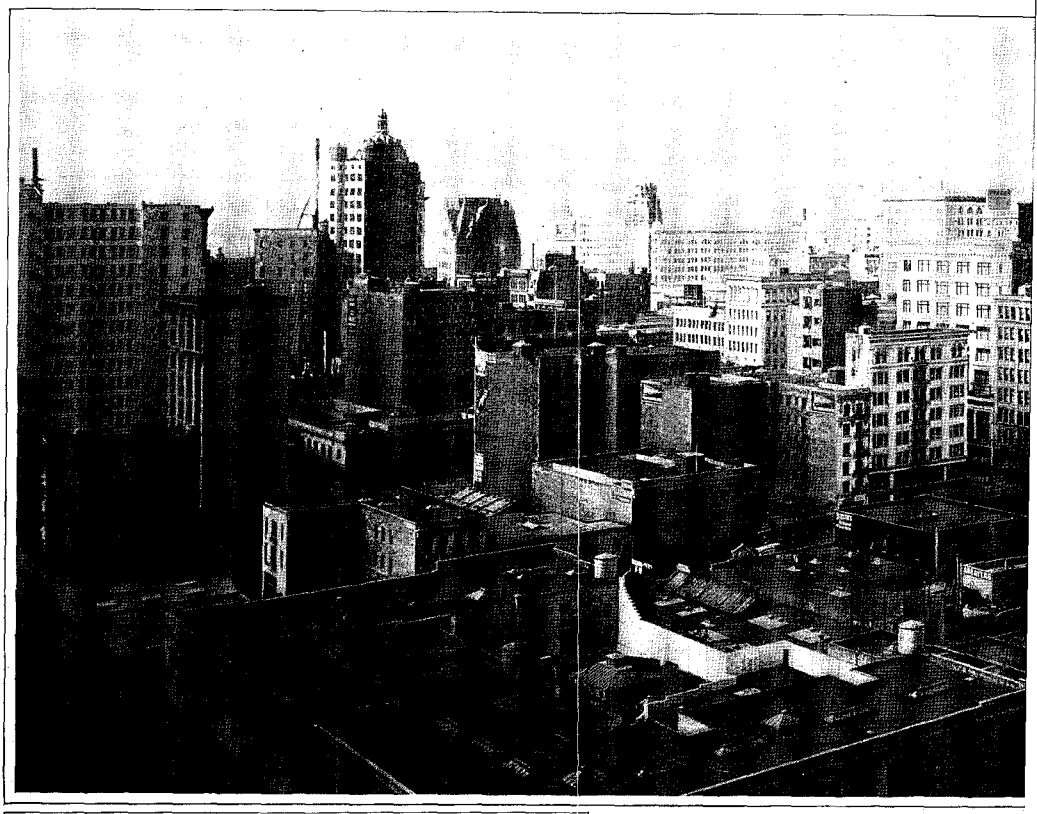
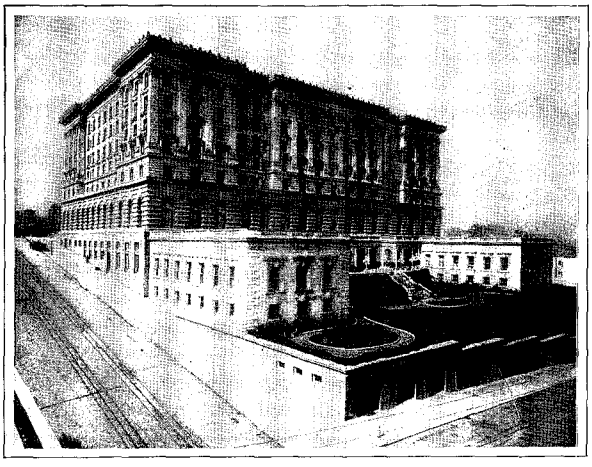


The New San Francisco from the top



Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.
On the site of the old Fair residence on Nob Hill.

The view here, however, gave but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the Canyon. In 1893 I found a stage route from Flagstaff to one of the finest points on the Canyon; but there was only a tent hotel and the round trip involved two whole days of staging. At present a branch railroad of the Santa Fé takes you in three hours to an excellent hotel with beds for two hundred and fifty guests, and a hundred horses, mules, and burros for rides or drives along the margin or down to the Colorado River. Nor does the greater accessibility damage this most stupendous and thrilling of American scenic marvels in the eyes of those who prefer to be alone with Nature. They can still loiter along the edge of the Canyon for weeks in as glorious a solitude as that experienced by the early explorers who perished of thirst in sight of the turbulent, inaccessible river a mile below them, or fell into the hands of Indian scalpers. We have all the pleasures with few of the discomforts and none of the dangers of former times.

With all our modern improvements, in-

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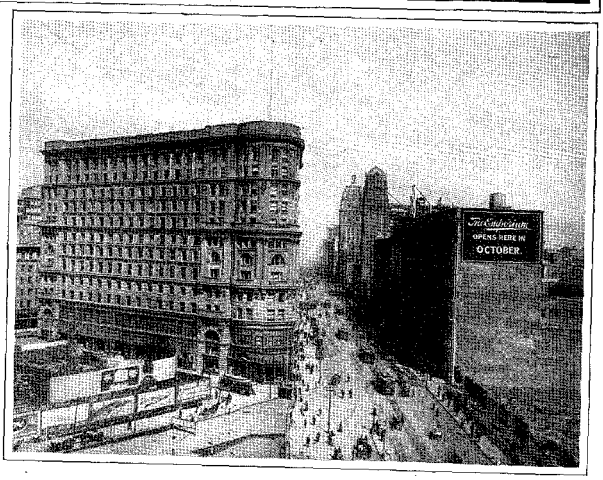
of Merchants' Exchange Building.



The rebuilt Market Street, San Francisco.

cluding electric fans at each end of the Pullman, the railway ride across the Arizona desert is still a trying experience; and somehow it doesn't make us feel any cooler if we conjure up visions of those who, in the golden age, toiled across these arid regions gee-hawing their ox teams.

Soon after crossing the Colorado River and entering California there is occasion to admire the changes made in the last two decades. The Mojave Desert is still the domain of alkali, sage brush, and yucca-palms, but there is a large and yearly increasing number of oases, illustrating the miracles wrought by artesian wells and mountain-stream irrigation. In this desert, millions of dollars' worth of wheat, alfalfa, raisins, fruit, and vegetables are now raised annually; and what is true of this region holds for all California. It has been proved abundantly that Major J. W. Powell was right when he declared that there is probably no acre of land anywhere, the productive capacity of which cannot at least be doubled by scientific irrigation.

The true Californian has unlimited con-

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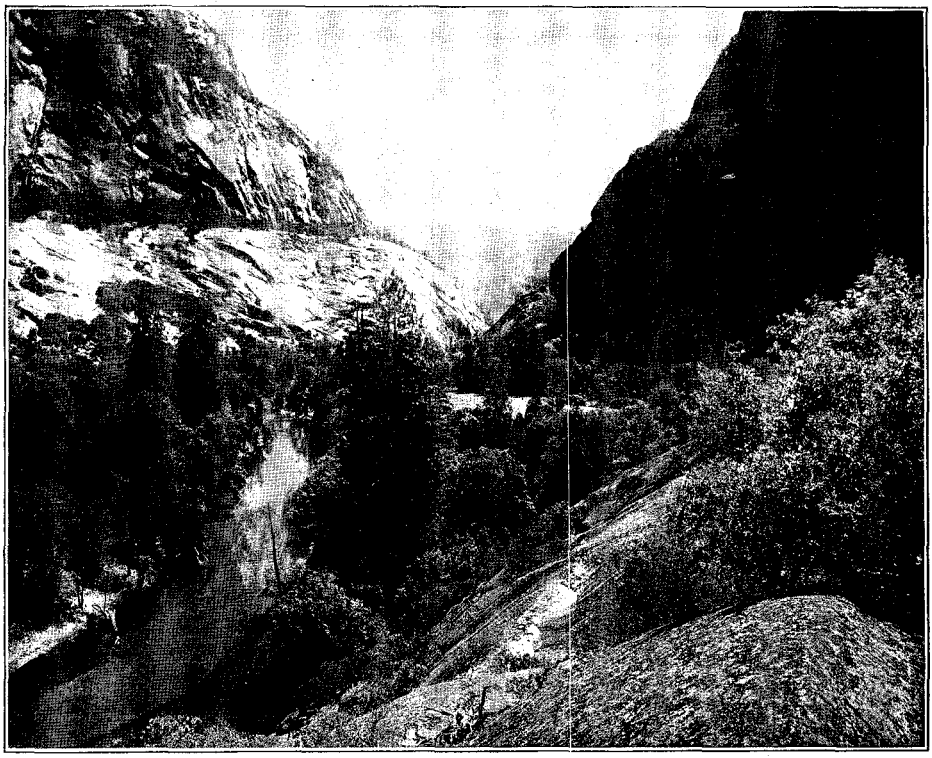

From a photograph, by George R. King.

The Gateway, Hetch-Hetchy Valley.

fidence in this method of applying water when and where it is needed. "Irrigation is not a substitute for rain," William E. Smythe declares haughtily. On the contrary, "rain is a substitute for irrigation, and a very poor one!" But one must know how to apply the moisture, and how to aerate the soil after it has been applied. In these things great progress has been made since irrigation began in California, half a century ago, at Anaheim, and the end is not yet; on the contrary, irrigation is still in its infancy, and there is perhaps little exaggeration in the boast that the national irrigation plans involving the Colorado River in the south and the Sacramento in the north will, when carried out, equal the British works on the Ganges and the Nile. The social aspect of the question also has not escaped attention. "Irrigation means small farms; small farms mean near neighbors; and near neighbors imply high social advantages." The days of the big ranches are past, and apart from the writers of romances, few have occasion to regret them.

When it was found that, with the aid of ditches, acres of valueless cactus lands could be transformed into marvellously fertile vineyards and vegetable gardens, walnut and olive orchards, lemon and orange groves, an era of feverish real-estate speculation followed which raised prices to fabulous figures. The inevitable reaction came; but valuations which were a gamble at that time have now been made actual by the natural development of the last two decades. Los Angeles has become the terminus of four transcontinental lines, which vie with one another in adopting the latest methods of distributing California products all over the United States. Of oranges alone, about thirty thousand carloads are despatched every year. But figures are less interesting than glimpses of the progress made in the handling of the huge crops. It has been found quite recently that losses through decay of oranges *en route* can be reduced five to twenty-five per cent. by pre-cooling the fruit. The Southern Pacific Railroad, has, at Colton, Cal., a plant with a capacity of

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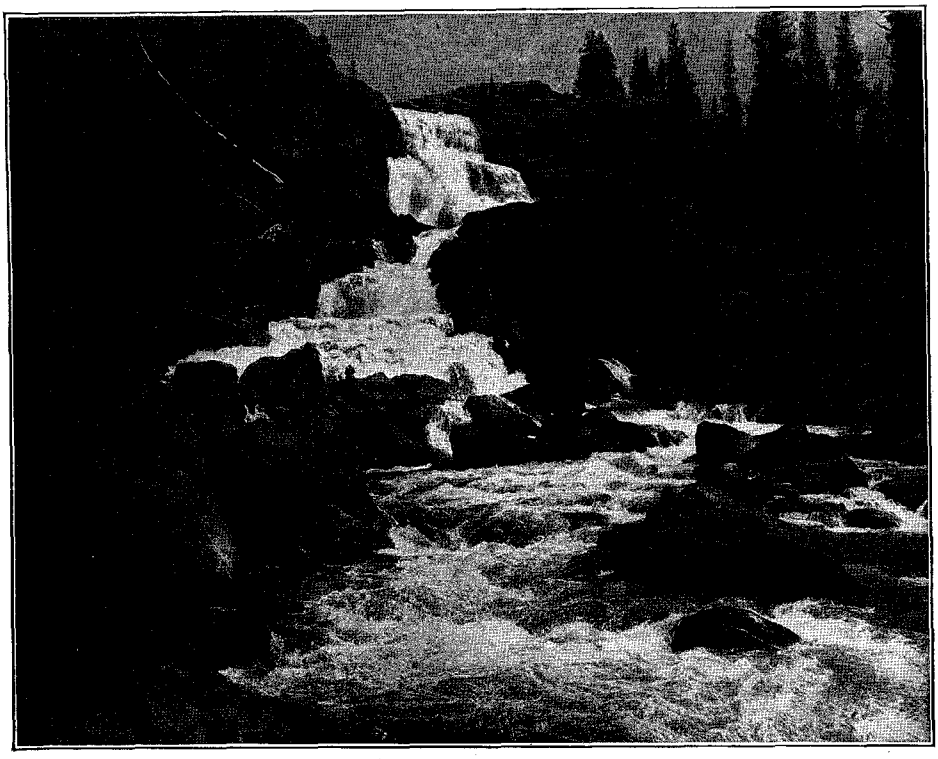

From a photograph, by George R. King.

Falls in the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne just below Tuolumne meadows.

two hundred and fifty tons of ice a day, which is manufactured on the spot. For the purpose of pre-cooling, a building has been erected large enough to hold a train of thirty cars. The building is nearly air-tight, the temperature is reduced to forty degrees, and the warm air coming from the fruit in the opened cars is removed in pipes. After twenty-four to thirty-six hours the train is ready to be started eastward. The Santa Fé has a plant of similar size, which will be ready for operation this season.

The variety of orange known as the Valencia stands long-distance shipment better than other kinds and is therefore to some extent superseding the seedless navels, which, for a time, almost monopolized the market. This is true, however, only in certain regions; in others, the navel holds its own. Californian progressiveness is displayed at present particularly along this line of ascertaining what variety of fruit or other product is specially adapted to this or that locality. In the old days the natives used to boast that "everything grows in California." This is not far from the truth; one of the most amazing things about this astonishing State is that nearly all the crops raised in the extreme south of it will grow also at its other end, seven hundred miles north. But there are differences in the results, depending not only on north and south, but on altitude, proximity to sea or mountains, nature of the soil, etc. Where oranges or lemons flourish, apples, cherries, and peaches are not at home. Apricots do not like the foot-hills, where pears and plums are happy. Raisins and dessert grapes crave the warm interior valleys, whereas dry table wines secure a better bouquet in the cool bay counties or the foot-hills. Often a distance of a few miles makes the difference between success and failure.

Much progress has been made in the last two decades in thus ascertaining what locality is particularly well suited for this or that crop, and it is obvious that ultimately this process of differentiation will prove as beneficial and profitable as the resort to irrigation. The old way was to trust to

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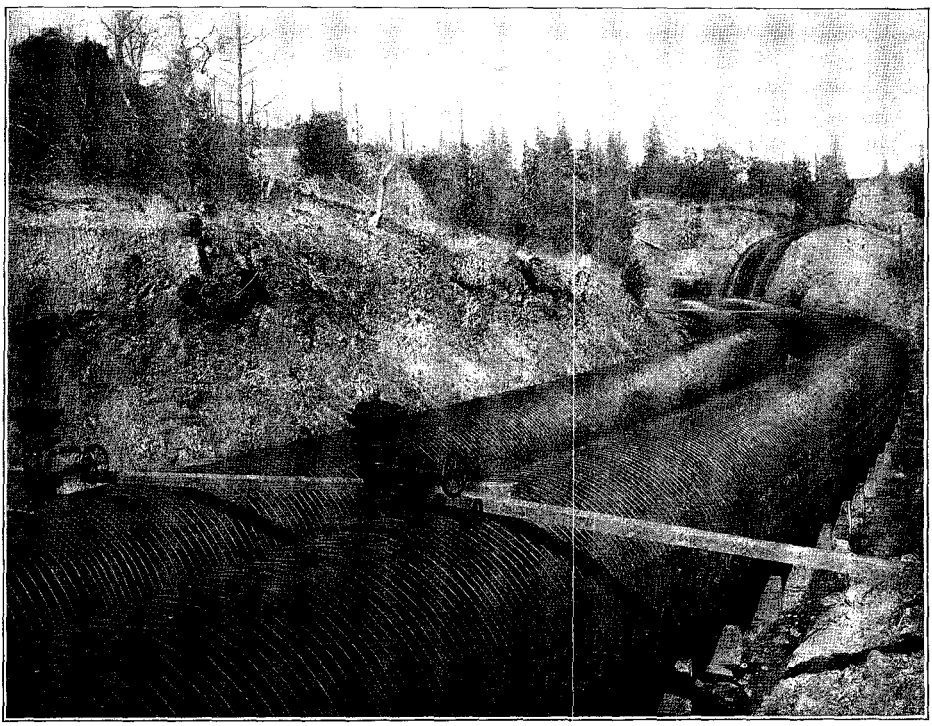
luck and rain. The new way is to use one's brains. Farmers of the happy-go-lucky kind, who do foolish things because their fathers and grandfathers did them, seem not to exist in California. Everybody tries to be up-to-date, or ahead of others in applying business principles to agriculture and horticulture. It is owing to this method, quite as much as to soil and climate, that fruit-growing has become the principal industry of this State. And with true California generosity and hospitality these men are ready to impart the secret of their success even to rivals. Last summer a delegation of some fifty orange-growers from Florida visited the orange belt under the guidance of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, for the purpose of studying the methods of growing, picking, handling, packing, and shipping the fruit; and what they saw was in some ways a revelation to them. To give only one detail: in Florida the orange-trees have been repeatedly killed by frost. In California this danger is now averted by growing dwarf trees, the foliage of which hangs to the ground and thus protects the trunk, the sensitive part of the tree. Picking of the fruit is also made easier by this recent change in the type of tree.

Last summer young orange-trees were in such demand that the nursery-men could not fill their orders. The same was true with regard to the fast-growing eucalyptus, some varieties of which are being planted by the millions, partly for fuel, partly to supply the tree-shade, the lack of which is one of the drawbacks to life in Southern California. Another drawback used to be the dusty roads, but these, fortunately, are being fast eliminated. Here, again, the Californian has emancipated himself from the coy and fickle rain. Petroleum enabled him to do it; it is so abundant and cheap that all streets and most country roads are oiled regularly, so that even an automobile going at forty or fifty miles an hour cannot



Courtesy of Sanderson & Porter, Engineers.

Stanislaus Power Development, in the Sierras, California.

Wood-stave pipes six feet in diameter are used to convey the water from the Forebay dam to the steel pressure pipes which have a fall of 1,400 feet to the power house. The impact of this water on Pelton wheels drives four large electric generators, producing about 40,000 horse-power. The transmission line to San Francisco is 130 miles long.

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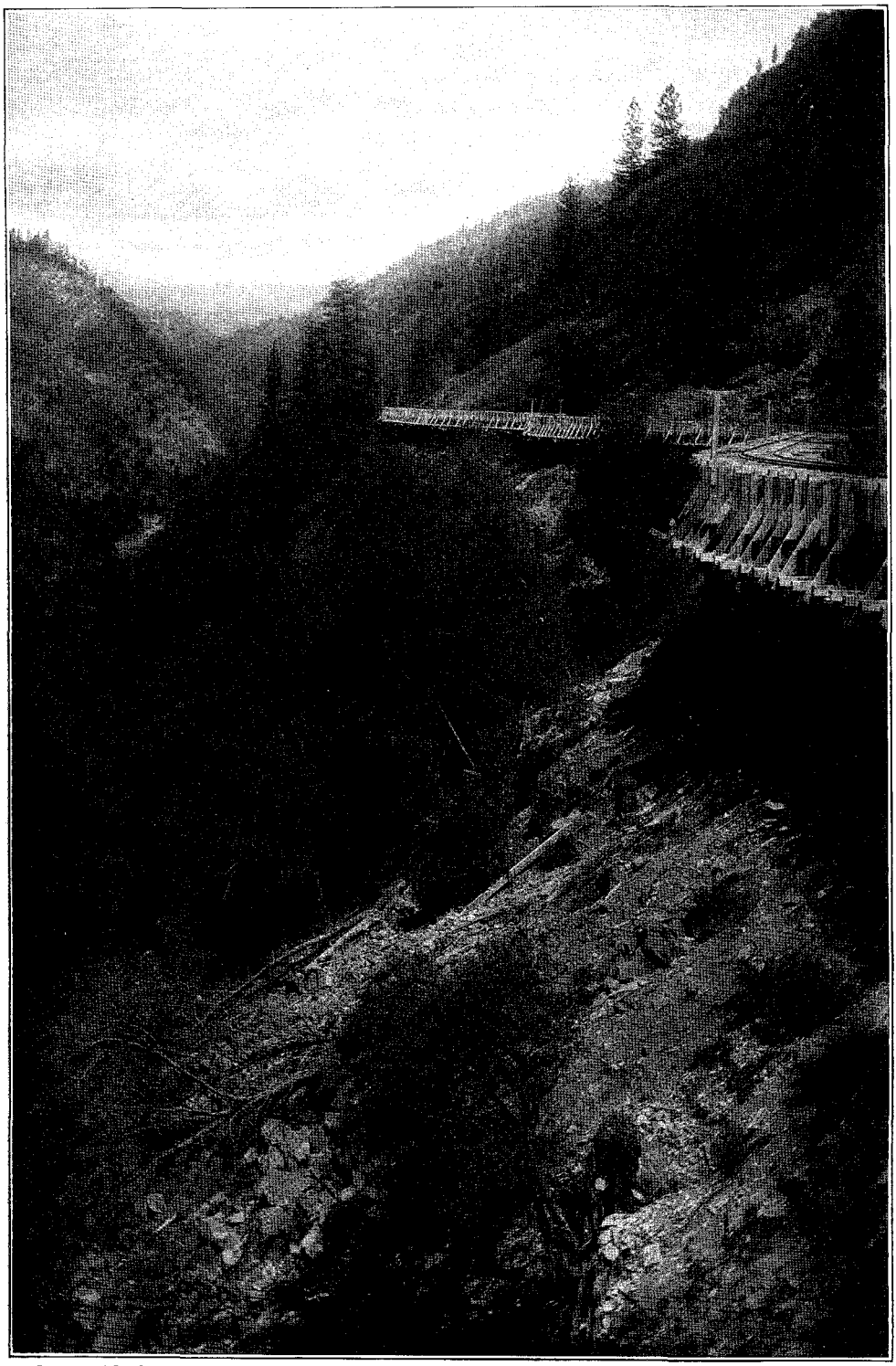

Courtesy of Sanderson & Porter, Engineers.

Canyon of the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River.

Showing the wooden flume, ten feet wide by six feet deep, which conveys the water twelve miles to the Forebay reservoir of the Stanislaus Power Development.

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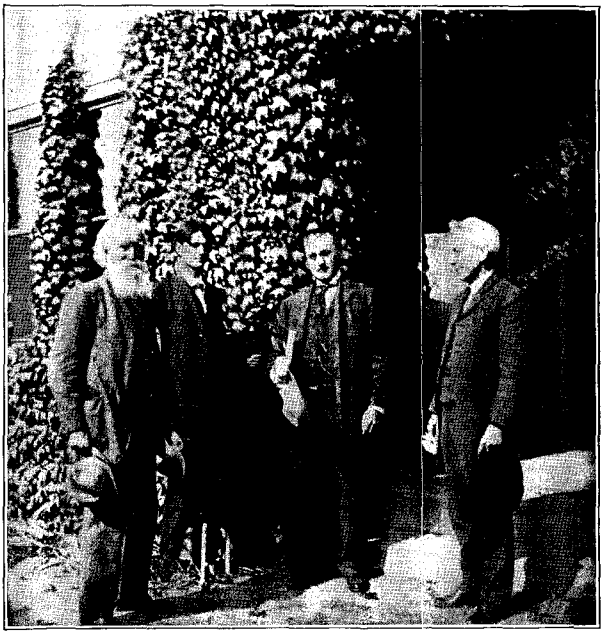
raise the dust, while railway travel has been deprived of its chief terror.

California's production of petroleum is now some fifty million barrels a year, which is about a quarter of the whole country's yield. That it is not particularly suitable for illuminating does not worry anybody, for nearly every house, in villages as in cities, has its electric lights. For fuel it is the best oil known, and fuel—cheap fuel for railways, homes, and factories—was what this region needed more than anything else; its cost is only a quarter that of coal. The supply, moreover, seems inexhaustible, the amount of it underground at Coalinga alone having been estimated by the United States Geological Survey at 2,850,000,000 barrels. Without this oil, Los Angeles could never have become a manufacturing city.



John Burroughs, Charles Keeler, Henry T. Finck, and Luther Burbank.
From a photograph taken at Mr. Burbank's home, Santa Rosa, Cal.

The city of Los Angeles is perhaps the most remarkable illustration of progressiveness on the whole Pacific Coast. In 1880 the population was about 11,000; ten years later it was a little over 50,000; in 1900 the number was 102,479, and now it exceeds 300,000. Post-office figures—I have them from the postmaster himself—illustrate this growth. From July, 1900, to July, 1909, the number of clerks grew from 90 to 307; that of branch offices from 18 to 60; that of letter-carriers from 60 to 235. Business streets have assumed a surprisingly metropolitan aspect; the shop windows rival those of the largest Eastern cities in beauty and lavish display of wealth; and many of them, with their jewels and curios, are as obviously intended for the eyes of tourists as those of Interlaken or Lucerne. The city has gained in beauty as much as in in size; the residence streets also having assumed a new and most pleasing aspect through the abundance of picturesque low bungalows, an adaptation, with many varieties (a book with two hundred and twelve illustrations tells all about them), of the cosey homes of India. Here and there the Spanish influence is seen in elegant residences built around Andalusian patios. Nearly every house has its lawn, with flowers of many kinds, yet hardly as many as might be expected in this clime, where every ornamental plant luxuriates. It is to be hoped that the monotonous rows of common red geraniums—we saw miles of them—are a passing fad.

There was a time when those who knew Los Angeles best held that Los Diablos

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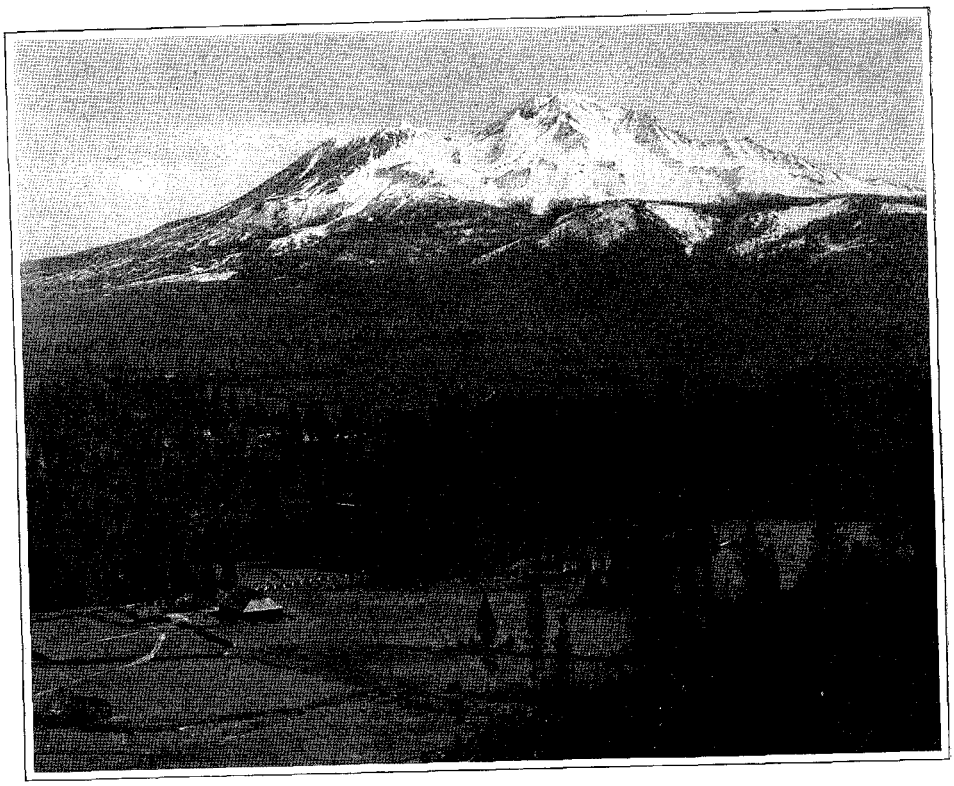

Mount Shasta—elevation 14,380 feet.

would be a more appropriate name for the town. All that has been changed. The native element has improved, and the visitors from the East and Middle West who find the climate, the out-door life, the sunshine, the exhilarating air and cool nights, the abundant flowers and fruits (cantaloupes were ten cents a dozen last August!), and the varied scenery so delightful that they decide to remain, are usually of a superior class. A few years ago it was shown that ninety per cent. of the voters of this city were from the East. These people brought their culture, their love of the arts (including music, in which Los Angeles is said to excel even San Francisco), and their reading habits with them. The local library stands first in the country in its per-capita circulation, and it has in Mr. Charles F. Lummis not only a scholar and a specialist in Western lore, but a man whose experiences in roughing it gave him a mechanical ingenuity that has enabled him to devise a number of practical conveniences which librarians in other cities are eagerly adopting.

On the top of Mount Wilson—"the enchanted mountain"—where we had the privilege of watching the Carnegie astronomers take photographs of the sun, we met, one evening, a man who, gazing at the lights of Los Angeles, dimly visible below like a nebula, declared that while the metropolis of Southern California might be, as it is so often called, a city of homes, it has no real home life, everybody being out-doors, roaming the streets till late at night. But is home life necessarily life between four walls? The Germans are a home-loving people, but do they not take every chance their climate allows to eat and spend their evenings out of doors? The Californians are tempted by their mild climate to spend most of their time out-doors, and on Sundays and holidays many happy thousands of them may be seen at the seaside resorts, which have grown amazingly in the last ten years in size, number, and accessibility by rail or trolley. The new-comers soon have the stamp of this perennial out-doors life impressed on them; it improves their spirits,

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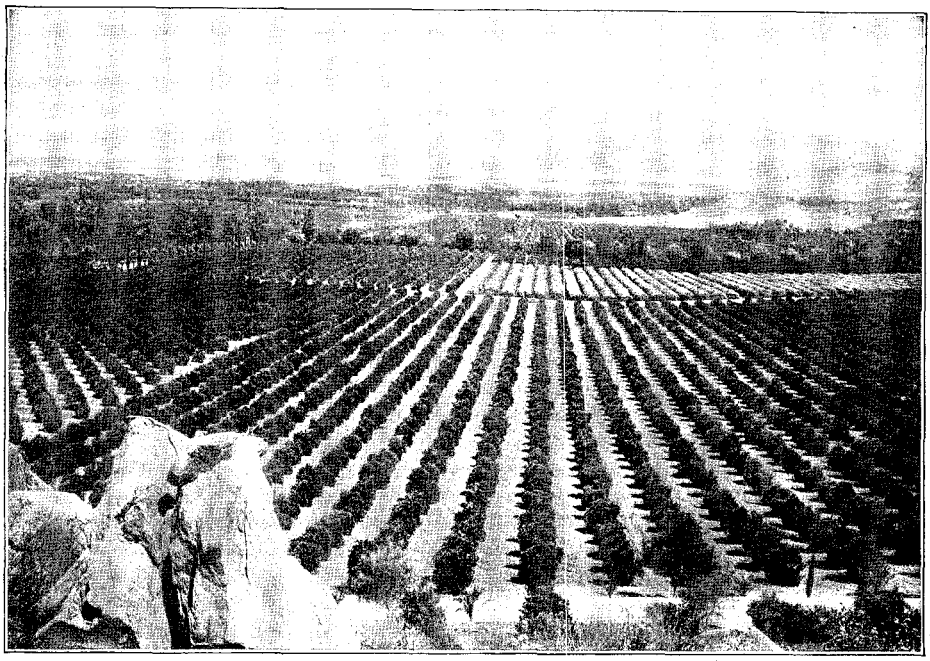

An orange-grove, Riverside, California.

and their health—longevity is a specialty of this region; and it imparts to them some of the characteristics of the gay, light-hearted, flower-loving Mexicans who formerly dwelt here. We cannot conceive of anything in the Eastern cities just like the flower festivals of Los Angeles and Pasadena, in which adults participate just as children do in the May outings in New York's Central Park.

There is also an economic aspect to this constant life in the open air. It increases the vigor and endurance of laborers. A. J. Wells has collected figures which show that "the average yearly output of each workman in California is nearly twice that of Connecticut, one and three-fourths that of the United States." Much of the Pacific Coast's progressiveness must doubtless be attributed to this factor.

By annexing San Pedro, last August, Los Angeles became a seaport town, competing for its share of the Oriental and other Pacific Ocean trade. The national Government has already spent millions on improving this harbor, and a great future is predicted. To annex a town and harbor twenty-two miles away may seem a daring feat, but it is a mere trifle to the project of making California's highest snow peak—over two hundred miles away—contribute to the welfare and wealth of Los Angeles. A few years ago the startling fact was revealed that all the available sources of water had been utilized, and that this city must be abruptly arrested in its rapid growth unless an unlimited supply of pure water could be obtained. Such a supply the engineers failed to find anywhere nearer than two hundred and thirty miles, at Owens Lake, which is fed by the glaciers and snow fields of Mount Whitney. Here was water enough to provide four hundred million gallons a day—sufficient for a city seven times the present size of Los Angeles, but it would cost over twenty-three million dollars to bring it down. The city, by a vote of fourteen to one, promptly issued bonds to the requisite amount and the stupendous project is now being carried out. The sum invested is large, but there will be water enough to irrigate all of Los Angeles County, and the sale of this and of the electric power obtainable will more than pay the interest.

San Francisco also needs more water, and also seeks to get it in the Sierra Nevada; but whereas the Owens River project and Portland's Hood River supply are unmixed

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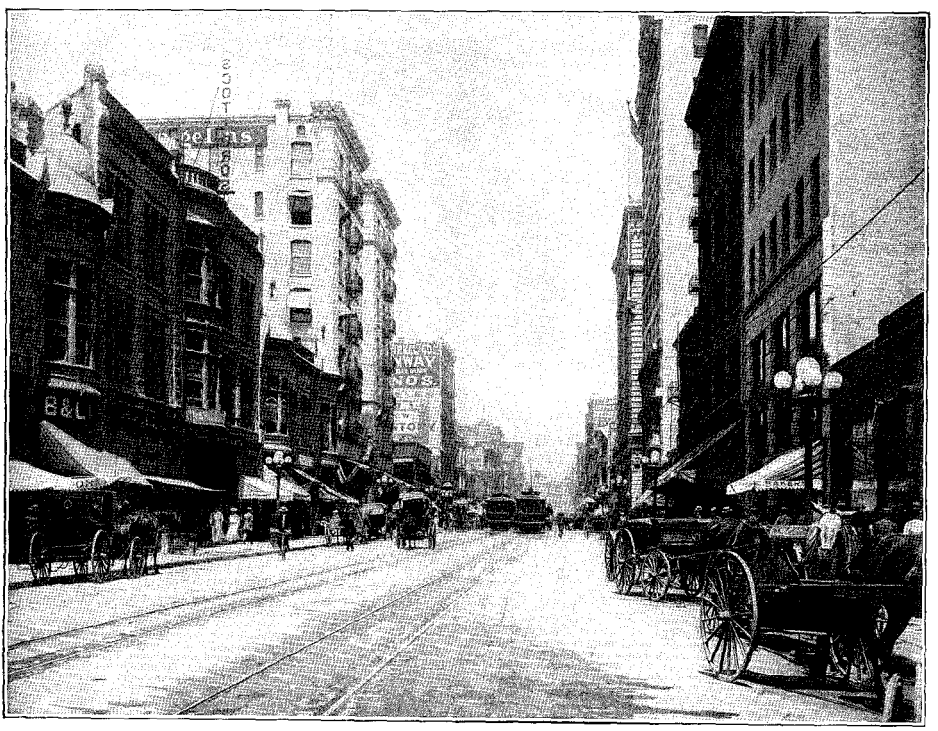
blessings, San Francisco's plan to annex the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is an unjustifiable attempt to help a city to water at the cost of the whole nation. The Hetch-Hetchy is a valley which, in the opinion of some, including the eminent landscape painter, William Keith, surpasses even the Yosemite Valley in picturesque beauty and charm. It is, in fact, in many respects, a duplicate of that valley, having counterparts of the Bridal Veil, Yosemite, and Vernal Falls, of the Merced River, of El Capitan and other cliffs rising precipitously to over half a mile above the floor of the Valley, which is one of Nature's masterworks in flower, park, and landscape gardening.

This sublime valley the San Franciscans are endeavoring to ruin by building a dam which would submerge the floor one hundred and seventy-five feet, changing it to a lake! Against this project John Muir, who has, with patriotic foresight, worked so hard in behalf of our national parks, exclaims in righteous indignation: "Dam Hetch-Hetchy! As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man." The project, if carried out, would not only ruin Hetch-Hetchy, but a part of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. "The sublime canyon way to the heart of the High Sierra would be hopelessly blocked." In fact, if San Francisco got its drinking water here, the whole valley of the Tuolumne would have to be closed to visitors and campers for sanitary reasons; and this would mean the exclusion from one-half of the Yosemite National Park of the people of the United States, for whom it was created!

It would be hard to make such a sacrifice if it were actually imperative, which it is very far from being. Col. W. H. Heuer, U. S. A., engineer and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federated Water Committee, states that the city's present sources "can be increased by additional dams and raising some existing dams, so as to supply considerably more than one hundred million gallons per day, or more than enough to supply the wants of San Francisco during the next forty years, and at



Spring Street, Los Angeles.

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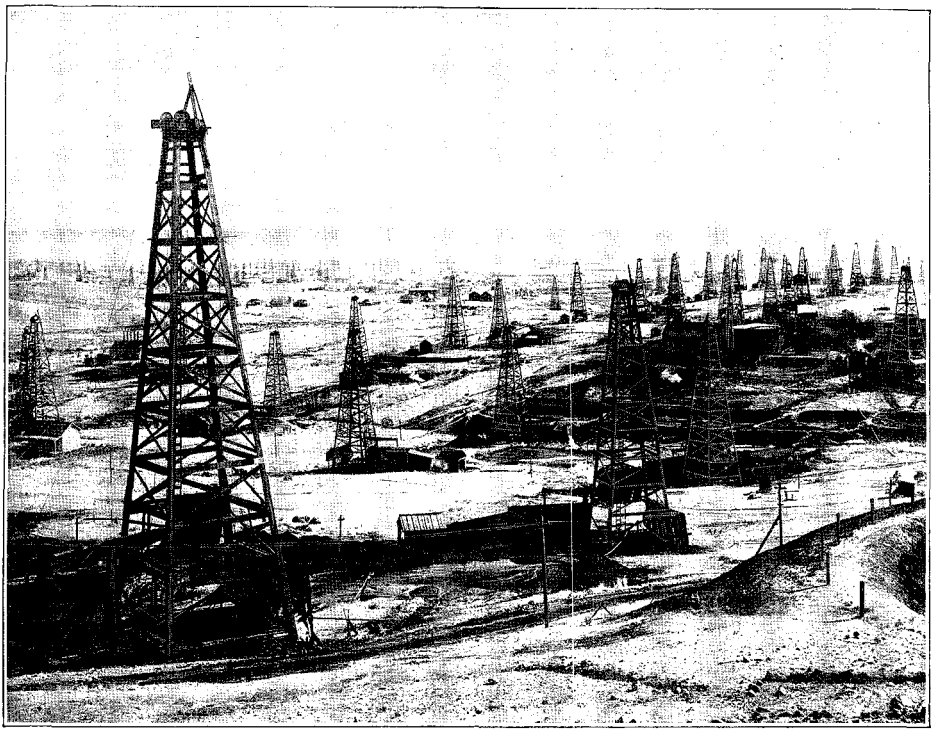

An oil field, Bakersfield, California.

reasonable cost." Prominent experts have named thirteen other sources from which the city can obtain an abundant water supply. Some of these are in the same mountains as the Hetch-Hetchy, and their pure water could be brought down at much less cost.

These indisputable facts show that there is absolutely no justification for the proposed grab. Congress will be called upon to decide whether the Yosemite National Park is to belong to the Nation or to one of its cities which happens to covet it. San Franciscans cannot afford to alienate the sympathies of all nature-lovers in the whole country by persisting in their unreasonable demand that the country make them a present of its grandest park. Enough, surely, was done by the Nation for this city when it donated more than ten million dollars after the earthquake and fire.

At present the Hetch-Hetchy is almost as difficult of access as the Yosemite was a few years ago, when the return trip included three whole days of staging. But it will soon be made accessible, for it is already badly needed, to receive the Yosemite overflow. The completion of the railway to El Portal, the gate of the Park, leaving only twelve miles of staging to the Valley, has enormously increased its popularity as a summer resort. Last June we found, beside the hotel, three camps, each with tent accommodations for about two hundred persons, and each crowded to its capacity. Day and night trains (with sleepers for Los Angeles and San Francisco) are run by both the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific, whose superbly illustrated folders bear witness to the fact that Californians are supreme in the art of advertising their vaunted scenery in the most alluring style.

It is because of this very characteristic that one wonders there can be the least opposition to the strenuous efforts of John Muir and his helpers to keep this world-famed scenic marvel intact. Mr. Muir has written books on the mountains of California and on our national parks; he has spent most of his life in them; he knows better than any one else what irreparable loss the proposed vandalism would mean. He is one of the two biggest of the California

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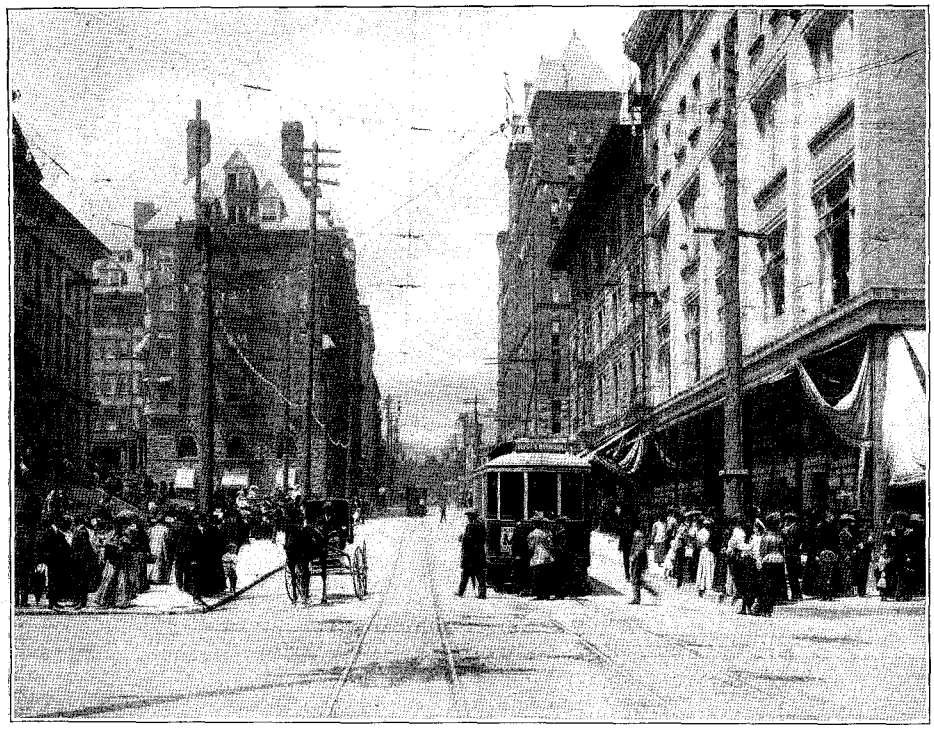

Morrison Street in Portland, Oregon.
The Post-office and the Portland Hotel are partly shown on the left.

lions. The other is Luther Burbank. We were so fortunate as to see both in their lair, thanks to the California poet, Charles Keeler, whom we met while visiting Charles F. Lummis in his quaint, self-built, museum-like stone residence in Los Angeles. Mr. Keeler is known as "Charlie" to everybody who is anybody on the Coast; he is so companionable, so helpful, so self-sacrificing; at the great fire he was one of the most strenuous and indefatigable fighters. He was a member of the Harriman Expedition to Alaska, during which he described the birds and became an intimate friend of John Burroughs and John Muir. He had to hasten back to San Francisco, as Mr. Burroughs, returning from Hawaii, was to be his guest; and he kindly invited us to join the party in visits to John Muir and Luther Burbank.

Mr. H. H. Hart, the oil-magnate, and his genial wife, who have stories of their adventures in the Alaska gold-fields that would make the fortune of a magazine, took us into their spacious steam automobile, and thus we descended upon Mr. Muir, at his home in Martinez. As he was living alone, we took along some well-filled lunch baskets, and thus we picnicked on the piazza, the two naturalists sitting together in a corner, calling each other John, and indulging in reminiscences of various lands. Then our host took us in-doors and showed us the botanic, mineral, and photographic treasures he had gathered. When I asked him if I could, at that season, visit the Hetch-Hetchy from the Yosemite in two or three days, he exclaimed, "Oh muggins! You talk like a tourist!" but forgave me when I explained that I had to finish a book before the end of the next month. He talked about that valley, about the petrified forests of Arizona, about his wanderings in Alaska, Australia, India—every word worth printing—and showed us, among other things, a picture of a deodar tree in India, which had "room in its branches for the whole Sierra Club." John Muir studies trees as a novelist studies human types. "I have seen trees making all sorts of bowings and wavings in different kinds of wind," is one of the memorable sentences I recall.

To our great regret, as well as his own, a

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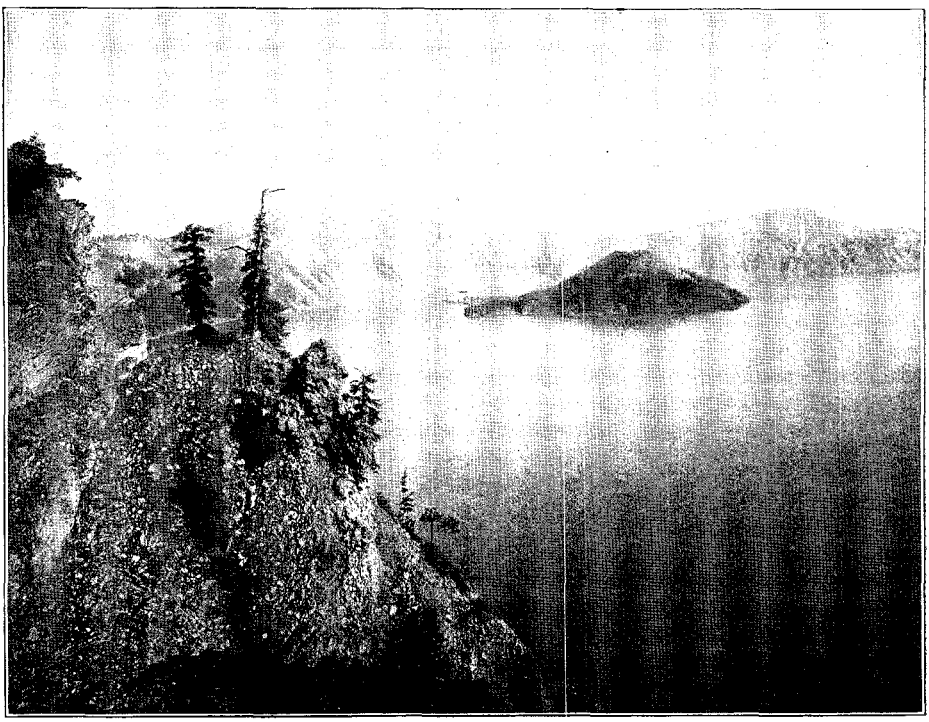

Crater Lake, in the Cascade Mountains, Oregon.
The diameter is about five miles, and the lake has no known inlet or outlet.

literary duty which had to be done at once prevented Mr. Muir from joining us, the following morning, in our expedition to the home of Luther Burbank at Santa Rosa, some fifty miles north of San Francisco. Here we had the pleasure of spending several hours with the man who ranks with Thomas Edison as one of America's two greatest inventors. "The day will come," Mr. Burbank once wrote, "when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers." This ideal of modern manliness he himself has tried to live up to for more than three decades, and some of the results of his ingenuity and perseverance we were privileged to see and taste.

"I am afraid we are taking your time," said Mr. Burroughs after our host had entertained us for some time in his reception room, telling us of his aims and achievements. "On the contrary, you are giving me yours," replied Mr. Burbank; and presently he took us out into one of his experimental gardens, where we saw flowers of exquisite new colors and gorgeous size that made us feel like Parsifal in the enchanted garden; and we tasted berries and fruits that were more luscious than any that mortals have eaten since the Garden of Eden was destroyed; among them a white strawberry that seems to be fruit and sugar and cream all in one. Here was proof on all sides that plants are, indeed, as the maker of this garden claims, as plastic as clay, and that they can be "moulded into more beautiful forms and colors than any painter or sculptor can ever hope to bring forth." And the Burbank plants have no thorns; his cactus and his blackberry vines are as smooth as velvet.

Mark Twain defined cauliflower as "cabbage with a college education." Luther Burbank is giving a college education to hundreds of fruits, vegetables, flowers, and trees. He removes thorns, seeds, and poisonous qualities, enables plants to resist frost, accelerates the growth of trees, trebles the size of fruits and flowers, varies the colors and intensifies the fragrance and flavor. Like other artists, he likes to know that you really see and feel what he has

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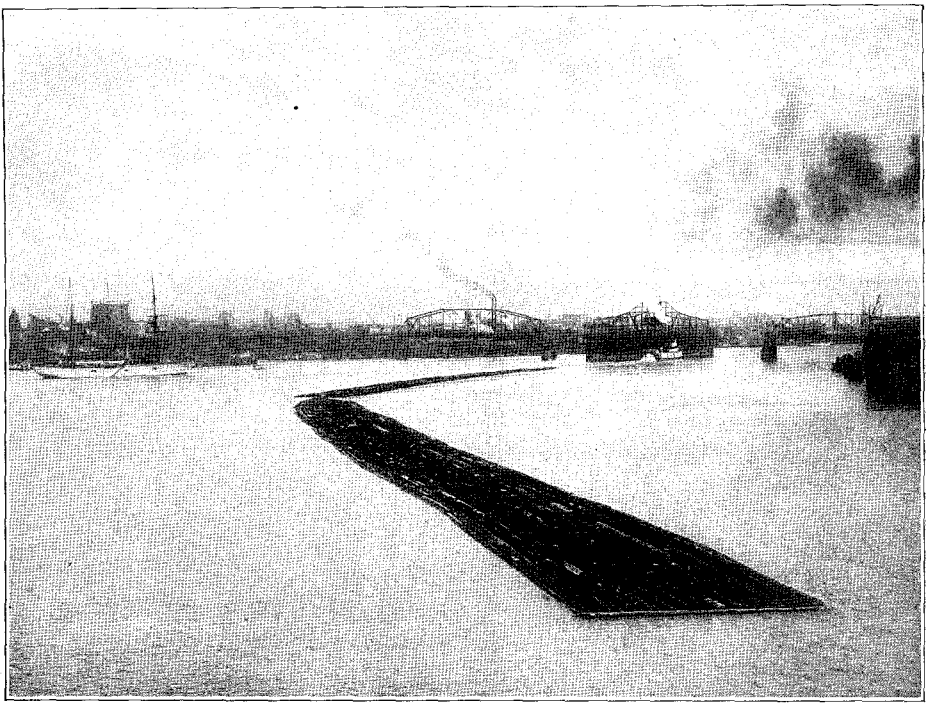

Floating logs on the Willamette River, Oregon.
Oregon's lumber interests are worth about sixty million dollars a year.

done; and nothing seemed to please him more than the proof we gave that we were actually familiar with his creations, by our comments on the improvements he had made in his crimson and crimson-and-gold eschscholtzia and wonderful shirley poppies since we last raised them, the previous summer, in our Maine garden. He carries on some three thousand experiments at once. In California he has found the most favorable possible conditions for "hastening new flowers and fruits into being."

Recent progress in various utilitarian and æsthetic ways owes much to him, and will owe much more to him in the future. Burbank and Muir the Californians of the future will have reason to revere as the ancient Greeks revered their demigods; Muir for his noble fight in behalf of the undisturbed grandeur and usefulness of the water-conserving forests and mountains; Burbank for opening so many sources of limitless wealth and new vistas of beauty.

San Francisco, after the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, had a grand opportunity to follow the example of Burbank and Muir in combining beauty with utility. Some of the streets, at any rate, might have been built on easy contour lines instead of the monotonous parallels so ill-suited to this hilly site; but all attempts at this, or at widening some of the narrow business streets, or bonding the city for new parks and playgrounds, failed. Selfish interests prevented any concerted action, and the chance is lost. Yet it would be unjust to infer from this that Joaquin Miller was right when he wrote, long before this calamity, that "the heart of California, San Francisco, is comparatively without heart, loyalty, or love of home." Surely history records no more remarkable display of loyalty and love of home than that which impelled the victims of this catastrophe to begin rebuilding before the ashes were cold, and to rebuild at such a record-breaking rate that the prediction made by both David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, that in five years San Francisco would be herself again, seems likely to come true. We found piles of calcined bricks, fire-twisted masses of iron, ashes, and weeds, and ruins still in many places where splendid

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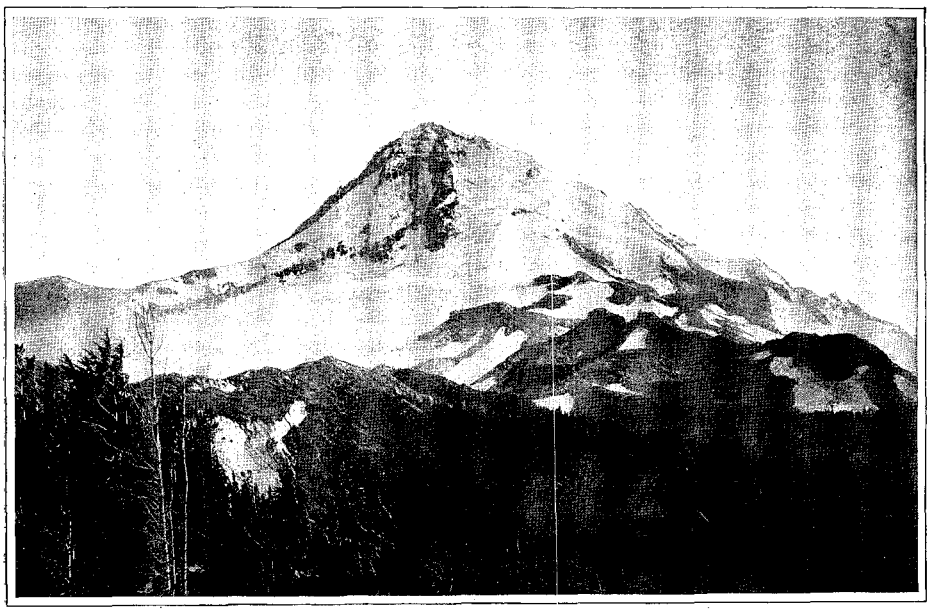
buildings had stood; but the business streets were being restored rapidly by the erection of rows of structures finer and more substantial than those that had been destroyed. Naturally, the first buildings to go up were houses of commerce, and as regards these the charge cannot be made that beauty is being ignored. The public buildings will come later, and the thousands of families that moved to temporary homes in Oakland, Berkeley, and other cities that may some day be included in the Greater San Francisco, are returning gradually.



Mount Hood from the north, elevation 7,000 feet.

Progress in San Francisco must for a few years longer mean getting back to the point where it was before the fire. Not entirely, however; in the long run that disaster may prove to have been a blessing in disguise. The city has got rid of many old buildings that were a menace and an eyesore; and the lesson has been learned that it is not the shanties but the tall modern buildings that best withstand earth tremors. Huge tanks are being erected in various quarters, with an arrangement of pipes which, in case of another earthquake, will not leave the city at the mercy of flames. The task of rebuilding a metropolis has given San Franciscans what Professor Joyce calls "the best and most precious of inspirations—the inspiration of things to do and things undone, the inspiration of big jobs." I believe, also, that the civic loyalty and activity thus stimulated have awakened the inhabitants from their dangerous indifference to the startling gains of the rival coast cities, particularly Los Angeles and Seattle. The San Franciscans are on the run again, and are likely not only to recover lost ground but to fight hard to keep what they had, especially the lion's share of the Oriental trade.

In the attitude toward the Orientals themselves it seemed to me that there was an improvement, not only here but all along the coast. In Portland they tell you without resentment that there are thirty Chinese voters, American-born. In Seattle, during the Exposition, when all the resident Chinese paraded the streets with their one hundred and fifty foot dragon, I heard not a jeering word from the thousands of onlookers. It is one of the characteristics of the Pacific Coast that men are judged solely by what they are individually; the laboring class is the one which chiefly benefits by this attitude, yet it has retaliated by showing the most unreasoning prejudice against workers from the Orient, condemn-

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Several streams at work excavating one of the highest portions of Denny Hill, Seattle.

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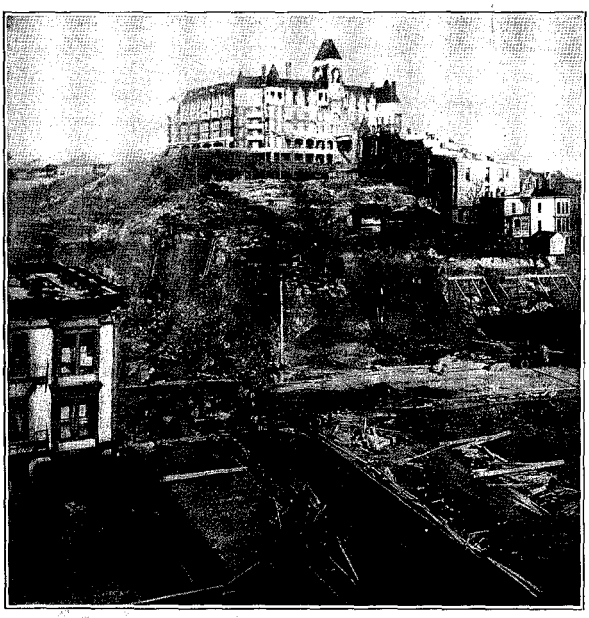
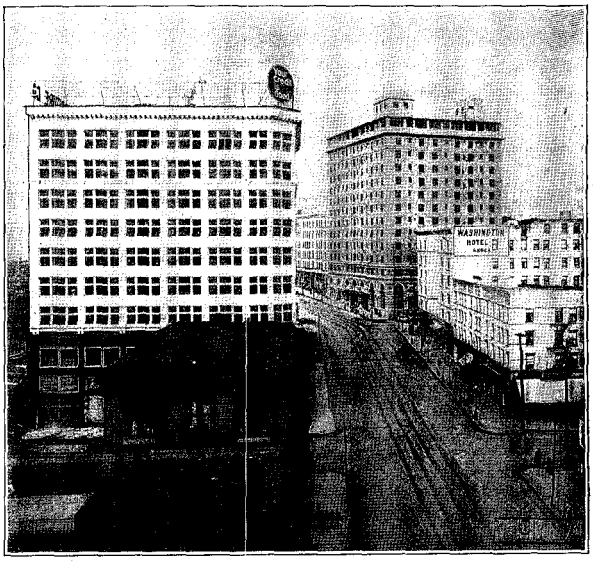


Washington Hotel, Seattle, in 1906.*

ing them, not as individuals but as a class. There are indications that they are feeling a little ashamed of their dog-in-the-manger attitude. As for the others, they always maintained that California, Oregon, and Washington need the Chinese and Japanese for workers in orchard, vineyard, market-garden, and kitchen. At present, in all the coast cities, the Chinatowns are mere shadows of their former selves. A California poet wrote after the fire:

"And never again in a white man's town
Will a Chinatown be born."



Washington Hotel, Seattle, in 1908—the higher building to the right.

It would be a pity were this so. San Francisco, in particular, needs her old Chinatown back again, for local color, for the sight-seers. Even now "seeing Chinatown" is what no visitor neglects; and it is worth seeing because of the magnificent Oriental bazaars that have been rebuilt; but one misses the Cantonese side streets, the blind alleys, the numerous smaller shops, and the theatre, the rebuilding of which has been retarded by the craze for moving pictures. There are plenty of guides to show you Chinatown in its diverse aspects, but it is a special show-route, not the real thing it used to be and ought to be soon again.

A fast train running from San Francisco to Portland in twenty-seven hours was an important innovation last summer. Sight-seers who are not in a hurry will avoid it, however, for it does not stop at Weed, whence a branch road was opened last June to the Klamath Lakes. On this route we enjoyed grander views of Mount Shasta than on the main line, and it is by way of the Klamath Lakes that Crater Lake, Oregon's greatest scenic wonder after Mount Hood, is now most easily reached. When

* These pictures show the progress of what is known as the Denny Hill regrade and also what is being done in Seattle to lay the foundation for one of the great cities of the United States. The old Washington Hotel, in 1906, stood on top of Denny Hill, facing Third Avenue. This photograph and the one made in 1908 were taken from practically the same point on Upper Second Avenue. The excavation, from the summit of the hill on which the old Washington stood to the foundation stones of the new building erected from the Second Avenue level, was 108 feet. Farther back on this same hill, on another contract not yet completed, the excavations are as deep as 130 feet.

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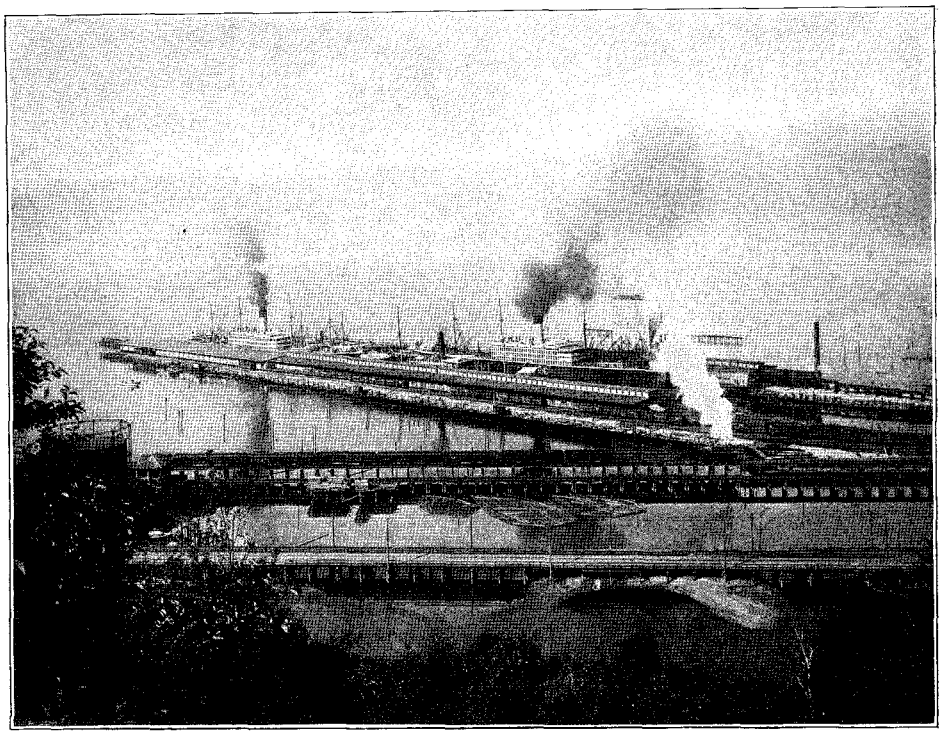
this branch line is extended to Eugene, there will be a station near Crater Lake.

In the matter of railways, Oregon is the most backward State in the Union; its development has been shamefully retarded by the lack of them. There was great excitement last summer when it was learned that J. J. Hill had taken steps to build the railway (projected by Henry Villard thirty years ago!) from The Dalles on the Columbia River down through central Oregon. Greater still was the excitement when it became likely that the Harriman company would resent this invasion of its Oregonian monopoly by also building an Oregon Central line. There is room for both; they will soon have all the freight they can handle; for the resources of this part of the State—of the whole State in fact—have only begun to be tapped. With an area of 96,699 square miles, Oregon has to-day a population of under 600,000, while ten times that number might find happy homes here.

The boundary line is well chosen. As you cross the Siskiyou Mountains you realize at once why Joaquin Miller, coming from California, called Oregon "The Great Emerald Land." Green grass and other vegetation delights the eye in every direction, and the ferns and vines and shrubs and trees retain their green throughout the dryest months. If California is a paradise in winter, so is Oregon in summer. The contrast is great and pervasive. Equally great is the contrast between the inhabitants. California was peopled by gold hunters, Oregon by home seekers. These home seekers found what they wanted and, like the lovers in the last chapter of an old-style novel, lived happily forever afterward, oblivious of the rest of the world. A young man told me last summer that one day, while the Lewis and Clark Exposition was in progress at Portland, he took a drive in the country and came across a farmer who had a wagon-load of superb pears. "What are you going to do with those Bartletts?" he asked, and the farmer replied, "Goin' to feed 'em to the cows."



Great Northern docks, Seattle.
Showing both American and Japanese trans-Pacific Liners.

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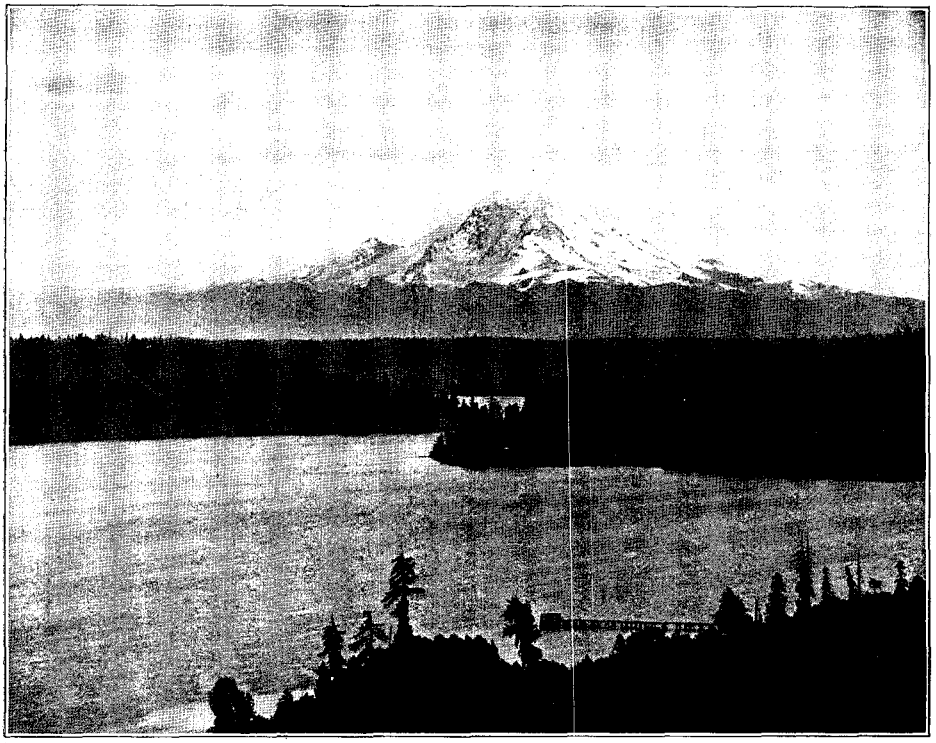

From a photograph, copyright 1903, by W. P. Romans.

Mount Tacoma (14,529 feet), the highest peak in the United States proper.
This view shows the peak from Seattle, with Lake Washington in the foreground.

There was the genuine typical attitude of the old Oregonian! The young man took a few boxes of those pears to Portland and got a medal for them. Within a few years the world has given to Oregon gold medals for the best apples and pears and other products. It would have given these medals several decades ago as gladly as now, but the Oregon man did not ask for them. While the adventurous, hustling descendant of the California gold hunter was making fortunes in minerals, cereals, oranges, raisins, prunes, wine, petroleum, the Oregonian raised the best apples and other fruits in the world, ate what he could, sent a few to San Francisco, and gave the rest to the cows and pigs. The sudden fame of the Oregon apple seems to have awakened him from his lethargy. Then came the Portland Exposition, and with it began a "boom"—the first real boom Oregon has ever had. It was as if the State had only just been discovered. Stories of its mild climate, of the fortunes easily made with hops or fruit, spread, and now the six railroads terminating in Portland can hardly handle the incoming crowds, while the value of land has been doubled and trebled.

Portland itself gives the most vivid impression of this sudden and startling progress. I remember the time when a weekly steamer from San Francisco and a daily stage were the only communication Portland had with the rest of the world. Last summer there was a train every fifteen minutes of the day, and the Union Station presented as busy an aspect as the Grand Central in New York. Portland is no longer the commercial head-quarters of all the Northwest, as it was before Tacoma, Seattle, and Vancouver were built; yet it grows faster than it did in those happy days. As a healthy boy outgrows his clothes, so it has, within a few years, outgrown its public buildings and its bridges. A larger post-office will have to be built, though the present one is among the stateliest buildings in the city. There was an increase of 24 per cent. in the post-office receipts last September over those of the same month in the preceding year.

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In 1905, the year of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, the bank clearings for the third week of August were $3,314,004. For the same week last year they were $7,017,424, a gain of more than 110 per cent. in four years. In the building activity of last August there was a gain of 28 per cent. over that of the preceding August. The present population probably exceeds 200,000. In the scattered suburbs there is much that (as we heard a woman say in the cars at Klamath Falls) "looks awful preliminary, as Jim says"; but the city itself has preserved that settled, refined, dignified aspect which has always distinguished it. It has grown more beautiful too. Since it began to have its annual flower festival it has become known as the "Rose City." One might properly call Oregon the Rose State, not only because cultivated roses grow so rankly and all the year round, but because wild-rose bushes attain dimensions unknown elsewhere. They are among rose bushes what the California sequoias are among the world's big trees. The climate does it—a great climate! I was in Oregon seventy-one days last summer, and if I could have regulated the thermometer to suit myself, I should not have touched it three times! A night's sleep in Oregon is worth a week's vacation in the East.

Commercially, the biggest things in Oregon, the things which built up its wealth, are salmon, fruit, and lumber. Formerly it was wheat, in place of fruit, but wheat growing shows a decrease, as it does in California, and for the same reason: the wheat land, given up to fruit or hops, will yield twenty times as much money. In salmon there has been a retrogression of late, but simply because the foolish Columbia River fishermen killed the fish which laid the golden eggs. As soon as the law is enforced, the salmon will again be as plentiful in the Columbia as they were last summer in the neighboring State of Washington, where all records were broken, thousands of tons escaping the cans because the fishermen, working twenty-four hours a day, could not trap or net them. In a good year like that, the salmon catch is worth seven million dollars to Washington.

What their trees are worth to these two States is almost incredible; the figures give one a dizzy feeling. To Oregon alone its timber interests are worth sixty million dollars a year. There are now standing in this State three hundred billion feet of merchantable timber which, at the present rate of cutting, would last one hundred and twenty years. According to the State Board of Forestry, the commercial value of Oregon's standing timber is three billion six hundred million dollars, a sum in excess of the total amount of money in currency in the United States at present. Great progress has been made in recent years in eliminating wasteful methods of lumbering and in fighting forest fires; in 1908 there were one hundred and eighty fire wardens in the State, and there was a noticeable decrease in the number of great fires.

The inhabitants of the Emerald State are at last beginning to realize the value of their trees. This implies a great change—an aspect of Oregon psychology on which it would be interesting to dwell. To the early settlers in this State trees were hated obstacles. These pioneers needed clearings to plant their vegetables and wheat, and the trees had to be exterminated laboriously. Some of the older men still harbor the hatred of the firs thus acquired; they cut them down on trivial pretexts: "they might fall on the house during a storm," "they shade the fruit-trees." Even shrubs are included in the carnage, because of this inherited passion for "clearings." A Portland lady who owns a cottage on the coast told me that one day, when she returned to it, she was horrified to find that a neighboring farmer, who felt under obligations to her, had cleared away all the brush surrounding it, mostly wild-rose bushes. "They were real pretty, too!" he said to her by way of emphasizing the nobility of his deed!

Altogether too much liberty is allowed farmers in burning up their "slashings" during the summer months; not only because these home-made fires often spread to the forests, but because they create a dense smoke which for weeks completely obliterates the glorious mountain scenery. Mount Hood is to Oregon, and especially to Portland, what Fuji is to Japan. It unites beauty with grandeur as perhaps no other mountain does except the Swiss Jungfrau; yet, together with the other snow peaks visible from Portland Heights, it cannot be seen for weeks at a time in summer, except by going up to Government Camp on the south side, or to Cloud Cap Inn on the north

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side. Here one is half-way up the mountain, and its snowy cone is above the smoke. From this inn one also gets superb views of Washington's great isolated snow peaks—St. Helen's, Adams, and the stupendous Mount Tacoma. We saw these, last September, floating like polar islands on an ocean of smoke, and had to confess that even the world-famed Yosemite has nothing equal to this in grandeur.

Yet how few know anything about this, the real Switzerland of America! It has not been advertised, not been made accessible as the California view points have. The Oregonians and Washingtonians are just beginning to wake up to their duty in this respect. It is significant that the official book on the State of Washington distributed at the Seattle Exposition, after dwelling on the State's marvellous resources, exclaims that "still its crowning glory is its matchless scenery." Some day this may prove true even from a utilitarian point of view. The billions of fishes—among them ninety-five edible kinds—may be exterminated; the one hundred and twenty billion feet of timber may be cut down or devoured by flames; insects may destroy the hops and orchards—including that tree at Lexington which bears one thousand five hundred pounds of Royal Anne cherries in a year; but the scenery—including the fiords and peaks and glaciers of Alaska, to which Seattle is the gateway—will remain forever; and knowing as I do the glories of this region, I do not hesitate to predict that within a few decades the summer climate and scenery of this North-west will be a source of revenue second to none. Recall what her climate and scenery have done for California; and think of the some sixty million dollars which Switzerland derives every year from her scenery and her summer climate!

The most notable instance of recent progress from this point of view is the construction of the government road up to Paradise Valley, some five thousand five hundred feet up the south side of Mount Tacoma, whence one gets unspeakably grand views of its snowy slopes and summit. The famous road expert, Mr. Samuel Hill, whom we were so fortunate as to meet here, showing Earl Grey that we have something to beat even his Canadian Rockies, has glorious plans for a road encircling the whole mountain, showing it from every point of view. It will be the grandest road in America, for Tacoma is our grandest mountain.

Obviously, the grandest mountain in all America should be all American. Let us call it Mount Tacoma, not Mount Rainier. Tacoma is its original American name. Most of the Indian tribes living within sight of it, among them the Puyallups, Nesquallis, Yakimas, and Klickitats, called it "Takhoma," "the mountain." When Captain Vancouver "discovered" this peak, in 1792, he referred in his diary to "the round snowy mountain . . . which, after my friend Rear-Admiral Rainier, I distinguish by the name of Mount Rainier." He did not know its Indian name and probably would have ignored it if he had known it. But one of the chief aims of our mountain lovers and clubs now is to restore aboriginal names wherever possible. This alone ought to settle the matter in dispute; but in the present case there are strong personal reasons why the original name should be retained. To say that Mount Tacoma has thirty-two thousand five hundred acres of ice and snow; that it covers, with its foot-hills, three thousand square miles, or twice the area of the whole State of Rhode Island, is to give but a faint idea of its massive grandeur. From sea level it rears its head into the clouds three miles above; and though fifty miles from Tacoma, sixty from Seattle, so huge is it that it seems to be only ten miles away and dominates all the landscape. To have such a mountain named after one is an honor indeed. Does Rear-Admiral Rainier deserve that incomparable honor *at our hands?* Should *we* bestow it on a man whose sole claim to historic mention is that he was a British naval officer who fought to prevent the American people from securing their independence, and fought so hard that he was advanced to post rank?*

If American patriotism did not suffice to answer that question, the American sense of humor would. I make another prediction. Rear-Admiral Rainier will, within a decade, share the fate of the pro-slavery Governor Bigler of California, whose name was imposed for a time on the beautiful lake called Tahoe by the Indians; and of the Earl of Sandwich, after whom, for a number of years, our Hawaiian Islands were named. Return to the aboriginal

* See the details in Prof. E. S. Meany's "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," pp. 99–101.

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name in all these cases is in the direct line of progress.

The restoration of the right name will be hastened by the fact that the city of Tacoma, which was named after the mountain (the whole State would have been called Tacoma if President Roosevelt could have had his way), is the gateway to it and issues the railway folders. The growth within the last ten years, of this city—which is distinguished for its splendid harbor; its stately streets, some a hundred feet, none less than eighty wide; and a site and environment pronounced by Henry Irving the most beautiful he had ever seen—would be pointed at as a wonder were it not overshadowed by the still greater growth of Seattle, which had the advantage of being nearer Alaska. The Seattleites do not blink the fact that it is to the Alaska trade chiefly that they owe the size of their city, containing now over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The name chosen for their exposition—"Alaska-Yukon-Pacific"—proclaimed that fact loudly. The main incident of the exposition was the unveiling of a monument to William H. Seward, who foresaw the value of Alaska when others called it "Seward's Folly" because the enormous sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars had been paid for it at his instigation. He guessed its value as a source of furs and fish, but he would have been as astonished as his opponents had any one foretold that the total wealth production of Alaska in thirty years (from 1880) would exceed three hundred million dollars, and that in the twentieth century the annual value of canned salmon alone would be ten million dollars, while the yearly gold production would be three times the amount of the purchase price. And Alaska already has more than three hundred miles of railways.

At the opening ceremonies of the Seattle Exposition President James J. Hill truly remarked that the growth resulting from the building of new railways is like that which follows the introduction of irrigation. In railroad building the North-west at present leads the country. There is also ever present the inspiration of other big jobs. The building up of an Oriental trade in the face of much competition is one of these. Another was the bringing of electric power forty miles from the Snoqualmie Falls. The most astonishing of them is the levelling of the hills on which the city is perched, a process which involves the removal, it is claimed, of more ground than any other modern undertaking except the Panama Canal. There is something truly inspiriting in such energy. The middle-aged man feels in the first flush of youth again, eager to throw off his coat, put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his share in helping along this splendid progress.

THE WISDOM OF NATURE

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE death frost lies where late the roses threw
A thousand petals on the soft June grass,
And o'er the lawn dark spectral shadows pass
Of naked boughs where clover-blossoms grew;
The thrushes' nest is empty;—swift winds strew
The straws to right and left;—from that green mass
Of box and arbor-vitæ sounds,—alas!—
No happy note,—gone is the rustling crew
That peopled there. O what is Death to thee,
Thou ceaseless Nature?—ocean calls, I go
To lie beneath with many helpless men,
Yet ripples laugh, new waves rise merrily;—
Death may not dim thy morn's recurrent glow,
For well thou knowest it means Life again.

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GEORGE CABOT LODGE

By Edith Wharton

IT would be impossible, I think, for any friend of George Cabot Lodge's to write of the poet without first speaking of the man; and this not only because his art was so close to his life, but also, and chiefly, because, to those near enough to measure him, his character, his temper, the "virtue" in him, made his talent, distinguished as it was, a mere part of an abounding whole.

Abundance—that is the word which comes to me whenever I try to describe him. During the twelve years of our friendship—and from the very day that it began—I had, whenever we were together, the sense of his being a creature as profusely as he was finely endowed. There was an exceptional delicacy in his abundance, and an extraordinary volume in his delicacy.

All this, on the day when he was first brought to see me—a spring afternoon of the year 1898 in Washington—was lit up by a beautiful boyish freshness, which, as the years passed, somehow contrived to ripen without fading. In the first five minutes of our talk he *gave* himself with the characteristic wholeness that made him so rare a friend: showing me all the sides of his varied nature, the grave sense of beauty, the flashing contempt of meanness, and that large spring of kindly laughter that comes to many only as a result of the long tolerance of life. It was one of his gifts thus to brush aside the preliminaries of acquaintance and enter at once, with a kind of royal ease, on the rights and privileges of friendship; as though, one might think, with a foreboding of the short time given him to enjoy them.

Aside from this, however, there was nothing of the pathetically predestined in the young Cabot Lodge. Then—and to the end—he lived every moment to the full, and the first impression he made was of a joyous physical life. His sweet smile, his easy strength, his deep eyes full of laughter and visions—these struck one even before his look of intellectual power. I have seldom seen any one in whom the natural man was so wholesomely blent with the reflecting intelligence; and it was not the least of his charms that he sent such stout roots into the earth, and had such a hearty love for all he drew from it. Nothing was common or unclean to him but the vulgar, the base and the insincere, and his youthful impatience at the littleness of human nature was tempered by an unusually mature sense of its humours.

I might pause to speak of the accomplishments that made his society, from the first, so refreshing and animating: for he was an admirable linguist, a good "Grecian," a sensitive lover of the arts, and possessed, on the whole, of the fullest general "culture" I have ever known in a youth of his age. But even as I number his gifts I see how suffused they were for me by the glow of his beautiful nature, and how little what he knew ever counted in comparison with what he was; unless it be exacter to say that it counted precisely in proportion to what he was. At any rate, his attainments did not, even in those days, single him out as much as his unusual gift of sympathy, and the range of his response to the imaginative call. As his voice—that beautiful medium of fine English speech—could pass from the recital of Whitman or Leconte de Lisle to the vivid mimicry of some exchange of platitudes overheard in street or train, so his mind flashed through the same swift transitions, and the boy who was dramatizing the broad humours of a *tournée de Montmartre* would break off to tell how, at the end of a summer night in London, he had gone down to await the dawn on Westminster Bridge,

"When all that mighty heart was lying still."

One is accustomed, in enjoying the comradeship of young minds, to allow in them for a measure of passing egotism, often the more marked in proportion to their sensitiveness to impressions; but it was Cabot Lodge's special grace to possess the sensitiveness without the egotism. Always as

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free from pedantry as from conceit, he understood from the first the give and take of good talk, and was not only quick to see the other side of an argument but ready to reinforce it by his sympathetic interpretation. And because of this responsiveness of mind, and of the liberating, vivifying nature from which it sprang, he must always, to his friends, remain first of all, and most incomparably, a Friend.

It was in the year of our meeting that "The Song of the Wave, by George Cabot Lodge," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons. When this earliest volume appeared, the young author (who had taken his degree at Harvard in 1895), had but lately returned from Paris, where, in close comradeship with his friend Joseph Stickney, he had spent two years in linguistic and historical studies at the Sorbonne.

Perhaps, if measured with his later works, the most distinctive thing about "The Song of the Wave" is its title. All his life long, George Cabot Lodge was a lover of the sea.

> "Come, said the Ocean, I have songs to sing,
> And need thine utterance."

This is the voice of his "call," to which henceforth he always lent a yearning ear, and which was soon to find a more individual utterance in "The Greek Galley," the best poem of his second volume (published in 1902), and to break into its fullest expression in the beautiful "Tuckanuck" sonnets of "The Great Adventure" (1905). The sea was no mere symbol to him, nor his love of it a literary attitude. Living from childhood on the rocky New England coast, and spending long weeks of his dreaming studious youth on the lonely beach of Tuckanuck Island, off Nantucket, he had as close a kinship as Whitman's with the element he sang, and sailing and swimming were the forms of exercise in which he most delighted. The sea is a great inspirer of song, but she has been sung so often and so long that she may be pardoned for sometimes repeating an old refrain in the ears of her new lovers. It was inevitable that George Cabot Lodge, like other young poets, should pass through the imitative stage of which his first three volumes give occasional proof, and equally inevitable that the voices of Whitman and Swinburne should be those oftenest heard in them. "N'écoute pas"—Gounod once wrote in a letter to a friend—"N'écoute pas ceux qui te disent qu'il ne faut pas imiter les maîtres, ce n'est pas vrai; il ne faut pas en imiter un, mais les imiter tous. . . . *On ne devient grand maître qu'à condition d'être le parent des autres.*" And the same argument is put more forcibly in Goethe's cry to Eckermann: "Originality? What do people mean by originality? From the moment of our birth the world begins to react on us, and the only thing we can call our own is our energy, our power, our will"—in other words, our reaction on the world.

The first opportunity to test himself in this respect came to Cabot Lodge, as it comes to so many, through a private grief—the death of his friend Stickney; and in the sonnets commemorating this loss his verse first sounds a distinctly personal note.

The one beginning:

> "At least," he said, "we spent with Socrates
> Some memorable days, and in our youth
> Were curious and respectful of the Truth,"

has a gallant ring of young defiance, but a more sustained level of beauty is reached in "Days."

> "Still on his grave, relentless, one by one,
> They fall, as fell the mystic, Sibylline
> Sad leaves, and still the Meaning's secret sign
> Dies undeciphered with each dying sun—"

To wrest from life the secret of that meaning was the problem that haunted Cabot Lodge; and the insistency with which his verse reverts to it is saved from sameness only by the varied notes it wrung from him.

He had already, in the year preceding the publication of "The Great Adventure," attempted to give the subject an ampler and more philosophic expression in the long dramatic poem called "Cain." In this volume his fine sense of rhythm finds its first large opportunity, and the blank verse is of a variety and an *envergure* remarkable in a first effort of such length. Nevertheless, intellectually and imaginatively he traversed a great distance in the year between "Cain" and "The Great Adventure," and three years after the latter book he brought out another dramatic poem—"Herakles"—in which the image he had so patiently

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sought to shape emerged at length from the marble. The theory that the artist should sacrifice much to produce little—the "sculpte, lime, cisèle" of Gautier—seems sometimes to be confused with the notion that abundant production is proof of mediocrity. Mediocrity, alas, is often fertile; but so, almost always, is genius. Taken by itself, abundance, in the sense of capacity for sustained expression, is a hopeful sign; and it is well that a young poet should measure himself with a long task. Cabot Lodge, in "Herakles," certainly proved the value of the effort. It freed him from the tendency to draw all his effects from his inner experience, and roused him to a perception of dramatic values. The subject he chose was magnificent: the labours of Herakles, like the "passive resistance" of Prometheus, offer an inexhaustible theme to the poetic imagination. A page from Diodorus Siculus sums up the argument; but the author, indifferent to archæology, uses the legend as the symbol of the long labour of the soul of man, "dissatisfied, curious, unconvinced at last," and ever, in Goethe's phrase, going "forward over graves."

As regards the growth of Cabot Lodge's art, perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume—aside from the more complex harmony of the verse—is the drawing of Creon's character. Hitherto the poet's personages had been mouth-pieces, but in the Theban King he created a man, and the ease with which he "exteriorized" Creon's good-humoured disenchantment and tolerant worldly wisdom gave promise of a growing power to deal with his themes objectively. This promise is reaffirmed in "The Noctambulist," one of the long poems of "The Soul's Inheritance," the volume to which Cabot Lodge had put the finishing touches just before his sudden death. The protagonist of the poem is not, like Creon, a character antithetical to his creator. He is a version of the poet's own personality, but a new version, and one rendered *from the outside*. This power of dissociation, and the ability to project one self far enough for the other to focus it, is the very mainspring of the dramatizing faculty; for to draw one's neighbour is a much easier business than to draw *one's self as seen by one's neighbour*.

The Noctambulist is he who, having "been all the rounds of repetition" in "the same old adventure of the mind," has reached the point when

"Swift as passion, brutal as a blow,
The Dark shuts down. . . .
And, O, the truth
Is terrible within us!—for at last
We touch our bounds—we fill, in every gyre,
In all its pearly mansions, wondrously,
Up from what blind beginnings, long-evolved—
The unfinished shell of our humanity."

He has reached that point; has felt—

"Walled round and prisoned in the senseless dark—
How little we are free! . . ."

And has gone on to the farther discovery that

"The Night is best!—for only when we fill
The total measure of our human ken,
And feel in every exercise of being
The bondage of our fixed infirmities,
Are we assured that we, in every cell
And nerve, respond to all life's whole appeal,
Known and unknown, in sense and heart and brain. . . ."

This is the writer's maturest conception of life, and his verse rose with it in an ampler movement. Such memorable passages abound in "The Noctambulist," and in its harmony of thought and form it remains perhaps the completest product of Cabot Lodge's art.

An increasing beauty of versification marks this latest volume. His was not the lyric muse. He "knew to build the lofty rhyme," and the measured pace of blank verse, and the balanced architecture of the sonnet, best fitted the expression of his reflective and discursive mind. It is indeed a defect of some of his earlier verse that it deals too exclusively with general ideas expressed in abstract terms; but with the rounding of his nature he had grown more sensitive to the appeal of the visible world. The awakening of this sense expresses itself in "Unison," another poem contained in the last volume.

"So, in the mind's resolvent unity,
All powers and phases of the natural world
Showed the one urge within, and we discerned
In the rich tissue of apparent things
The secret sense which is not theirs but ours."

The quality of the last lines shows to what degree his verse was in process of being en-

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riched by this sensibility to external beauty. Already it had given him not only new images, but a new simplicity and directness of phrase. The lines:

"The mountain rose in power beneath our feet,
Vestured in basalt *and the endless grass*"

have a concreteness and a colour undiscoverable in his earlier volumes. And a higher simplicity is reached in the poem called "Strength and Solitude."

"We have laid down our ear to the dumb sod—
We who are man and mortal as all things,
And more and yet not otherwise than they—
We have laid down our ear and heard the earth
Of graves and the innumerable grass
Whisper to us. . . ."

Here the beauty of visible things speaks no longer in images, but directly, without need of interpretation, in that fusion of thought and sense which makes the magic of poetry.

From the first, Cabot Lodge had shown a preference for the sonnet. Its structural severity appealed to his sense of form, and to the seriousness of his poetic mood. In every volume from the "Poems" to "The Soul's Inheritance," he gave this shape to some of the best expressions of his thought; and, as with his blank verse, so in the metric of his sonnets, the beauty of form grew with the growing richness of content. All through the sonnets there are fine passages, such as:

"O Memory, Lord of broken and broadcast
Fragments of life, like scattered Cyclades
Set in the dark illimitable seas
Of Time——"

and

"May we . . . discern how earth and sky and sea,
And love and life and death and destiny,
Are wrought of one eternal element,
Quarried in dim deep strata of the soul,"

and single lines of insistent beauty, like the picture of Love:

"With eyes of silence and with lips of song,"

and the magnificent apostrophe to Silence:

"Lord of the deserts 'twixt a million spheres."

As his work progressed, the scattered graces were more often knit into a homogeneous whole, and one comes on sonnets of such completeness as "Questions," "Only the Dark!" or "Cor Cordium"—the latter marked by a beautiful inversion of the familiar sea-shell metaphor:

"Then, as it were against the inward ear,
We hold, in silence, like a chambered shell,
The dazed one human heart—and seem to hear
Forever and forever rise and swell
And fail and fall on Death's eventual shore,
Tragic and vast, Life's inarticulate roar!"

In "The Soul's Inheritance" each of the longer poems leads up to a stately portico of sonnets, in whose intercolumniations the gravely moving pentameters lose themselves like the garlanded figures of some Greek procession. Almost all these sonnets are fine; and it is at once tragic and consoling for those who loved him and watched his progress with a jealous care, to note that the latest are the finest. Intellectually and plastically, he was nearing completeness in this form of verse; and how close he had come to it such a poem as this remains to prove.

"Earth, sea and sky are not as once they were
To us: there is no aspect of all things,
No pulse of heart or brain, no whisperings
Of truth's grave music to the inward ear,
Unaltered or unglorified: the mere
Being of life, intense as song-swept strings,
Is like a breathless sense of soaring wings
Loosed in the spirit's boundless atmosphere! . . .
We are not as we were! Our feet have ranged
The summits of imperishable hours;
Life is a lordlier hope; and we, estranged
In secret and at heart from all control,
Walk in the wide new futures of the soul,
Charged as with incommensurable powers! . . ."

To part with him on this note is to preserve his image as it lives in the hearts that cherish him. To the end he travelled, seeking "new ranges for the feet of song," and one leaves him on a height, with his face to the morning. For he, who had so many gifts, had above all the gift of life; and that is the best, since it gives all the others their savour.

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CHAPEL IN THE BARRACKS

By C. A. Price

I HEAR the fresh young voices rise
And sudden mists obscure my eyes.

For through the organ's drone and hum
Pulses and throbs the calling drum,
Loud rings the peaceful hymn, but still
Louder, to me, the bugles shrill.
Red-cheeked, clear-eyed, clean-limbed they stand,
They look the flower of the land,
Boys gathered here from East and West
To do America's behest,
And she in turn will send them forth,
East and West and South and North.
Their faces all from home are set,
Not memory holds them, nor regret;
Yet one in dreams shall fold his sheep,
One see again his father weep,
One on the playground's narrow stage
In mimic battle oft engage;
And as a child, unheeding, throws
Lightly to ground his just-plucked rose,
So, to the land that gave them birth
These toss their lives as little worth.

—And we, whose portion is to lift
From where is flung the priceless gift?

We set the task they but fulfil;
Theirs are the deeds but ours the will,
To build, to wreck, to save, to slay,
To pledge to-morrow for to-day,
To choose for guide the shine of gold
Or star our fathers knew of old!
And one shall lie in desert sands,
And one where dawn first lights the lands,
So shall they take their dreamless sleep
With none beside their grave to weep;
But shall our eyes at home be wet
With tears of memory—or regret?

Louder and louder calls the drum
Above the hymn: Come soldier, Come!

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"She's just tryin' to reform him—that's what she's doin'."

THE LAMB IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CONACHER

IT was in the store, as he sat in the shadows, unnoticed, behind the big egg-stove, that Willie Calker first learned of the danger which threatened his happiness. Listening to Mr. Holmes and Mr. Killowill descanting on love and matrimony, he was finding much enjoyment in their philosophic comment on the motives of men and the minds of women, little dreaming that their vague allusions were to his mother and Mortimer Berry. Then he was rudely awakened to the truth.

Mr. Holmes began to laugh in his sardonic cackle. "It otter be a good thing for Willie to have a step-pa," he said, wagging his head sagely. "What that boy needs is some un with a legal right to keep him down. He's too in'epen'ent, and I figger Mortimer Berry ain't so am'able as he sets up to be."

Willie Calker lost his delicate balance on the nail keg and, to the amazement of the habitués of bench and counter, came hurtling across the floor. Rising, he confronted them with face flaming and hands clenched.

"You hadn't otter speak that way," he cried, addressing himself angrily to Mr. Holmes. "My mother is not settin' her cap for Mr. Berry. She's just tryin' to reform him—that's what she's doin', and I know it."

Martin Holmes tapped the boy's shoulder playfully with his cane. "You're gettin'

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all het up about nothin', sonny," he said in a soothing tone. "You couldn't have a nicer step-pa than Mortimer, and as for him needin' reform, him as can say so many texts, why that's redicklus."

Willie Calker pointed a threatening forefinger at the old man. "I'll bet you—" He stopped, for he realized the impropriety of making his mother the subject of a wager, and, moreover, as he recalled her casual remarks about Mr. Berry, giving evidence of her increasing interest in him, the odds seemed too heavily in the stranger's favor to allow much risk on a reckless boast. "It wouldn't be right for me to bet," he added quickly.

Pondering over the strange situation.

"And I wouldn't adwise you bettin' nuther," snapped Lucien Killowill. "In fact, Willie, knowin' what I know about weemen, and observin' what I observe in Sunday-school and on your pyazza, it would be wrong, downright wrong, for me to take you up. But just the same——"

"Just the same, I'll have something to say about who'll be my step-pa," cried the boy defiantly.

Swinging his cap to his head, he pulled it down over his ears with a gesture of determination, squared his shoulders, and strutted out of the store. Away from the eyes and taunts of the company there, his bravado fled; he broke into a run and never stopped until he had reached the solitude of the meadows, where he lay in the shade of the alders, watching the creek gurgling at his feet, and pondering over the strange situation which had so suddenly risen in his life.

Willie Calker had always realized the possibility of his having a step-father, but the idea of his mother picking one out for him was new and startling. That he should have had no voice in a matter so intimately concerning him as the choice of a father was unfair, yet unavoidable; it was perfectly possible that his wishes regarding his step-father should be respected and very just. Yet his mother seemed to have no intention of consulting him. He did recall, one day at dinner, when she had asked him casually how he liked Mr. Berry, and on his giving expression to his opinion, she had sighed and cautioned him not to speak so disrespectfully of those of whom he knew so little. How different it would have been had she looked at him in that same way, carelessly, yet archly, over the top of her teacup and asked what he thought of Harvey Homer. He did know Harvey Homer, that wholesome, whole-souled giant, who sang tenor, barytone, and bass with equal facility, and was the surest shot in the valley. He knew him as a man to whom any boy would be proud to claim relationship. On many a crisp autumn day they had hunted together on the ridges, and to the lad there was no music like the deep-throated bay of the hound, the crackle of the brush, the riot of the wind and leaves; to him there was no well of wisdom like that from which he drank as he sprawled beside the noon-day

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fire while Harvey, loquacious over his pipe, gave him of the riches of a wide experience. There was nothing in the world that Harvey had not seen; nothing in the book of life that he did not know. But when, forgetful in the play of his fancy, the boy would place his friend in a nearer relation, the subpaternal, carry him from the clearing on the ridges to fill the vacant place in his own home, to sit with him in the evenings untangling fishing-lines and loading cartridges, the delightful picture would fade away before the haunting presence of a wife and three children. Though without any unbearable pricks of conscience, he might consider with satisfaction the possibility of the sudden demise of Mrs. Homer, he found it hard to proceed mentally to a slaughter of the infants, and even with their mother comfortably disposed of, he realized that much as he might desire Harvey for a father, he would equally abhor such impedimenta as sisters. The very remote possibility of attaining Harvey Homer under satisfactory conditions made doubly hard the pressing danger of Mortimer Berry. Mrs. Calker was right when she declared that her son knew little of Mr. Berry. Indeed, no one in Six Stars knew much of him, for he had come there hardly a month before from Harmony, and Harmony lies over the mountains. A small man, and one so fastidious as he, could hardly be expected to meet a boy's approval, but the whole village was unfavorably impressed when on the Sunday after he had taken board at the Killowill's he appeared in church wearing a blue and white blazer and white tennis shoes; and of these early critics none was more severe than Mrs. Calker. She expressed herself very openly on a man given to such vain display, who sat all morning on the Killowill's porch sunning himself, and spent the afternoon pitching quoits with Mr. Holmes and his cronies. But a sudden reversal of her opinion was brought about when he joined her Bible class, and quickly proved himself the aptest scholar in a company ranging in years from seventeen to seventy. Did she ask "What did he then do?" Mr. Berry always had the answer, and so versed was he in the distances from Marah to Elim and from Elim to Jordan, and in the problems of who begat whom, that he was soon established as a court of appeal, and it became the custom of the teacher to refer to him all disputed points, marking him thus as an example to be followed. Naturally, such favoritism did not heighten Mr. Berry's popularity with his fellows. Naturally, too, Mrs. Calker's good opinion of him increased when he abandoned quoits and became a regular afternoon visitor at her house. As outspoken as she had been in his disparagement she now was in his praise. Even Mr. Killowill's plaint that the stranger had not paid a dollar of board met with small sympathy from her. Ah! Mr. Killowill should rejoice in this opportunity to feed one of Heaven's sparrows! But Mr. Killowill did not rejoice. He retorted that not only was the sparrow feeding at his expense, but he was also comfortably ensconced in the best double room on the sunny side of the house, and was most insistent about not having to make his own bed and carry his own water.

It was this conversation of Mrs. Calker and Mr. Killowill that gave rise to the first surmises as to the real cause of her regard

There was nothing in the world that Harvey had not seen.

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for Mr. Berry, and in several quarters there was soon evident an ill-concealed jealousy of the stranger, for the widow was a decided catch. The exact amount of her fortune was not known, but it was certain that it was built on the solid foundation of a pension of twelve dollars monthly, her husband having served through nine months of the Civil War and come to an untimely end while shooting wild turkeys. Mr. Berry's sole possessions seemed to be his amiable manners and his good clothes, and when there came to his view a means of support so clearly visible as a widow of property, when he joined her Bible class and abandoned quoits for her company, the cynical world was quick to charge him with mercenary motives. When Mrs. Calker in missionary meeting suddenly interrupted a discussion of the natives of Allabalarad to announce her intention of remaining true to the memory of her late husband, the cynical world was equally ready to aver that she would soon marry again. The only person in the village who had not some opinion or theory on the mind of Mrs. Calker, or the motives of Mr. Berry, was the widow's son, for he had been so occupied with fishing and shooting that he had viewed with blind complacency the stranger's invasion of the home piazza, little dreaming that he planned a permanent settlement there. The idle discussion of Mr. Holmes and Mr. Killowill had aroused him to his danger, and now he lay alone in the meadows searching the sky for some way to ward it off. The more he thought of the little man with his light blue eyes, his soft voice, his blue and white blazer, the deeper grew his aversion. The gorgeous coat became to him a sheepskin that hid the lion. He hated him and feared him, though from him he had met nothing but kindness. He saw now only condescension in the cheerful greeting, confidence of power in the jovial camaraderie, sinister motive in the deferential friendliness. Beat him, he must! But how? In vain he sought in the blue for an inspiration. A July day when the sun beats down from a cloudless sky so you can see the ether waving over the fields does not stir the blood to action, so he lay with body listless and brain whirring, for hours, till the medley of village supper bells called him homeward.

He ran in sheer desperation, an aimless race, save that for the moment he forgot his troubles, and he never halted till he had hurdled through the garden and reached the kitchen steps. There he paused, for the wailing notes of the melodeon came to him, with his mother's voice as she sang her favorite song and his. It brought back to him their many long evenings together, as he sat curled up in the big rocking-chair watching her and listening. Confused with this picture rose the threatening figure of Mortimer Berry, and he wanted to run to her and invoke her by the memory of their long companionship, not to let any one come between them—not even Harvey Homer. But there was in her voice a strange note that stayed him, a note more languidly sentimental than he had ever heard before.

> "I never was worthy of you, Dooglas
> Not half worthy the like of you,
> Now all men beside seem like shadows,
> I love you, Dooglas
> Dooglas, tender and true."

The melodeon seemed to have caught his mother's mood, and the wailing interlude chilled his heart. Full of fear, he tiptoed around the house and peered through the sitting-room window.

Mrs. Calker was at the little organ and close beside her, brilliant even in the twilight by the colors of his coat, sat Mortimer Berry, leaning forward and gazing at her in adoration. When her hands had wavered over the keys in a last feeble plaint, she swung around on the stool and faced him.

"It is beautiful," he exclaimed. "Do you know, Mrs. Calker, it always makes me a better man to hear you sing?"

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Berry," the widow returned in a hushed voice, and turning her eyes to the Rogers group in the distant corner, she let them rest there pensively.

Mr. Berry was persistent. "It does," he cried, slapping his knee in emphasis.

Mrs. Calker still avoided his eyes. "The world is so full of darkness," she said, "that those of us who have oil should keep our lamps trimmed and burnin'."

"If ever—" Mr. Berry waved a striped arm, "if ever a woman used her talents right you do, Mrs. Calker. Where would I be to-day, if it wasn't for your teaching? In the gutter—in the gutter."

Mrs. Calker could not imagine such a descent for the immaculate Mr. Berry. She

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protested and, turning to the melodeon, touched a few soft chords.

"But you are so good that you cannot understand," Mr. Berry persisted. "You don't know how really bad a man can be. Why, there's not a commandment I haven't broke at some time or other. My poor old mother was killed by the way I carried on, and now, since you have brought me to see the light, I feel like I had murdered her." The striped arm waved again. "Sinnin', Mrs. Calker, was my speciality."

"But you never actually stole or did things they could put you in jail for," said the widow gently.

Mr. Berry quickly reassured her on that point. "You see I went in more for the wices, but now, as I look back, I realize it's a great deal worse to lead a man into swearin' and gamblin' and dancin', than just to steal his buggy whip. Oh, Mrs. Calker, Mrs. Calker!"

The memory of that evil past brought tears to Mr. Berry's eyes.

"But how can I forget the homes I've ruined."

"You mustn't carry on so," said Mrs. Calker soothingly. "If ever a man repented and reformed you have."

"But how can I forget the homes I've ruined," returned Mr. Berry in a choking voice; "the young men I've led into wicked ways, the mothers whose hearts I've broke. Was it a wonder they drove me out of Harmony; that I came here an outcast?"

"You was guided to Six Stars," said Mrs. Calker.

"Yes, I was guided." Mr. Berry smiled feebly. "One day I came, mocking-like, to Sunday-school, and you taught me, and your teachin' changed my whole life. What I am to-day I owe entirely to you."

By adroitly juggling his chair, Mr. Berry brought himself still closer to the widow, and now, as her hands hung listlessly on the keys and her face was turned from him, he began to speak in a clear incisive tone.

"What don't I owe to you?" he asked solemnly. "Think of it—a young man born with every opportunity, throws 'em all away and plunges into the depths till his name becomes a by-word for wrong in his walley. He is driven out. He wanders over the mountain an outcast, meditatin' evil. A guidin' hand brings him to a woman, and as he sets at her feet he learns how to live——"

"Oh, Mr. Berry," cried Mrs. Calker.

"He is overwhelmed with sorrow," Mr. Berry went on, unheeding. "He sorrows for his wasted past. He vows he will go back home and live it down—redeem himself—make his name blessed in the walley, but when the time comes for him to part, he realizes——"

"Oh, Mr. Berry!" And little was it to be wondered that Mrs. Calker protested. The striped arm was reaching out toward her appealingly, and to avoid it she jumped the stool toward the distant end of the melodeon.

"He realizes that all his goodness depends on her, that she is his staff—his supportin' staff. Without her he must sink again—sink, sink."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Calker, just turning the corners of her eyes to him.

"He must." Mr. Berry slapped his knee. "She is a good woman, a noble woman, but, above all, a beautiful woman. With her his life would be an example. Without her——"

The threat was whispered over the widow's shoulder. She swung half around and looked at him, smiling faintly.

"It makes me very happy to think I've helped you," she said. "I have always

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tried to keep my light shinin', and it's nice to know that when you've been throwin' out the life-line so regular, some one has taken holt at last."

"I have taken holt," cried Mr. Berry. "Now what will become of me if you let go?"

Mr. Berry shuddered. Mrs. Calker studied the Rogers group.

"Will you let go?" came the appeal again, enforced by the outstretched arms.

The widow flushed furiously, and to hide her confusion began to strike random chords on the melodeon.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "I can't see you drownded again."

"And you won't, will you?" Hope rang in Mr. Berry's voice. "You won't ruin the life you've saved? You won't——"

"I hear some one outside," Mrs. Calker cried, springing from her seat and running to the window. Mr. Berry followed her. They heard the rattle of bushes and the beat of flying feet, and together they leaned over the sill, trying to pierce the enclosing darkness, but could see nothing. They called, and only a whippoorwill answered them.

The boy was gone. He had slipped around the corner of the house and fled down the village street. It seemed to him that he was homeless now, that he had been turned out into the night without even a refuge from the coming storm. For when he paused a moment at the store, hesitating, the words of Martin Holmes came back to him with his own idle boast, and he feared to face the taunts of his intimate enemies. He ran on, wanting to be alone, to sit in silent thought and bring order to the riot of his brain. Where could he? Not at home with his mother at the melodeon singing to the triumphant Mr. Berry. In the meadows? By the mill-dam? Darkness was closing in those favorite retreats of his, and they were haunted by giant shapes, none the less terrible because he knew them to be trees thrashing wildly in the wind. He looked out to them from the bridge; then turned back timidly, more ready to meet the jeers of the store company than to go on to unknown perils. His refuge proved better than he had hoped, for it was the supper hour, and, peering through the smutted glass of the door, he saw a solitary man within, a mysterious stranger in black, black hat, black beard, black clothes, sitting by the stove, eying it critically as he smoked. At once the boy's thoughts turned from his own troubles to the identity, character, and history of this solemn person. How he had come to Six Stars was plain, for a strange horse and buggy were hitched at the rail. But why he had come, and why he was sitting thus in profound melancholy, alone, in the gloom of the store, was a mystery worth probing. His mood seemed akin to Willie's own! Had he been threatened with a step-father he could not have been more dejected; so the boy felt drawn to him. But knowing it to be bad manners to thrust himself directly on a stranger, he softly opened the door, tiptoed to the end of the bench, and shuffled along until he was beneath the sad black eyes.

They regarded him quietly but he got no word of greeting.

"Good-evenin'," said Willie pleasantly.

The stranger gave him a gloomy nod.

"Mebbe you mowt be from Pleasantville," ventured Willie, after a moment.

The other shook his head.

Willie Calker was not abashed, for he was accustomed to the difficulties of making acquaintances. Picking a stick from the scuttle, he whittled it contemplatively for some time, and then, looking up, remarked:

"Well, mebbe you mowt be from East Canaan."

A faint smile showed through the black beard, but the reply was a weary shake of the head.

"Well, mebbe you mowt n't be from Buzzard's Glory."

The stranger took his pipe from his mouth and gazed with reproach at his small inquisitor.

"You hadn't otter ast so many questions sonny," he said.

"I'm not astin' questions," was the retort in the pleasantest possible tone. "I'm just guessin'. I guess you are a drummer."

Now Willie Calker knew well enough that drummers were a resplendent folk who wore fine raiment, and that this gruff giant in top-boots was as far from them in glory as Solomon from the lilies. Moreover, he was perfectly aware that no drummer would linger near Six Stars when night was falling, but rather would press on to Pleasantville and the luxuries of the Eagle. Yet, not being able to learn directly any-

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thing of the stranger's history, he hoped to glean a little by a process of elimination. This suggestion was quickly eliminated, a loud guffaw greeting it.

"Well, mebbe you've run away from home," Willie went on cheerfully.

This proved too much even for so phlegmatic a temperament. A great hand shot forward and caught the boy's knee.

"I might as well give in," the stranger said. "Barker is my name—Morris K. Barker. By profession I'm a drover, and as for runnin' away from home, show me the man who'd run away from Harmony."

Willie Calker shook himself free and, rising to his feet, cried excitedly, "Mr. Berry, he run away from Harmony."

"Berry—Mortimer Berry?" asked Mr. Barker, aroused now to a sudden interest in the boy.

"That's him," Willie answered. "He was so bad he was drove out of Harmony an outcast. He came here meditatin' evil. Wices are his speciality."

He got no farther, for Mr. Barker had him by the collar and was shaking him with vigor.

"See here, lad," the drover cried angrily, "be careful what you say. No Harmony man'll listen to Mortimer Berry being ill bespoke of. Why, he's a saint, he is, a perfeck saint. We call him our Sunshine—Sunshine Berry. Look at me. Where would I be to-day if it wasn't for his teachin'? In the gutter, I tell you, in the gutter."

"I didn't mean any harm," faltered the boy, wriggling himself free. "You see, he's goin' to be my father. You see, he—" Tears came to his eyes and he tried to fight them back with his fists.

"You otter be happy of it." Mr. Barker was touched and spoke in a gruff but kindly voice. "Why, sonny, I can't think of anybody I'd rather have for a father than Mortimer Berry. He is the sweetest character in our walley—a deacon in the church—lived up so to what he teaches he give away everything he had, everything his pa left him, every cent. And when he went off to make his fortune there wasn't a soul in Harmony didn't feel bad to see him go. And there's many a mother in our town a-prayin' he'll soon come home to be an example to her wayward son. He nursed us when we was sick, he preached to us when we was fallin', he cheered us when we was sad. Could I drive into Harmony to-morrow with him a-settin' beside me on the buggy seat, I'd be hailed like the conquerin' hero comes."

The remembrance of Sunshine Berry and his virtues had changed Mr. Barker from taciturnity to garrulousness. Doubtless he would have run on from generalities to specific instances of Mortimer's good deeds, had he not paused for breath, and Willie caught him by the sleeve and began to draw him gently toward the door. The picture the stranger painted of Mr. Berry was as little pleasing to the boy as Mr. Berry's portrait of himself; but saint or sinner made little difference to him. He had heard his mother singing his favorite songs to another, and had he thought even of Harvey Homer, it would not have been untangling fishing-lines and loading cartridges but stretched out in his own big rocking-chair, with eyes closed, listening to the strains of "Dooglas." A while ago he had fancied himself ejected forever from that rocking-chair, and now had come this solemn man from Harmony, loving Mortimer Berry for his goodness, and arousing his dying hope. Perhaps his own vague yearnings, his silent protests, had turned to prayers as they rose heavenward, and this was the answer.

"Have you had any supper, Mr. Barker?" he asked, tightening his hold on the black sleeve and opening the door.

"Only a piece," the drover replied. He was beginning to draw back gently, finding that his small friend seemed to consider him in custody. "I only stopped to rest my horse, allowing that after the storm I'd drive on up the walley. I guess I'd better not——"

"You'll see Mr. Berry at our house," said the boy, giving the sleeve a persuasive tug.

That decided Mr. Barker. If there was one man in the world he wanted to see, it was Mortimer Berry, to tell him how much he was missed in Harmony, and to carry him a word of comfort and good cheer. So, without further resistance, he turned up his coat collar and suffered himself to be led forth into the rain. But Mortimer Berry did not reciprocate his friend's delight. What he was saying to Mrs. Calker when the door suddenly opened to admit the visitor matters little. That Mrs. Calker gave a muffled scream of embarrassment is of

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more importance. She saw a stranger, a great ominous-looking man, standing in the doorway regarding Mr. Berry solemnly, whether with good or evil intent she could not tell, and her son was hidden from her by the mighty black bulk, which he was trying to move onward by quick importunate jabs.

"How could you!" cried the widow, rising in confusion.

"It's only Mr. Barker," came in Willie's reassuring voice. "He's come to supper and to see Mr. Berry."

Evidently Mr. Berry did not appreciate the attention, for he sidled to the distant end of the settee, yet he was not in time to avoid the embrace of his friend. Before he could speak he was lifted to his feet, held at arm's length, and regarded lovingly.

"Well, well, Sunshine," exclaimed Mr. Barker in a voice that filled the room. "Its like a breath of fresh air to see you again. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Calker, on your choice. There never was a better man in Harmony than him, a sweeter character, a nobler——"

"Oh, don't say that, Morris," protested Mr. Berry, struggling feebly to free himself.

"I will say it," snapped Mr. Barker. "Do you think I am ungrateful? Mrs. Calker, if it had not been for this good man I'd be in the gutter to-day, and I'm proud of it. He redeemed me."

To the widow these tidings seemed anything but glad. The indignant face with which she had first confronted Mr. Barker was now turned to Mr. Berry, and, forgetting appearances, she put on her spectacles, and they magnified the gaze full of disappointment and reproach with which she regarded him silently. Seeing the course of his mother's anger, Willie sidled to her and slipped his arm through hers.

"Tell how Mr. Berry nursed the sick," he cried.

Mr. Barker sank down on the settee, taking his friend with him, and pinned him there by an arm thrown affectionately across the shoulders. Crossing his legs and making himself comfortable as though he were fixed for the evening, he beamed on his prisoner with an expansive smile.

"I would keep you all night if I started to tell you half the good things our Sunshine has done," he said.

Mrs. Calker dropped into the rocking-

"I would keep you all night if I started to tell you half the good things our Sunshine has done"

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chair. Reaching out for her boy's hand, she drew him closer to her side, but never for an instant did she take her eyes from the white face of Mr. Berry.

"Is what Mr. Barker says true?" she asked in a quavering voice.

The answer was a hard cough.

"Is it?" she persisted, speaking louder.

"Morris doesn't know what a sinner I really was," faltered Mr. Berry

Mr. Barker smiled more generously. "That's our Sunshine all over," he exclaimed. "He allus was the modestest man, Mrs. Calker, allus talked so humble-like, yet there is more than one in Harmony as owes their lives to his upliftin' power. You'll be glad to hear, Mortimer, that just the other day old Mrs. Zook was tellin' me how you had saved her boy Arthur, how you had set up nights nursin' him through airysepelas. Why, since you left, your Sunday-school class has all fell apart and——"

A big one and a little one, arm in arm.—Page 250.

"Didn't Mr. Berry break his poor old mother's heart?" demanded Mrs. Calker in a sharp tone.

"Break his mother's heart!" cried Mr. Barker, with a gesture of protest. "Why, ma'am, he was the light of that dear woman's eyes. Many's the time she says to me, she says, 'Morris——'"

"You never knew how I really treated mother," broke in Mr. Berry hoarsely.

"Modest and unassumin' as ever," returned Mr. Barker, patting his friend's back. "You understand now, Mrs. Calker, why we are all so fond of him. If he'll just set quiet a while and not wriggle so, I'd like to tell you how, when I was far from the fold, and given to swearin' and dancin', I come one day to his Sunday-school class and was changed, uplifted——"

"Don't, don't, Morris," pleaded Mr. Berry.

"I will," said Mr. Barker firmly. "Mrs. Calker will be pleased to hear it. You see, ma'am, I'm a drover, and drovin' is a wild, careless kind of a life that keeps a man buggy ridin' all over the county, so naturally he comes in contack with many kinds of temptation. And as I was sayin'——"

It was Mrs. Calker who interrupted him now. She rose. Her arm was about her boy's neck, and her cold eyes were still regarding Mr. Berry as he sat mute and helpless in the friendly embrace.

"And I thought I had saved you," she said, shaking her head sadly.

"You did!" Mr. Berry leaped to his feet and freed himself. He made one step toward her, only to be checked by her hostile gaze.

"You might as well talk of savin' angels," said Mr. Barker, catching at the striped coat and trying to draw his friend back to him. "He'll be a great sperkitual help to you, ma'am, I'm sure. Now won't you set down while I continue?"

Mrs. Calker ignored his appeal and, drawing herself up to militant womanliness, strode to the door.

"You must excuse me," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Barker."

"You won't let me fall again?" cried Mr. Berry in a voice of despair.

"I must get Willie's supper," she answered over her shoulder, as she moved down the hall toward the kitchen. "I had otter done it long ago."

A moment later the front door closed. The widow heard it and, running to the

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window, peered out into the rain. It was dark, but by the house lights she could see two figures moving down the village street, a big one and a little one, arm in arm, toward the store, where the horse stood shivering at the rail. With her face pressed against the pane, she watched them till they were out of sight; then she turned to the melodeon and, sinking down on the stool, struck the keys in harsh discords.

"Mother!" Willie Calker called softly from the big rocking-chair behind her.

She did not seem to hear him. Her hands lay listless on the keys and she gazed vaguely at the ceiling. "Never, never, never in all my life," she said, "have I been so disappointed in a man."

"Mother!" Willie Calker had left the rocker and was speaking over her shoulder, gently. "Would you mind singin' 'Dooglas, tender and true,' just for me?"

THE POINT OF VIEW

IN the last place where one would expect to find it—in the third volume of the admirable history of English literature by the French ambassador to the United States—there is an interesting letter written by the distinguished French poet, Sully-Prudhomme, in which he discusses the perennially interesting question of parallel passages in the poets of different languages and of different periods. Narrow-minded investigators are always inclined to proclaim actual borrowing whenever they can show that a thought voiced by one poet has been rephrased by a later poet in the same words and perhaps with the aid of the same figure. Many an echo of this sort from the classics of Greece and Rome has been discovered in the pages of Shakespeare, and yet M. Jusserand felt convinced that most of them were accidental coincidences rather than actual recollections, conscious or unconscious; and it occurred to him to ask the opinion of Sully-Prudhomme. So he collected three passages from the French poet's own works to which he had found striking parallels, one in an earlier French lyrist and two others in the English Drayton and Crashaw; and he asked the French poet if he had been familiar with these predecessors.

Poets and Plagiarists

Sully-Prudhomme answered that he had never read the bards from whom he might be supposed to have borrowed. "I console myself for my early ignorance," he wrote, "by the thought that if I had known, before I rhymed, all that had been written on love, the pen would have fallen from my hands; I would have recognized in others my own emotions, and even in their lives circumstances analogous to those which had aroused them in mine. I confess, to my shame, that I was too ignorant to be a plagiary." And he then asserted that a poet, except perhaps in the narrative part of his works or occasionally in the strangeness of his ways of feeling, "offers nothing new to his readers and does not pretend to do so; he procures them only the satisfaction of recognizing themselves. The human heart is the common means of communication turned to account by poetry; it offers in all poets the same gamut of sentiments, but with a different ring."

And as M. Jusserand justly observes, "this ring, this originality, was pre-eminently Shakespeare's." And what Shakespeare possessed pre-eminently other poets have also had, each in his own degree. There is no need to suppose that Longfellow was consciously echoing Goethe (in "Wilhelm Meister") when he wrote "Tell me not in mournful numbers." But, on the other hand, Baudelaire had nourished himself on our American poets before he composed the lyric on bad luck in which he declared that "l'art est long" and that

> "Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
> Va battant des marches funèbres."

And Baudelaire it was who carried over into

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French poetry Gray's "full many a gem," turning it into

"Maint joyau dort enseveli
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli."

If Poe had lived to see these transparent purloinings of his translator, probably not even gratitude would have prevented his denouncing Baudelaire as bitterly as he denounced "Longfellow and other plagiarists." Whatever the rest of the world might be willing to believe, Poe would have insisted that he had caught the French poet in the act. Indeed the case against Baudelaire seems to be pretty clear; but so was the case against Sully-Prudhomme;—so, in fact, is the case against Shakespeare.

And Poe himself, for all his indignation, was not unwilling on occasion to snatch up unconsidered trifles. He was inclined to damn the sin he had a mind to. For example, Coleridge was one of his admirations; and Coleridge said in his "Biographia Literaria" that the real and the manufactured poem look alike from a distance, although the difference between them "is not less than between an egg and an eggshell." Now Poe, in his "Marginalia," declared that Mrs. Mowatt's comedy of "Fashion" resembled the "School for Scandal" much as the shell of a spent rocket resembles the rocket itself. But after all this is a simile that might very well have been original with Poe—only this is a possibility he would have denied in the case of another than himself.

After all, was originality really possible in "the so-called nineteenth century"? Even the Almighty Dollar, which we Americans are supposed to worship, must have been a minor god of the Germans before we bowed down before it; and it was then only a *Thaler*. The Japanese jinrikisha was invented by a Yankee missionary, so we are told; Saint Patrick was a Frenchman—and Saint George was a Cappadocian before he was naturalized in England.

IT may seem presumptuous for any one, even at this distance of time, to write down as a topic for discussion Laurence Sterne's pet theme, but a feeling of envy compels me, roused by comparing his world with my own. In *Tristram Shandy* every man is valiantly riding his hobby, and we marvel at Sterne's skilful presentation of one of life's profoundest ironies, the spectacle of people of one family, closely akin in heart and in habit, cantering away from one another so swiftly and so irrevocably whenever their minds begin to work. Here is a proper adjustment, one hobby to each person, and each is allowed to ride his individual pet. Alas! my envy reaches back across the years, and, though I do not know whether racing is now permitted even in metaphor in New York State, I long to try a race—naturally in the opposite direction, for contrariness is the very essence of hobbyism—with Uncle Toby on a hobby of my own.

The Hobby Race

It is not that I have none of my own, but that I can get no chance to ride. I am, and always have been, the peculiar prey of hobby riders of all kinds, and, as I once heard a distinguished lecturer say to a distinguished Boston audience, of all sexes. Perhaps this comes from a vacuity of countenance in me which suggests a lack of inner interests, or from a skill in concealing my own hobbies, of which I have a whole stud, or, I should say, herd, as most of them are wild. Never can I find time to train even the colts among them; that is probably the reason why they bolt when I find a chance to mount one of them. The trouble is that a hobby-rider seldom spies my face without coming toward me at a canter; Socialist, Naturalist, Anarchist, are after me by turns. By nature I am a good listener and a bad speaker, having always had a wretched habit of lending an ear and letting other people talk. It may be sheer laziness; it may be a foolish love of giving pleasure, and a feeling that these excited monologues do nobody any harm. In a world where so many people have missions it often strikes me that the prophets outnumber their congregations, the shepherds their flocks. Influencing others for their good is one of the subtlest forms of human pleasure; why should I not allow these enthusiasts to feel it, when it costs me so little to play for the moment the part of possible disciple, knowing as I do at the bottom of my hardened heart that nobody can convert me to anything? Reasoning in this foolish—and feminine—way, I get my just deserts, for one and all they pounce upon me, looking on me as good raw material, needing only the touch of this or that firm finger to be shaped to great ends. A Spiritualist once told me that, under her guidance, I could become a rare medium, yet I knew then as now that I should make but a second-rate Spiritualist. An impassioned friend continually insists that I should make

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a good Socialist; now I could never make a good Socialist until I find out what a Socialist is, though this consideration does not seem to deter many another person. Thus, among riders of hobbies, I am torn asunder, I who am but an indifferent horsewoman. Trot, pace, canter—it is all the same to me. The riders bring up with glowing faces, and turn to see how much good it has done me, who have been clinging fast, as best I might, without saddle or even pillion.

The puzzling thing about all this is the conviction of each rider that the path his steed takes is the only one there is. It is amazing that, in the face of life, with its many-sidedness, its bewildering complexities, its contradictions, its paradoxes, so many people exist, blind to the real nature of the demand made upon them, sure that some single evil accounts for all wrong things, sure that some single change will set all right. Was there not once a man who wrote a book to prove that all physical suffering is caused by the fundamental mistake of mankind in walking upon two legs instead of four? As for the believers in universal panaceas, the auto-suggestionist and the advocates of flat heels are one in method, if not in faith. I remember an old lady who was sure that sage tea would cure all known diseases, and her mental processes were not wholly diverse from those of an excellent temperance friend. The tendency toward monomania makes one wonder if life did not go on more surely and sanely before mind developed. Is the human brain, then, unicellular like the amœba? I once saw a public school teacher who, through overwork, had become insane, quite harmlessly insane, and she told me that she had been making a study of the different sects in America: "Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists," she specified, with her eye fixed on me to see to which I belonged, "Methodists, Presbyterians, and Cranks." There, I reflected, as she spoke the last word, is one sect that never dies, one church forever full, one congregation frequented as much by men as by women. Our newspapers, our lecture halls, the very air of the streets are full of shrill monomaniac dogma, while the person who has no single explanation of the manifold to offer feels as Mrs. Shandy, hobby-less in a world of hobbies, or as the little pig I once saw at Bostock's in the corner of the monkey-cage, a poor, wretched, little white pig, tormented by its clever neighbors, ridden by them, squealing at each tweak of ears or tail. Listening to many an eloquent presentation of this or that cure-all, I have felt like that little pig who had no ruling idea except a desire to get out of the cage.

And yet, am I not claiming too much immunity? After all, does not every one understand the tyranny of the dominant passion, which turns everything its own color? Are you not, too, a bit of a crank? I am, but happily so many kinds of a crank that I have not yet become a public nuisance. I dare say my impatience is due to the fact that the others have outstripped me; I am, perhaps, jealous, and tired of waiting for my turn, for I have, I tell you in confidence, several notions that would be of inestimable benefit to mankind.

I, too, have my hobbies; did I not confess it at the outset? I keep them in a safe and secret pasture, how many I will not say, feeding like one. I have long endured politely, and my fellow-theorists have had their day; soon I shall have mine. I shall keep all dark until the chosen moment, confiding in no one; I shall proceed in the invariable manner of the hero in racing fiction. When the day comes, among the many smooth, beautiful, pampered, well-groomed hobbies will be seen one, rough, as of Yorkshire breed, shaggy, half wild, unknown. At sight of him the crowds will jeer, the book-makers will deride. When the moment comes, I shall mount, and then——

My unkempt hobby, indifferent at first, will more and more increase his speed, until, when I bend and whisper in his ear, he will take great bounds forward, out-distancing one and then another of the over-indulged hobbies running against him. The crowds will cheer, the betting-men will curse, and the other riders look after me in dismay as I sweep to the goal on my own Hobby Horse.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM

BOSTON'S new Museum of Fine Arts is open at last. Indeed, it is ungracious to say "at last," since the edifice has really been built in a surprisingly short time. It was only the other day that we were looking at the plans for the museum, and now behold! all is finished. It is a question whether buildings are best when made so fast, but certain exigencies in this case required speed.

The question of light for the museum was one which engaged for a long time the attention of the directors, of the trustees, and of the architects. A mysterious little building was erected on the ground where the museum was soon to be built; a little building which was a source of wonder and speculation to many of the uninitiated. Here all sorts of elaborate experiments in lighting were tried, and here some, at least, of these questions were solved. The matter of lighting for pictures was taken up; of lighting for sculpture, for the light that is good for a picture is not necessarily good for a statue, and, again, different pictures often seem to need different lights. It cannot be said that all these questions have been solved satisfactorily, but, at least, an effort has been made.

Museums before now have not always been built on the best lines. A museum has been somewhat a matter of chance. Many of them, as the Louvre in Paris, or the old Luxembourg or the Uffizi and the Pitti museums, have been old palaces remodelled for newer needs. Some of the later German museums are remarkable, in that they are carefully adapted to present-day requirements. Yet what is the best solution of the problem in Germany need not necessarily in America be the only way. There are many things to be considered: the climate, the objects shown, the temperament of the people who are to see the exhibits.

With all these things in view a committee was formed, a committee of three, who should go about Europe, see the best museums, and make plans and suggestions for a museum even better than all the others. Two of these gentlemen were architects. The third was a "layman." They duly and dutifully saw all, or at least many, of the various museums, and prepared a report on these things on their return to America.

The report was presently drawn and presented. It contained accounts of the various museums visited, comments thereon, and suggestions of what might be done, what avoided, in a museum. An architect was chosen, and then with the assistance of hints from these gentlemen and of suggestions from another architect the plan of the present museum was produced. It is felt that, while nothing, naturally, is perfect, this plan has made a step or two in the question of making museums. A good deal of thought has been given to the lighting, as well as to the distributing and grouping, of the rooms of the various apartments.

It may be said that there are two fundamentally different ideas as to the end and the aim of a museum. One idea is that a museum should be a sort of storehouse of everything beautiful or interesting that has ever been done in the past; if not originals, then reproductions. Moreover, that all these things should be exposed together, with proper printed comment, with a view of educating and edifying the public, as well as delighting it.

The other idea is that a museum should reunite and show a few exquisitely beautiful originals; as many as may be had, but in these days the number for one museum is few. If other things accrue, let them be stored in some accessible way, so that students and experts may study them when necessary. The holders of this idea believe that the people are more elevated, that their taste is better stimulated by the sight of a few very beautiful things arrayed in the best possible setting; that, on the other hand, the public appetite is rather jaded by a huge hodge-podge of more or less interesting specimens. There is something to be said for this last idea. A German on going through an American collection of casts said, "You cali this a museum; we call it a magazine."

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In arranging this Boston Museum something of a compromise has been effected. For instance, in the sculpture gallery the beautiful originals in marble, terra-cotta, or bronze are exposed in small rooms, without too much surroundings. The casts, on the other hand, are shown down-stairs in larger rooms. The question as to whether it is worth while to have casts exhibited publicly in a high-class museum is one that is much discussed. In France the Louvre contains practically nothing but original marbles. Casts of these and other statues are shown in minor museums, like that of the École des Beaux-Arts or that of the Trocadero. A cast, after all, as some one has said, only shows about the amount of water that would be displaced by the original, and from an artistic point of view it is not wholly satisfactory. One would not, in a large, important museum, fill up a great space with autotypes and copies of famous paintings, and the opponents of casts feel that casts occupy much the same position as regards originals.

Doubtless, as the museum acquires more and more original marbles, the casts, some of them fine old battle-scarred relics of the Athenæum, will one by one be allowed to complete their disintegration in peace and solitude. "*Au cœur blessé, l'ombre et le silence.*"

With the Japanese collection, on the other hand, the tendency has been to show comparatively few things and to store a great many in such a way that properly accredited students and scholars may easily study them. This course has, indeed, been pursued almost from necessity, since the department possesses such an enormous amount of interesting material that it would be impossible to exhibit it all. Naturally much the same plan has been followed in the Gray Print Collection, which contains such an immense number of fine things that only a selection can possibly be displayed.

In the picture gallery there is not quite the same difficulty, since there is more wall space than there are fine pictures. There are various new pictures here, but it must be admitted that the *clous* of the collection are certain paintings which have already belonged for some time to the museum. There is, to be sure, Courbet's magnificent "Hunting Scene," which, taken all in all, is the most satisfactory thing he ever painted. But that has been lent to the museum by Mr. Henry Sayles, the present owner, for various periods during the last fifteen years. So that, on the whole, one returns to certain old loves among the pictures without concerning one's self too much about the newer ones. There are one or two, perhaps half a dozen, pictures which one could show to any stranger, confident that they are among the fine or unique things in the world of art.

One of the most remarkable pictures in the museum is the "Money Lender," by Gabriel Metsu. One cannot recall so fine an example of this master in any of the European galleries. The painting of all the details is excellent, but the painting of the woman's face is particularly remarkable. Indeed, Metsu in this painting appears to have made a picture which is among the best works by the Dutch masters. Many of Metsu's pictures are ruined, or at least limited, by the subject or *motif*, but here is a subject excellent in itself and one which admits of unlimited development. Metsu here has made realism so wonderful a thing that one perceives the beauty that lies in light and character.

Another picture much liked by artists is a little still-life by Jean Baptist Siméon Chardin, made up of a few of the simplest elements: a dead chicken, a stone jug, and some other things put together in just the right way. It is one of the aforesaid half-dozen pictures which are among the museum's choicest. It is not entirely without faults. It is of that stony texture which one often notes in Chardin's work. But the rendering, spot for spot, of the general masses in this picture could hardly be surpassed. It is, indeed, one of the finest pictures made by the master of still-life.

Pictures which have made a good deal of talk are Rubens's portrait of a man (supposed to be his first teacher) and of his wife. There is also a supposed Van Dyck, though this is admittedly a studio picture: that is, a replica painted in the studio of the master, retouched in part by him. It must be confessed that the canvas is not a very exciting one. The Rubens is of more interest because painted in a more forthright manner. It is curious that it should be supposed to be of Rubens's first master, since the man is quite young looking. It surely could not be Adam de Noort, since Jordaens's pictures of him as the King in his numerous Bean Feasts represent de Noort as a much older man.

Among these comparatively new pictures is a little interior by Brekelenkam. Brekelenkam is one of those men from whom one is always expecting a great deal and in whom one is always being a little disappointed. The trouble is largely in his color, which is a trifle hot, "foxy," and snuffy in quality. The picture

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here exhibited is an interesting one, though one finds the color to be the weak point. It is full of Hollander character, however. The little figures seated *à la Turque* are full of character and are skilfully touched in.

One of the best of the new instalments, perhaps the best, is Van der Vliet's fine interior of a church. One feels that if this man had painted small interiors his work would have been as fine, in many respects, as that of De Hooch, Vermeer, and others.

Naturally one notes the two Velasquezes, the "Carlyle" portrait group and the much-discussed "Philip IV. Portrait." But these pictures have been so much fought over that it would not be profitable to discuss them in a short paper. There are a number of other interesting pictures; a "St. Luke drawing the Madonna," attributed to Roger Van der Weyden, a curious Michael Wolgemut, a Carlo Crivelli, a Franz Hals of average quality, and the almost notorious "Slave Ship" of Turner.

The "Portrait of Cardinal Pallavicino," by El Greco, is the finest single portrait by Theotocopuli which one remembers to have seen. Although it has some of his strange mannerisms, it also has many of his more admirable traits. The color quality of the blacks and whites in this thing is magnificent, and from more than one bit one divines how Velasquez may have learned, from studying the work of the Greek, how to change the rather stiff and stodgy technique learned from Herrera and Pacheco to the limpid, flowing handling which we think of when we say "Velasquez."

Curiously enough, one of the most popular pictures here is Sully's "Torn Hat." The students of the art school near by are constantly copying it. There are always two or three names down for this purpose. Strange to say, the next most popular picture among the copyists is Degas's painting of "Race Horses," than which one can imagine no greater contrast. The "Torn Hat," by the way, is not entirely without merit: it is of the style of picture which is fondly called "attractive." Another picture which is a favorite with copyists is Bargue's immensely clever and marvellously finished little figure, a man in some sort of Albanian costume.

There are several very fine Millets here, notably the picture "The Harvesters," which is sometimes called "Ruth and Boaz." This was bequeathed to the museum by the late Martin Brimmer and, while its interest is not so poignant as in some of Millet's other pictures, it remains one of his most ambitious attempts and in some ways it is one of the most complete of his paintings. The group of bestial satyr-like harvesters is well conceived and worked out. The design of that group especially is particularly fine.

Again, the famous "Shepherdess," which one has often heard described, is very well placed, a little high it might seem at first glance. But, after all, dignity is the key-note of this picture and it is not amiss to have it enthroned, as it were, above other pictures. Another interesting picture is one by Theodule Ribot, whose black pearls seem to have grown duller as the years go by. His picture of scullions is painted in a full, juicy way.

It is curious among the mass of French pictures, mostly representing the Romantic phase, to come on so cold and classic a performance as Gérôme's celebrated "*L'Éminence Grise.*" Gérôme, rather overrated at one time, is now, perhaps, a little underrated. People do not wholly realize the immense technical skill possessed by this man, a skill, technical, in spite of the fact that his touch was a little dry. Certainly in this picture the draperies look a little hard, the color a little garish in some places. Yet from a dramatic point of view the composition is admirable. Whether one wants drama in pictures is another matter.

There are certain new pictures in the collection of modern paintings. Among these is E. C. Tarbell's latest work, and a very fine thing it is. It is the fashion to say that his work is like the finest Dutch painting, but in many respects it is quite different. The arrangement, to be sure, is in something the same spirit, but in the later man's work there is a sense of design which no Dutchman, except Vermeer, and he only in a few works, ever dreamed of. In the matter of color values again there are *nuances* in the modern's work which the older men never even attempted. In short, Tarbell's work is thoroughly modern, though he avoids some of the pitfalls that modernists have digged for themselves.

Another one of the Boston men who have interested themselves in this sort of work is Mr. W. M. Paxton. His picture of two young women at a table has remarkable qualities of observation and rendering. It would be hard to make a thing more realistic in the broad sense of the word. The values of the "spotting" are indicated with remarkable justness, and yet it is in no sense petty realism. Where the thing is most remarkable, indeed, is in the way it "carries." The picture tells perfectly

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well across the room, yet when one looks at it near to, one finds that it is finished very far as well.

Beside the various pictures of note, there are certain other things of which the museum is especially proud; for instance, the head of "Aphrodite" in the Bartlett Collection, the "Homer," and a Roman terra-cotta head; also a certain very wonderful Persian bowl which Mrs. Montgomery Sears has but recently presented; a marvellous Persian carpet of untold value, and last, but surely of equal interest with all these, certain sculptures by Rodin, particularly a head of Ceres, which is one of his finest works.

The before-mentioned head of "Aphrodite" is indeed very beautiful. Mr. Henry James approves of it. Not that a *littérateur* is necessarily the best judge of a piece of sculpture, but it is interesting to know that he thinks well of it. What may be more to the point is that many painters and sculptors admire the thing particularly. It is, indeed, the sort of sculpture that especially interests painters, because it is conceived in an almost Rodinesque vein. That is, it is not so much modelled to render the actual shapes as to suggest the appearance, the vision of a lovely and gracious woman.

The Roman terra-cotta head, on the other hand, is modelled with the utmost verity of form. Each shape one guesses to be modelled almost exactly as it must have existed in nature. This creates a different sort of fascination, the fascination that a very interesting thing gives rather than a very lovely thing. Still, this same interest is undeniable and the head is modelled with such intensity as to give that peculiar *allure* that all intense things have. Technically, it is hard to imagine a thing better done, and even the miraculously clever French modellers of modern times would, one feels, "take off their hats" to the unknown old Roman workman who made this craftsmanlike bit of work.

The head of Homer, a masterpiece, has a quality in modelling something between the other two, if one may use the expression. Or rather, one might say that it was more characteristically classic than the other two, more typical, avoiding the subtlety of the Aphrodite on the one hand and the intensity, on the other hand, of the realistic Roman terra-cotta.

Rodin's "Ceres" is, naturally, different from these others. Yet, if it has an affinity to any of them, it is to the Aphrodite. Both have the same quality of what one might call "veiled" or "muted" modelling. Rodin in some way has learned from draughtsmen and from painters a way of suggesting the appearance of nature in his sculpture instead of giving the literal fact of the form, which, of course, would look different in translucent marble than in flesh.

En passant, one of the most charming things here is the little Japanese garden which has been arranged in the Japanese section, charmingly ordered after the Japanese manner, with excellent taste in spacing and in balancing. There are little real red goldfish swimming about in real watery pools. The whole thing provides a pleasant divertisement after some of the more grim and serious-looking rooms. There is a real bridge over the real water, and water plants here or there, and potted plants—but of a Japanesqueness—beyond. There is a stone lantern in the shape of a pagoda and stone lions keeping guard near by.

In summing up the whole matter, one may say that the appearance of the new museum is, on the whole, most creditable; a little cold, a trifle cheerless, it may be (save in certain happy rooms like the Library, the Lawrence room, some of the Japanese apartments), yet that is natural enough in a new museum. Immense pains have been taken, certain new ideas have been worked out, and a result has been achieved not unworthy of the workers.

PHILIP L. HALE.

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Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

AN APPROACH TO THE GARDEN.

—"Color Arrangements of Flowers."—Page 292.

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